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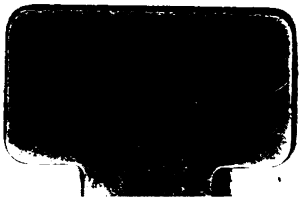

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THE

CHILD'S COMPANION,

AND

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

1861.

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THE

CHILD'S COMPANION,

AND

Youth's Instructor.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR! young readers. In the passing hours of the new year may you find a happy, happy

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time. May you be as happy as those who love you wish you to be. By day and night, in school or at home, may you be happy, and find this year one which you will ever remember for its delight and its profit.

The whole world seeks to be happy, and no doubt you will too. One takes one road, and one another. The boy chases the butterfly among the flowers, and thinks that he is happy.

Did you ever catch a butterfly? Did you not see how your fingers had a small shining dust on them, rubbed from the wings of the little insect? It is just so with us all. We catch the butterfly, but it is of no use, and all we get is the glossy, shining dust, which is rubbed off in a moment. We have more pleasure in chasing them than in having the dust. So of the happiness of the world, and all its flying pleasures. They look beautiful and bright, but they are nothing when we catch them.

But if you wish to be happy, you must give your heart to Jesus; you must look to him as your Saviour; you must be like him. Then the happy heart inside will make a happy world outside. You must try, by smiles and kind acts, and by loving words, to make happiness instead of unhappiness—and your homes will be cheerful, happy homes.

A little boy saw two young birds pecking at each other, and he asked his brother what they were doing. "They are quarrelling," was the answer. "Oh no, that cannot be," said the loving child, "*they are brothers!*" What a happy year you might have, if the little boy's thought of the birds could only be a picture of your home. Let brothers and sisters make up their

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minds not to quarrel. How many little happy bird-homes there would then be!

A gentleman had a little daughter named Susan; and one evening, when she was in the room, he told a story of Dr. Doddridge's young child, which pleased her very much. The doctor once asked his daughter, then about six years old, what made everybody love her, and she replied, "I don't know, indeed, father, unless it is because I love everybody." This reply very much pleased Susan. "If that is all that is necessary to be loved," thought she, "I will soon make everybody love me." Her father then mentioned a remark of the Rev. John Newton, that he considered the world to be divided into two great heaps, one of happiness and the other of misery; and it was his daily business to take as much as possible from the heap of misery, and add all he could to that of happiness. "Now," said Susan, "I will begin to-morrow, and try to make everybody happy. Instead of thinking of myself, I will try what I can do for somebody else. Father has often told me that this is the best way to be happy myself, and I am determined to see what I can do."

So let every boy and girl seek for the grace of the Holy Spirit, and in the strength which he will give to make this a "happy new year;" then will you be ready to see its close on earth, or to pass to a better state above. Love to each other, love to all, and love to God, in every one of your young hearts, leading you to sweet acts and words all your days—these will give you a happy year.

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OUR DOG CARLO.

"Our dog Carlo is a noble fellow, cousin Mary," said George Jeffry, as he fondly stroked the shaggy coat of the favourite; "he is a great dog, indeed he is."

"He is great enough, George, if you mean big," replied Mary.

"But I don't mean merely big, Mary, I mean good and brave and generous; father says truly great people always have these qualities. Come here, Carlo, here is some food for you; I will sit down and put the plate on my knee, so that you may have it comfortably. You like it very much, I see. You would not wonder, Mary, at my loving Carlo, if you only knew half the good things he has done in his life. Father says he has been more useful than many a man; why he conquered crossness by kindness; he saved the life of a boy, and through his brave conduct a ragged school was begun."

"How can you say such things, George?" asked Mary, with a look of surprise.

"Because they are all true, cousin; and as Carlo can listen to the story without becoming proud, I will tell you all about it."

"Oh do, George; but wait one moment till I fetch a stool to sit beside you."

"Well, when Carlo first came to our house he was a very little pup. Just then sister Jane had a big white cat, and pussy, from long indulgence, had grown so selfish that she was very jealous when the new pet was given to us. She hissed, snarled, and tried her claws on poor Carlo, giving him all the bad treatment

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in her power. But the good fellow bore everything patiently, and when a few months had passed he was four times the size of Jane's cat, and could afford not only to be patient, but generous. He treated her quite gently, as if it was his duty to take care of her, allowing her even to share his meals, and pick out the best bits for herself. Perhaps she was softened by his kindness, or perhaps she thought it wiser to be on good terms with the great fellow; but, however, they have been the best friends possible ever since."

"That was noble indeed," said Mary; "I know when any one teases me I like to do the same to them; but Carlo returned good for evil. But, George, what about the boy and the school?"

"You shall hear, Mary; and mind, now, it is a true story. One day, when we had had Carlo about two or three years, he was passing, with father, near a new bridge in our town, when a poor little boy, who was bringing mortar to the masons, slipped his foot and fell into the water. The people screamed and shouted. One man said the way to save him was to throw a rope; another cried that they should put out a boat: but neither rope nor boat could be found at the moment, and the poor boy had sunk and risen more than once. A word from father was enough; Carlo dashed into the water and brought out Charlie Porter, pale and senseless, but alive. Charlie was an orphan, only recovering from the fever that had carried off his mother, and he had crept from the hospital to try to earn a crust of bread for himself. When the people pressed round him, as his senses returned, to ask him where his home was, that they might take him there,

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he burst into tears, and declared that he had no home, no friends, no money. You may be sure poor Charlie did not want a supper that night. But when father had seen him well fed and lodged, he felt that was not enough, as many other homeless boys must be wandering about the town in want or sin; so he consulted some friends, and they resolved to begin a school where such children might be taught, and lodged, and fed. And so they did, and Charlie was the first pupil. And so, Mary, I say our Carlo was the founder of that school; don't you think he was? Indeed, Charlie Porter thinks so too; for, after being a long time there, father employed him in our shop, and with some of the very first money he earned, he bought this brass collar for Carlo. Just look how nice it is, with these words engraved outside: 'For Carlo, from a great debtor.' And surely 'tis no wonder Charlie is thankful; for he says that at the time he was so near being drowned he was quite ignorant, and had never heard of the love of Jesus. But now, Mary, I am sure Charles loves the Saviour and tries to obey him. So now you see why we call our Carlo a noble dog."

Aunt Susan's voice was heard, desiring Mary to come and set the table for tea; so the little girl ran to do as she was bid, while George and Carlo went off to look for uncle Norton.

GOD GLORIFIED.

God is not glorified by anything we do, if we do not offer it to him through the mediation and merits of Jesus Christ.

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TREASURES OF THE SNOW.

"He saith to the snow, Be thou on the earth.—Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow?"—Job xxxvii. 6; xxxviii. 22.

THE trees are all covered with snow,
  Which silently came in the night;
My darling, arise, let us go
  To gaze on the beautiful sight.

It seems like a mantle of love,
  Which covers the faults of a friend;
As soft as the wing of a dove,
  That doth from the heavens descend.

And may it not also, my dear,
  Resemble that raiment of white,
In which every soul must appear
  That enters the regions of light?

For 'tis when the trees are all bare
  This dazzling array is put on;
Like that which the sinner doth wear,
  Who finds his own righteousness gone.

The snow will soon vanish away,
  It is but a shadow at best;
But join with me, dearest, to pray
  That we in the substance may rest.

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SUSIE'S MISTAKE.

CHAPTER I.

Susie Morris was standing one afternoon at the door of her father's shop, waiting there a few minutes until her sister came to go out with her. Susie was dressed for her walk, all but her gloves, and they were in her hand, ready to be put on directly Jane appeared. It was a cold day; but the weather was very fine, and the sun shone so brightly that the quiet street, and the fields behind the houses, looked pleasant and cheerful.

As Susie stood, a boy, who was passing by, stopt to

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speak to her. Susie had not seen him coming along, for her eyes were turned the other way, or else I think she would have run in doors; for she did not like Jem Horton at all, and always tried to avoid him if she could.

Jem was a strong, active, sly-looking boy, who had never been taught the "golden rule" of doing to others as he would be done by. At all events, he had not yet begun to put it in practice. He thought it "fun" to tease anybody, and he would say things on purpose to make other people vexed, and to get them to answer crossly.

"Well, Susie," he said, in a brisk tone, "why have you got your best bonnet on to-day? Are you going out to a grand party?"

Jem did not really know whether it was Susie's best bonnet or not, but he chose to suppose so.

Susie made no reply; she only drew herself a little further inside the shop.

"What! no answer, Susie? Now, that is too bad of you. I am afraid you have not learned your text the *right* way yet. There are no signs of your 'loving your enemies' at present; at least, not if you reckon *me* for one: though I don't see why you should, for I am disposed to be as friendly as possible."

"You are a rude, disagreeable boy!" said Susie, who certainly looked anything but friendly at that moment. She would not stay to hear a word more, but ran through the shop, where her father was grinding some coffee, into the little parlour, while Jem went on his way laughing at her. Jane was there, lacing her boots. She looked up, and, seeing her sister's

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flushed and angry face, she said, "What is the matter, Susie? was some one talking to you?"

"Yes, that tiresome Jem Horton," said Susie; "he *will* speak to me whenever he sees me, though he knows that I cannot bear him. And he is always teasing me about that text in your copybook."

"Well, you need not mind him," answered Jane.

"I know you would not like it if you were me," said Susie.

"I might not like it," added Jane, "but I should not care a bit for what Jem said. It is because he finds it makes you cross that he keeps on teasing you about it. Besides, Susie, if you will make such queer mistakes, you must not wonder if you get laughed at sometimes."

"It was *not* queer!" retorted Susie, angrily. "I am sure you and the other girls often say things that are twice as foolish as that."

"When?" asked Jane, quietly.

"I am not going to tell you when," said Susie; "I don't choose."

"No; because you cannot," replied Jane. "But come, *we* need not quarrel about it," she added, getting up and tying her bonnet strings; "only, if you do not wish to be laughed at, Susie, you must think twice before you speak once, and then you won't be likely to make so many blunders."

I do not think the two sisters had a very pleasant walk together, for Susie was offended with Jane's remarks. She was silent, and rather sullen; hardly answered Jane when she spoke to her; and soon said she was tired and wanted to go home. Jane thought

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to herself that Susie was a very tiresome child; she did not consider whether she herself was at all to blame for it.

Susie, certainly, was often getting into little disputes through her hasty temper, and her readiness to take offence. But she had not been well trained, and was not much used to the society of other children; so that she had not learned to suit herself to their different ways.

When Susan was a very little girl, almost a baby, her mother had a long illness. During that time she was kindly taken care of by her grandmother, who lived in a distant part of the country. She had come to see Susie's mother when it was feared that she would die, but she could not stay long with her; so, as soon as she was able to leave, she went home again, taking her little granddaughter with her. It was a great relief to the family to have Susie out of the way; for, being three or four years younger than either of the other children, she needed more attention than they did.

When Susie's mother got better she sent for her little girl; but the grandmother had become so fond of her, that she was not willing to part with her. So it was agreed that Susie should remain a few months longer. But the months grew into years; for, as time passed away, the old lady could still less bear the thought of losing her little companion; and, although Susie's mother would rather have had her child home, she did not like to take her away from her grandmother. And this separation would, perhaps, always have continued, had it not been for the

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death of Susie's grandmother, about eight or ten months before the commencement of our story.

Susie was almost a stranger to her brothers and sisters. They had not often met; for the distance between them was great, and it cost a good deal of money to travel so many miles. At first it was quite a treat to have a new little sister amongst them, and they were disposed to do all they could to amuse her. And Susie, when her shyness wore off, was pleased with her fresh playmates, and behaved herself very well. But when the children became more used to each other they did not always agree so well.

Susie was not an unamiable child. She had a warm heart and strong feelings, and would gladly help any one who was in trouble. But her temper was quick, and she generally said just what she thought at the time, without stopping to consider whether it was right or kind. While with her grandmother she had her own way in most things, for there was no other child but herself to be considered; and so long as she was lively and in a good humour, the old lady did not mind about much else. She did not think how bad it would be for Susie, as she grew older, to have been thus indulged when a child. It is real kindness to children to check their self-will, and to accustom them to habits of obedience and self-denial.

Susie found it hard to yield to the wishes of those around her. She expected them to try and suit her, but she was not so ready to suit them. She could be pleasant and obliging enough if she chose to be so of her own accord, but she did not like to be *forced* to give up to others in anything.

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With such a disposition, you will easily see how it was that Susie did not always get on very smoothly with her companions. She often fancied that her brothers and sisters treated her unkindly when they had no intention of doing so. Nor could she bear to be laughed at. Nobody, perhaps, *likes* it; but it is foolish to make a trouble of it, and let it stir up angry feelings in one's heart.

After Susie had been at home a short time, she went with her sister Jane to a day school. It was a very nice school, kept by a widow lady named Mrs. Ashley. Mrs. Ashley was a cheerful, kind-hearted mistress, and made learning pleasant to the children.

Susie liked going to school. She was fond of writing and ciphering, and she took pains with her lessons, because she wished to improve herself. She was very backward for her age when she returned home, but under Mrs. Ashley's management she was getting on very nicely.

Soon after Susie became one of her scholars, the little girl was standing by her side one morning with her spelling-book in her hand, waiting until Mrs. Ashley had finished setting a copy for her sister Jane to write. Susie watched her as she formed the letters, and thought how nice and regular they looked. The copy was this short sentence out of the New Testament—"*Love your enemies.*" Susie read it slowly over, and then, looking up in some surprise at her governess, she cried, "Love your enemies! Is that right? Shouldn't it be, Love *not* your enemies?"

A general laugh went round the school. Susie's manner and earnest tone made even Mrs. Ashley

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smile. But she answered very gently, "No, Susie, that would not be right. Our Lord Jesus Christ tells us to '*love* our enemies.' You know the meaning of enemies, Susie?"

"It means people who are unkind to us, and who try to hurt us."

"And you think it seems strange to love such people, Susie?"

"Yes; I am sure *I* could not," said Susie. "How could anybody?"

"Only by loving Jesus first, Susie. Then we shall get our hearts filled with love to every one else; and we shall be able to try to do good to those who are trying to do harm to us."

Mrs. Ashley said a few more words on this subject, and then she was obliged to attend to the writing lessons. But Susie could not see how it was possible to love one's enemies.

Susie was a good deal teased for her mistake by some of her companions.

"How clever you must think yourself, Susie," said one, "to find fault with Mrs. Ashley—as if she did not know what to set for a copy without your help."

"Yes; and worse than that," said another, "to want to alter a text of Scripture. Oh, Susie!"

"Susie lets us know how she intends to treat us if we offend her," added a third; "we must not expect a civil word from her then."

The girls did not have many kind words from Susie now. She was very angry indeed with them for laughing at her; but when they saw how cross she was, they only laughed the more.

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It was wrong of them to do so, but it was not wise of Susie to mind them. Had she been quiet, and taken but little notice of them, they would soon have been tired of mocking her.

One of the girls, Emma Perkins, was cousin to Jem Horton, and she happened to tell him one day what Susie had said; and so, whenever Jem met Susie, he had generally some remark to make about "her text." He was a great friend of Susie's brother John, and that made him often come in her way. She disliked him very much, and if she could have done anything in return to vex or annoy him she would gladly have done it. It was very plain to everybody that Susie had not yet begun to love her enemies.

REMEMBER.

A LITTLE boy was amusing himself with his playthings upon the sabbath. "Edward," said his mother, "it is the sabbath day."

"Oh, is it?" said he; "I did not remember."

"That is the very command which God has given us," said his mother: "'Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy.'"

Children often excuse themselves by saying, "I did not think," "I forgot," "I did not remember;" but such excuses are not acceptable to God. We may plead ignorance as an excuse for the neglect of duty, but not forgetfulness.

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THE RICH FARMER.

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QUESTIONS ON THE PARABLES OF OUR LORD.

THE RICH FARMER.

Luke xii. 13–21.

VER. 13. What did one of the company say to Jesus? —What is an inheritance?

14. How did Jesus answer him?—Had the Lord Jesus a right to be a judge and divider?—On what grounds?—Why did Jesus decline the proposal?

15. What is covetousness?—Which of the brothers was chiefly reproved?—What is here meant by a "man's life?"—If a man has a great abundance of goods, can he make his life longer than God pleases? 1 Tim. vi. 6, 8.

16. What is a parable?

17. What did the rich man think within himself?—What ought he to have done with his fruits?

18. Was his purpose wise or foolish?—What does the Lord Jesus say about laying up treasures on earth? Matt. vi. 19.

19. What is here intended by the "soul?" ver. x. 27.—How many years can any one be sure of in this world?—What is written in James iv. 13—15?

20. In what did this man's folly consist?*—What is the answer to the question?—What is the meaning of "thy soul shall be required of thee?"

21. What class of persons is here described? ver. 15. —What is it to lay up treasures for one's self?—What are Christians warned against in verse 29?—What is

* The word "fool" means unwise, inconsistent.

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it to be rich towards God? Psa. cxii. 9.—How should we use the things of this world? 1 Cor. vii. 31.—What will overtake him who trusts in his riches? Prov. xi. 28.

ONE DAY AT A TIME.

"Good morning, grandfather. A happy new year to you," said Ann Blake, as she entered the little parlour at Rose Cottage.

"And a happy new year to you, Ann; ay, many, many happy years, if so God will," said Ann's grandfather.

"Mother has sent you a jar of her baked pears, grandfather," said Ann; "and I've brought you a pair of woollen stockings of my own knitting. This is the first pair I have made; I knit socks for brother Edward, but stockings are more difficult."

"Then, my dear," said Grandfather Grey, as he took the stockings in one hand, and placed the other kindly on Ann's shoulder; "I must value your patience and kindness the more, and give you the more hearty thanks. It was very thoughtful of you and dear mother to remember me, and by your gifts to add to my happiness. And now," he said, "take off your bonnet, and stay awhile with me, unless you think mother will want you at home."

"Oh no, grandfather, she won't expect me till dinner-time."

"Oh, indeed! and what are you going to do this morning, Ann?"

"I don't know, grandfather," said Ann, somewhat

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sadly; "I don't feel inclined to do what I did last New Year's Day."

"What was that, my dear?"

"Oh, I was busy good part of the morning, making plans for so many things to be done during the year; I resolved to learn a great deal, and to improve in everything; and a whole year seemed such a long time, that I thought it would be easy to do even more than I set myself; but last night," said Ann, turning away her head to hide her tears, "I felt as if I would never plan any more, for the year is gone, and I've scarcely done anything."

"Don't weep, my dear," said her grandfather; "perhaps I can help you; I think I see where you have made a mistake. It is true, as you say, that a year is a long period of time, but it is also true that it is made up of small portions, which are constantly and quickly passing away. Now, my dear, you planned for the *year*, and whilst you were thinking of the long space of time before you, one little day was slipping by, without your perceiving it; and one follows another so quickly, that unless we seize each and turn it to good account, we must of necessity lose either the whole, or a large portion, of our year. But come," he added, "you must not be cast down because you have failed hitherto; many older than you have purposed to do a great deal in the coming year, but they have forgotten that it can only come to them a day at a time, precisely as the one that went before it. We must live one day at a time, my dear, and *only* one day. It is by treasuring these lesser portions of time we gather in the year. But there is one thing Ann

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has done," said he, unfolding and examining one of the stockings; "she has contrived to bring Grandfather Grey a beautiful present of her own handiwork: did it take a whole day to make this, my dear?"

"Oh, grandfather," said Ann, "it couldn't be done in less than a fortnight, with very close work; and I was a month doing it."

"And where did you begin it, my dear? I don't understand much about work, you know."

"Just here, grandfather; at this open part."

"What, and you went on and on till you reached the top?"

"Yes, grandfather, I tasked myself with fifty rounds every day."

"What is a round, my dear?"

"Oh, a round means a row; it was knitted on three needles, and every time I had gone over the three a round was done."

"Yes, my dear; and how did you get through each needle?"

"Oh, a stitch at a time," said Ann, "and I was obliged to be very careful, for if one stitch slips, there will be a gap, unless it can be picked up again, which is very difficult. There were forty stitches on each needle; so, in going through the three, I knitted one hundred and twenty stitches."

"Well, it is a beautiful stocking," said her grandfather, holding it up before him; "and you tell me it is all made up of single stitches, and that only by each little stitch being carefully knitted in its right turn could the stocking be completed. Ah, well!" he said, smiling, "while my granddaughter can patiently take

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stitch after stitch, and make a stocking from top to toe, I shall not believe but she will try again to make a happy new year, by working away diligently at each little day as it comes round."

"I wish I could, grandfather," said Ann, "for I do want to be good and useful. I never thought before how much easier it would be to try a day at a time."

"My dear Ann," said her grandfather, "I can assure you, from my own experience, that the only way to improve the year is to improve each day. And remember, my dear," he added, "that though you may pick up a fallen stitch, you can never regain a lost day. But, Ann, you cannot even live a day rightly without help from God."

"I know it, grandfather; but I've done so many things wrong, and so few right, that I felt this morning as if it were useless to try any more."

"It will never be useless, my dear, while this text remains in the Bible: 'My grace is sufficient for thee. But you must not forget that just as our bodies need a daily supply of food, so our souls need be daily supplied with this grace. Go every morning to God, and ask him for his grace to help you. Go every evening and get the faults of the day forgiven, through Jesus Christ, and for his sake God has promised to help you, my dear; and if he spare us both to see *next* new year's day, why, you must bring Grandfather Grey as welcome a present as these warm stockings—a good account of a well-spent year."

Ann's face was brighter: she kissed her grandfather and said, "Yes, grandfather, I'll try again; I will."

"God bless you, my dear; but remember—One day at a time."

S. S.

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NEVER TELL A LIE.

Two lads came at an early hour to a country market town, and, spreading out their little stands, they sat down to wait for customers. One sold melons and other fruits, the other dealt in oysters and fish. The market hours passed along, and each little dealer saw with pleasure his stores steadily decreasing, while the money was filling their pockets. The last melon lay on Harry's stand, when a gentleman came by, and, placing his hand upon it, said, "What a fine large melon! I think I must buy it. What do you ask for it, my boy?"

"The melon is the last I have, sir; and though it looks very fair, there is an unsound spot on the other side," said the boy, turning it over.

"So there is," said the man; "I think I will not take it. But," he added, looking into the boy's face, "is it very business-like to point out the defects of your fruits to customers?"

"It is better than being dishonest, sir," said the boy modestly.

"You are right, my boy; always remember to speak the truth, and you will find favour with God and man also. You have nothing else I wish for this morning, but I shall not forget your little stand in future. Are those oysters fresh?" he continued, turning to Ben Wilson's stand.

"Yes, sir; fresh this morning," was the reply; and a purchase being made, the gentleman went his way.

"Harry, what a fool you was to show the gentleman that spot in the melon! Now you can take it

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home for your pains, or throw it away. How much wiser is he about those oysters? Sold them at the same price I did the fresh ones. He would never have looked at the melon until he had gone away."

"Ben, I would not tell a lie, or act one either, for twice what I have earned this morning. Besides, I shall be better off in the end, for I have gained a customer, and you have lost one."

And so it proved; for the next day the gentleman bought quite a supply of fruit of Harry, but never spent another penny at the stand of Ben. Thus the season passed: the gentleman, finding he could always get a good article of Harry, always bought of him, and sometimes talked a few minutes with him about his future hopes and prospects. To become a tradesman was his great ambition; and when the winter came on, the gentleman, wanting a trusty boy for his shop, decided on giving the place to Harry. Steadily and surely he advanced in the confidence of his employer, until he became at length an honoured partner in the firm.

DO WHAT YOU CAN.

Doth not each rain-drop help to form
The cool refreshing shower,
And every ray of light to warm
And beautify the flower?
Then let each child his influence give,
O Lord, to truth and thee;
So shall its power by all be felt,
However small it be.

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THE CHAMELEON.

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THE CHAMELEON.

THERE he is. He is a strange-looking animal! I found him behind an old log as I was on a journey in America. I picked him up, and brought him home in a piece of newspaper; and now the engraver has made a picture of him, and the printer has printed it, and you see it here, nearly the real size of the pretty little fellow.

But neither the printer nor the engraver can show you the beautiful colours which the creature shows as you look at him. When I caught him he was a greyish purple. Soon his back changed to dark brown, and the delicate skin under his throat became nearly white. When I next looked at him he was a bright green; and now, as I write, he is a reddish-brown. Sometimes he changes his colour in a minute or two, and sometimes the change is very slow—so slow, that you would hardly notice it while it is going on. He changes just as he pleases; and it is not easy to say exactly what makes him change, further than that God has given him the ability to do so. Some people have a notion that he changes to the colour of what he walks on or of what he sees; but our little friend has shown half a dozen colours while he has been in a globe of glass on my table.

There are a great many ways in which boys and girls change colour. I do not mean that they turn brown, green, or yellow, like this chameleon, although I have sometimes seen boys turn very red in the face when they are angry, and white when they have told a lie. These changes of colour are bad; but they are not what I want to speak of now. The changes I

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mean are those which are made from a want of fixed principle to stand up for what is right.

One boy goes regularly to Sunday school, but forgets all about his religion on week days, when he goes to school where the other boys don't like religion. He changes his colour.

Another, who knows his hymn-book nearly through, and can say a great many verses in the Bible, meets with rude boys, who ask him to go to the fair. It is not the kind of company he has been used to, nor the kind of amusement he has been taught to enjoy; but he yields to them—off he goes to the fair. He changes his colour.

Another, who knows what is written in the third commandment, falls in with some wicked boys who use bad words. It seems wrong to him to use their language; still he is afraid they will not think well of him if he does not. He changes his colour.

A little girl, who is always in her place in the class on Sunday, is asked on Monday by mother to do something which she don't want to do. She pouts, frets, and "looks black" at her mother. She changes her colour.

Listen! Don't be ashamed of your colours. Whatever is right, do it; whatever is wrong, avoid it. And that you may speak and act rightly, do not forget to pray that God may help you by his grace.

CHILDREN MAY NOW GO TO JESUS.

Jesus says, "Come unto me." He says it to all—to little children as well as grown-up people. How are you to obey his call? How can you come to him?

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First, YOU CAN THINK ABOUT HIM. There was once a child who was far away from his father. His name was Frank. He was born in the hot country called India. His dear mother was dead, and so were three little brothers, who used to play with him. Frank was the only one left to his father, and very dearly did that father love him.

After some time Frank was taken ill. No care or love could make the rose's bloom on his pale face. The doctor said that if he did not leave India he would die. This was sad news to his father. So, to save his life the father's darling boy was sent to England.

A lady took charge of Frank, for the father could not leave India. As they sailed in a ship the poor boy was very sad in his heart. He used to sit in a corner of the vessel and weep.

There was an old sailor on board the ship who pitied the little pale child. He would often sit down with him and tell him nice stories. He spoke about the great deep sea, and storms, and far-off lands, and many other things. Then Frank told the sailor of his great trouble, and that he feared he should never see his father again.

The old man tried to comfort the little boy. He said that if he truly loved his father, he might fancy that he was nigh to him all the day long. He could do everything he had taught him to do, just as if his eye were upon him. He might say the prayers and the hymns his father had taught him, as if he were with him. He could do all things as if he heard his voice, and felt his soft kiss on his cheek.

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And Frank found the old sailor's words true. During that long voyage he used to sit alone and think of his father. It almost seemed as if his father were with him, and spoke to him. Then he was happy when he began to enjoy what he called "heart visits to papa." It was then he found that those who really love one another may meet in thought, and feel as if they were once more with each other.

After this manner we may go to Jesus. He is not to be seen with our eyes, but we may take delight in thinking of him. We may think of what he did and said, and how he lived and died for us. "Coming to Jesus," then, is to think of him with trust; it is to have the desire of the heart towards him.

Secondly, YOU CAN SPEAK TO JESUS. If he were on earth, as he once was, you could go to him. But then you would have to travel many, many miles. You would have to cross wide seas. It would, perhaps, take many weeks or months to get to him. The journey would take much time and cost much money. And when you came to where he was, you might have to push your way through a crowd of people. There also might be some who would keep you back, as it was in the old times.

But without all this trouble you can come to Jesus now. You are really better off than those who lived when he was on the earth. He is always within your call. You have not to go over the hills or across the deep waters, or from city to city to find him. He is very near to you. He hears the softest call. He knows all you want and all you wish.

Have you seen the wires raised on posts at the side

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of the railroad? They go along for many miles. They pass over the hills and across the valleys. In some places they are carried under the water from one land to another. People who have never seen each other, and who live hundreds of miles apart, can talk by the use of these wires. They can send messages by them. As soon as a wire is made, as it were, to speak at one end it is heard at the other end. Almost as quickly as you think, the message is carried along to a place afar off.

Is not this a great wonder? But it is not so great a wonder as prayer. The prayer of a little child on earth is heard in heaven at the very moment it is spoken. And in the same moment an answer may be given.

It is a great thing to speak to Jesus. He is the King of kings and Lord of all. Angels bow before him. All who are in heaven serve him. But if we pray with the heart he will be sure to hear us.*

THE BUTTERFLIES.

THE butterflies came over the garden wall, and fluttered from flower to flower, as if they enjoyed the sunshine. Robert made a plunge at one with his cap, as it seemed about to settle on a rose, but could not catch it. Then he tried another and another, and thought it fine sport, as they eluded his grasp, to

* From "The Sweet Story of Old," a book for little children, with beautiful coloured pictures, lately published by the Religious Tract Society.

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chase them round the garden. At last he beat one down, and, carefully picking it up, ran to show it to his sister. But the wings were bruised, and the delicate feathers came off on his fingers like fine gold dust.

"Oh, what a beauty!" exclaimed Annie; "but you have spoiled it. How could you be so cruel!"

Robert only laughed at what he thought his sister's foolishness, and turned to show his prize to his father.

"Annie is right," said Mr. Sherwood; "you have killed the butterfly, and have not much to show for your trouble."

"But, papa, it is such fun trying to catch them."

"Yes, Robert, I dare say you enjoy it, as you would enjoy any other little excitement. But there are many better ways in which you could have quite as much amusement."

"And they look so pretty flying about," said Annie; "ever so much prettier, I am sure, than when dead."

"You have heard," said Mr. Sherwood, as they moved slowly down the path, "of Sir John Franklin, the celebrated navigator, who perished in exploring the Polar Seas. What do you think the American Indians used to call him, when he travelled among them? Why, 'the great chief who would not kill a mosquito.' He was as gentle as he was brave, you see, and would not without reason hurt *any* living creature. Now, Robert, mosquitoes sting; and I suppose you would think it only fair play to kill them every one if you could. The butterflies, dancing among the flowers, and arrayed in such bright and varied

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colours, give us only pleasure: not Solomon in all his glory was ever so beautifully clad. But I should like you to feel, my boy, that the *little* things which God has made are not, *one* of them, to be carelessly destroyed. I would not have you hurt even a fly, for the mere fun, as you say, of catching it. You remember how, when the different creatures were created, God 'saw that it was good.' And in this declaration all the little insect tribes, the tiniest things that creep about or that float in the air, were included. They are the Divine handiwork; and if you examine, you will find that each one is a marvel of wisdom, full of wonders that no human skill can rival. Is it right, then, in mere fun to destroy them? It is a mistake, too, to think, as some do, that it is unmanly to care about such things. Wanton cruelty even to a worm is a sure sign of a depraved nature. It is still told of the tyrant Nero, as one proof of his littleness and debasement, that he used to amuse himself by sticking flies through with a bodkin. There is no sort of character more admirable than that which unites tenderness to strength. Cultivate, then, the habit of kindness in small matters, and it will not fail you in greater. It was the maxim of a famous poet—

> 'Never to blend his pleasure or his pride
> With sorrow of the meanest thing that lives;'

and I should like my children to make it their own. What says Robert?"

"I was not thinking, papa," replied Robert, looking up from the ground, "or I should not have done it."

"So I supposed. How many wrong things come

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from want of thought! But look," added Mr. Sherwood, pointing, "there come two splendid butterflies, chasing each other over the rose trees, and here's another, like a trio of playmates. Is there no pleasure in watching them, Annie? You'll have, I expect, to be Robert's butterfly now."

"And so I will," exclaimed the little girl, suddenly laughing and darting away; "and he shan't catch me, and kill me."

Robert bounded after, and found it as much trouble to catch her as the butterfly itself. When at last he succeeded, and gave her a kiss in token of triumph, he felt so much pleasure in seeing her happy, that he declared he should never want to run after butterflies again while he had her to play with.

JANUARY VERSES.

God of our life, thy various praise
Let mortal voices sound;
Thy hand revolves our fleeting days,
And brings the seasons round.

To thee shall daily incense rise,
Our Father and our Friend;
While daily mercies from the skies
In genial streams descend.

In every scene of life, thy care
In every age we see;
And constant as thy favours are,
So let our praises be.

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SUSIE'S MISTAKE.

CHAPTER II.

Susie's mistake about the text in the copybook had certainly not added to the comfort of her schooldays. Emma Perkins, and another girl named Fanny Simpson, seemed to take a pleasure in telling her of it. I think one reason why they did so, was that Susie had been praised by her governess for answering some question in which both Emma and Fanny had failed. Susie, a little vain, perhaps, of knowing more than they did, had once or twice boasted of it to others;

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and the two girls, ashamed at being excelled by one so much younger than themselves, tried to vex Susie by bringing up her old mistake before her.

Oh, how much it lies in the power of boys and girls to make each other ill-tempered and unhappy. How sad it is that they should ever delight in doing so! It shows what sinful hearts even the youngest have, and what need we each of us have of forgiveness and help from above.

Susie came home from school one morning in a very contrary mood. Emma Perkins had been more disagreeable than usual. She had tried to mimic Susie's look and tone when she had spoken to her governess about Jane's copy, and little Bessy Wilson, who was standing by, had laughed when Emma did. Now Bessy was one of Susie's particular friends. It was too bad of her to join in such a thing. Susie was so indignant that she hardly knew what she said.

It seemed to poor little Susie as if everybody was against her. She thought she should soon dislike going to school, if Emma continued so tiresome, and if Bessy deserted her. She was out of temper when she got home. The least thing displeased her. But, to do Susie justice, she soon came round again when not opposed; and before dinner was finished, she was laughing as heartily at one of John's droll speeches, as if there had been no such persons as Emma and Fanny in all the town.

It was half-holiday that day. Jane was going to help her mother with some ironing, for she was a handy girl, and liked to be busy in the house. Susie had nothing particular to do, and she thought she

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would look for a piece of silk and some card to make a pincushion with, when Mrs. Morris stopped her as she was going up-stairs, and said, "Susie, I have been planning a nice walk for you this afternoon."

"A nice walk, mother?" said Susie, a little doubtfully.

"Yes, I want you to carry this basket to Aunt Mary."

Susie brightened in a moment. She was always ready to go to Aunt Mary's. And no wonder, for all who knew Aunt Mary loved her. She was very lively and cheerful, and yet gentle in her manners. She had a kind look and a kind word for every one within her reach; and she had always something to tell which would amuse and interest them: She lived in a pretty cottage, part of which was occupied by an old woman and her husband, and she added a little to her small income by doing plain and fancy needlework for some of her neighbours. Aunt Mary was a true Christian; she loved her Saviour, and tried to serve him; and this made her so happy herself, and so wishful to make other people happy.

Susie loved her very much, and could tell any of her little troubles to her better than to any one else; for although her mother was very kind to her, and always blamed the other children for teasing her, she did not understand Susie's feelings, nor enter into them so fully as Aunt Mary did. Aunt Mary seemed to know how Susie felt, and tried to help her out of her troubles.

It was with a light heart that Susie, with the little basket in her hand, ran along the narrow lanes that

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led to her aunt's cottage. Would you like to peep into the basket and see what it contains? Just these things: a little seed-cake; some tea and sugar out of the shop; half a-pound of fresh butter, and a mince-pie. The children seldom went empty-handed to Aunt Mary's, for Susie's parents had a pretty good business, and could afford to send her small presents.

Susie had nearly reached her aunt's cottage, when she began to run very fast, and did not stop until she was within the little garden gate. She was quite out of breath when she got into the house, and her aunt asked her why she had made such haste.

"I saw Jem Horton coming across the field, aunt, and I knew that if I didn't hurry he would be here as soon as I should. There, he is going past the railings now. How glad I am that I missed him!"

"He little thinks what an escape you have had, Susie," said Aunt Mary, smiling. "But I hoped you had got over your dislike to him before now."

"Oh no, aunt, I shall *never* do that."

"Do not say so, Susie. 'Never' is a long time. I should not at all wonder if Jem and you were to become very good friends some day."

Susie shook her head. "I am sure we shall not, Aunt Mary; and I would not be if I could."

Susie was much more sure about things than she ought to have been. Aunt Mary did not try to persuade Susie differently: it is best sometimes to be silent; she knew her little niece was often mistaken in her opinions, and she hoped she would be so in this case.

But the subject came up again at tea-time. At least

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Jem's name was mentioned, together with two or three of her schoolfellows. For a few questions about Susie's progress at school led her to tell her aunt how vexed she had been that morning with Emma and Bessy, and how frequently she was teased by them and others about that unfortunate word she wished to put into Jane's copy. Susie spoke very warmly; and Aunt Mary saw with sorrow that she was cherishing feelings in her heart which could only make both herself and others unhappy.

"It is very unkind of them, Susie," she said, "to keep repeating an old story like that, on purpose to annoy you; they ought to be ashamed of such conduct. Does Mrs. Ashley know about it?"

"No, aunt, or else she would scold them. But I could not tell her what they say, because then they would call me a tell-tale, and I should not like that. They would tease me all the more, too, afterwards. I wish sometimes that I might stop away from school altogether; the girls are so disagreeable."

"I am sorry they are, Susie; but perhaps they will grow better in time. Try and not mind them. Do not let them make you dislike school; that would be a pity, when you are getting on so nicely; and there are troubles, you know, to be found at home as well as at school."

"Yes," said Susie, sorrowfully, "I know that, aunt: I I cannot tell how it is, but they don't seem to like me so well as they did at first. Jane is not nearly so kind, and Harry won't play with me unless he chooses the game, and that is not fair. And John finds such fault, and says I am a cross little thing."

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The tears stood in Susie's eyes as she spoke. Yet it did her good to pour out her troubles to Aunt Mary. Aunt Mary did not treat them as if they were trifles too small to be cared for; but while she felt for Susie, she tried to persuade her to look at them more cheerfully, and to bear them more patiently.

"I will tell you what I want you to do, Susie," she said; "I have been thinking you might overcome all your little trials, both at home and at school, if you would begin to act out the teaching of your text every day.

Susie looked puzzled. "What do you mean, aunt?"

"I mean, if you would begin to 'love your enemies,' Susie. Enemies is rather a strong word to use, perhaps, because I do not think you have any. Your schoolfellows are only tiresome and contrary; they do not really intend to do you any harm. But that only makes it easier for you to feel kindly towards them. And if you were to feel so, Susie, you would be surprised to find what a difference it would make in them. They would soon love you in return; or, if not, they would at least treat you more civilly."

"But, aunt," said Susie, "I cannot love them; I cannot, indeed; it is impossible."

"Why, dear?"

"Why?" repeated Susie, as if she wondered that her aunt did not at once agree with her—"why? because nobody does that, aunt; it is not natural."

"No, dear, it is not natural, and it is not easy; but God will help us if we ask him. He will send his Holy Spirit, not only to strengthen us when we try to love those who are unkind to us, but to give even

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the *wish* to love them. When you pray, Susie, will you ask him to do this for you?"

Susie gravely answered "yes," but she did not in her own mind think that it would be of any use.

"Shall I tell you a story, Susie, about loving our enemies?" said Aunt Mary. "There was a poor slave named Tom, who heard about Jesus Christ. He became a true Christian. His master put great confidence in him. One day some fresh slaves were brought to the plantation, and among them was an old and very infirm man. Tom took great care of him. He gave up his own bed to him, and let him eat and drink with him. When it was cold, he carried him into the sunshine, and when it was hot, he placed him under the shade of the cocoa-nut trees. His master was surprised at this behaviour, and he said to Tom, 'Why do you pay such attention to that old man? he is surely a relation of yours: is he your father?' 'No, massa, he no my father.' 'Is he an older brother?' 'No, massa, he no an older brother.' 'Then he is perhaps your uncle?' No, massa, he no belong to me at all; he not even my friend.' 'Then why do you take such an interest in him?' 'He my *enemy*, massa,' replied Tom: 'he sold me to the slave-dealer; and my Bible tells me when my enemy hunger, feed him, and when he thirsty, give him drink.'

"Now, Susie, if a poor slave could behave so, should not you and I try what we can do?"

Then Aunt Mary told her little niece some other stories of this kind, for she thought they would make more impression on Susie's mind than mere advice, however good and suitable. Susie listened eagerly,

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for she was very fond of stories; and she felt that it was certainly better to conquer others by kindness, than to keep on quarrelling with them. And Aunt Mary did not forget to talk to Susie, in her gentle, winning way, of Jesus Christ, our best and greatest friend, who gave up his own life that he might save his enemies—might save her! She knew that the story of the cross, if believed with all the heart, would make Susie kind, and loving, and forbearing. And she knew that nothing else would.

Susie spent a very happy evening. The talking did not take up all the evening; and she had a large picture-book to look at, some bits of coloured silk that she was to choose and carry home with her, and some roasted apples to eat. She was in a very good humour when John called for her on his return from taking out some grocery; and as she kissed her aunt, and bade her good-bye, she whispered in her ear, "I will *try* and do what the text says, Aunt Mary."

Will Susie keep that promise?

QUESTIONS ON THE PARABLES OF OUR LORD.

THE LOST SHEEP—PIECE OF MONEY.

Luke xv. 1—10.

1. Where was Jesus at this time?—Who are here called sinners?*—What did they expect to hear?

* The original word here rendered *sinners* is not confined to notoriously wicked persons, but comprehends the Gentiles at large, together with apostate Jews.

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THE LOST SHEEP FOUND.

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2. What offence was here alleged against Jesus?—How would the complainers have acted?—With whom did they usually associate?

3. To whom was this parable addressed?—What virtue was it designed to exhibit?

4. Who is represented by the lost sheep?—What is a wilderness, as the term is here used?—Who seeks and saves lost men?

5. By what means is the lost sinner found?—Who is the author of his recovery?

6. What is the difference between friends and neighbours?—Who are meant by neighbours, in chap. x. 29?

7. By whom is this joy exercised in heaven? 10—Who are meant by just persons?

8. What was the value of this piece of money?—Wherein is this example commendable?

9. Upon what principle would a person do this?—Why should her friends rejoice? Rom. xii. 15.

10. What is the foundation of this joy?—How far should we imitate them in like cases?

If you have an enemy, act kindly to him, and make him your friend. You may not win him over at once; but try again. Let one kindness be followed by another, till you have compassed your end. By little and by little, great things are completed—

"Water falling day by day
Wears the hardest rock away;"

and so repeated kindness will soften a heart of stone.

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LITTLE CLARA.

I AM going to tell you a few things about little Clara, whom I well knew. And first, you will be glad to hear that, although a humble cottage was her home, it was always very tidy, through the care of her mother, who seemed to take delight in making everything about her dwelling as neat and well-looking as her hands and means would permit. There was a little garden to the cottage, and the flowers, in their season, sent their sweet scents about the place, and made it very pleasant to sit by the door or at the window of little Clara's bedroom, which opened out upon well-arranged plats full of as choice plants and shrubs as her parents could obtain. Clara's father, too, was a sober, busy man, and loved to see his house as it should be, and his garden in as good order as he could make it.

Clara's parents attended the house of God, and strove also to train up their children in the best way; so that, under God's blessing, as these grew up they were well-behaved; and we may hope the lessons they had learned at the Sunday school had a lasting place in their memories, and by the Holy Spirit's grace will help to lead them at last unto the better world above.

Clara had good health until the age of five years; but then she began to decline, and, to the sorrow of her parents, the marks of disease were plainly seen.

Clara had early learned to read; and as she was at last quite confined to bed, her books, such as the "Pilgrim's Progress," and her little Bible, which, with some small books, were daily laid on the snow-

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white bed, became her constant companions, and afforded her mind much comfort, support, and pleasure. Her affliction was borne with great meekness and patience. It pleased God that she should lie on her sick-bed for six years.

It was pleasant to be in her company, and to see how she submitted to her heavenly Father's will. She knew that she could never recover, though it was probable, from the nature of her complaint, she might remain in suffering for several years.

Clara found much delight in spiritual things, and in the sweetest manner would tell how she loved Jesus, and why she loved him. "I love him with my *whole* heart," she said, "and I long to see him, and be with him in heaven."

I one day said to her, "Then, Clara, you think you will be with Jesus when you die, and that you will certainly go to heaven?" "Oh, yes," she replied. "Why?" I asked. "Because Jesus died for me on the cross: he loves me. I *feel* he does, and that he is with me in my affliction, for he has said, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' (Mark x. 14.) So I love him and know he loves me, and that when I die and leave this world I shall go to him into heaven; and oh! will not that be happiness?"

Most of her talk was about the salvation of her soul through Christ Jesus. As she thought that her time on earth would be short, she would smile and say, "Then shall I be ever with the Lord." (1 Thess. iv. 17.)

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It was quite plain that the work of grace was begun in her tender mind by the Holy Spirit. She gave the evidence of a renewed heart.

"She never gives me any trouble," said her mother to me one day; "she is a sweet, gentle child, and is so truly thankful for any little attention paid her, that it is good to do anything for her. She seldom either alludes to her sufferings—not even, if possible, during the time that her poor little back is attended to, though I know the dressing of it causes her sometimes much agony: we can see it in her looks when she does not speak one word about her wounds."

How different was this to the manner of some children, whom even but a little suffering makes very cross, and who can bear no affliction without a good deal of crossness towards others.

Clara scarcely grew at all after her fifth year. At the age of eleven she did not look more than six years old; whilst, owing to her complaint, she was, besides, wasted to a mere skeleton, except the appearance of her face, which, although very pale, did not waste in the measure of other parts of her body, and usually wore a smile; though, as I said, her suffering was often very great. But she always felt the value of religion, and often repeated that pretty verse of the hymn:—

> "'Tis religion that can give
> Sweetest pleasures while we live;
> 'Tis religion can supply
> Solid comfort when we die," etc.

One forenoon I went to Clara's cottage to visit her, taking a few oranges with me; but on my arrival I

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received the sad news that poor little Clara was gone; and, with weeping, her mother told me of the closing scenes of her life, and her passage through the valley of the shadow of death. All the last night she was on the earth, it was plain her end was not far off; Clara herself was sensible of it, and spoke tenderly to her parents, and desired them not to weep for her when she was gone, knowing she would be with the Saviour. For a while she lay in a kind of sleep, but awoke a short time before her death and uttered some little words of precious meaning very softly, and of prayer unto Jesus to come and take her home.

Aware that her stay with them would be now very short, she turned to the family collected about her bed, and in a calm, gentle voice fondly said, "Good bye, dear mother; good bye, dear father; good bye, dear sisters and brother: farewell, all; I shall soon be at home—soon with Jesus, whom I love. Come, Lord Jesus, and take me."

For a little while she closed her eyes, but her thoughts were sweetly occupied; then suddenly she opened her eyes again, gave a fond look on her mother, and said, "And now, mother, I am going." She paused a moment or two, raised her wasted arm, and gently waving her little hand, said, "And so happy!" and immediately her spirit departed unto the bosom of that Saviour whom she loved, and to the heavenly home where she now dwells with all the happy glorified "which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." (Rev. vii. 14.)

Dear young reader, do you too love Jesus? do you

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pray to him to be *your* Saviour; to cleanse you from your sins in his precious blood; to give you his Holy Spirit; and by his grace and righteousness to make you "meet for the inheritance of the saints in light?" (Col. i. 12.) By nature all are unfit; and "except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." (John iii. 3.)

Jesus will save you if you seek him; for he says, "I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me." (Prov. viii. 17.)

I hope you will now, if as yet you have not sought him; then you will have comfort in life, peace in death, and a crown of glory in the world to come for ever and ever. E. B.

THE WAY TO PAY RENT.

A BLACKSMITH in the city of Philadelphia was complaining to his iron merchant, that such was the scarcity of money that he could not pay his rent. The merchant then asked him how much rum he used in his family in the course of the day? Upon his answering this question the merchant made a calculation, and showed him that his rum amounted to more money in the year than his house-rent. The calculation so enlightened and impressed the man, that he at once and entirely gave up all strong drink. In the course of the next year he paid his rent and bought a new suit of clothes out of his savings. He went on in the course on which he had entered to the end of life, and the happy consequence was health, happiness, and honour.

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GEORGE AND HIS RABBIT.

GEORGE RUSSEL had once a happy home. It was a white-washed cottage by the sea-side, where the winds sang their melodies and the big waves beat time. But

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it was not the winds, nor the waves, nor the white-washed cottage, but the kind faces and true hearts that used to gather round the home fireside, that made George love the spot so well and miss it so much. He remembered the time when his father, who was captain of a ship, used to return laden with presents from distant lands. He recollected how the sorrow of separation was brightened by the prospect of those days to which his mother looked so eagerly forward, when her husband might resign his sea-faring trade and live at home on the savings he had so hardly earned. She felt the more anxious about this, as her own health, never robust, was gradually declining, and she dreaded the thought of leaving her only child to the care of those who might not bring him up, as she had sought to do, for God and heaven.

But the last parting in this world was over. Captain Russel had devoted all his savings to the purchase of some shares in a vessel built for the West Indian trade; had taken her on the trial trip, but never returned; for on her homeward journey the brig struck on a rock and went suddenly down with her valuable cargo, and far more precious burden of human life. The severity of this blow was too much for the widow's failing strength, and, leaving her dear child little else except the priceless legacy of a mother's example, her instructions, and her prayers, she was laid in the still grave-yard, in the good hope of a glorious reunion with those she loved, on that morning of joy when both grave and sea shall give up their dead.

A poor woman took George to her humble dwelling, and treated him as one of her own children, until the

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arrival of an uncle who resided in a distant county. And gladly would the orphan boy have remained among the friends of his childhood, instead of going away with a strange man, rough in his looks, and most unlike what he had fancied a brother of his own dear father could be. A few days were sufficient to dispose of all the property left at the widow's death, which consisted only of the neat, well-kept furniture of her house. However, small as was the sum got by the sale, it would have been quite enough to supply George's wants until he was able to earn for himself, if it had been placed in honest hands. But "honest hands" were what Michael Russel did not possess; for honour and honesty soon leave the man who loves strong drink, and instead of planning how he might lay out the money for the orphan's benefit, he spent it on his own indulgence. So, with many a tear George left the house where he had been born, the garden where he had played, and his mother's grave.

It was Saturday evening when George arrived at his new home, after a very long railway journey, which had not been made pleasanter by his uncle's company. While daylight lasted he amused himself by watching the passengers who got in and out of the train; and even when the last ray of sunshine was gone he had still his little rabbit, the beautiful white rabbit his father had brought him, on which he might pour out the warm love that no one seemed to value now. Yes, and he had one more relic of home: just when leaving, an old sailor, who had known his family, thrust a small well-worn Bible into the little bundle he carried in his hand, telling him it was his mother's, which he had

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bought at the auction to give him, that by its blessed light he might steer across life's stormy sea to the quiet haven where his parents had already gone.

George was a sensible boy, and tried to make the best of everything; but though he did not expect to find his uncle's house like the one he had just left, he was little prepared for the scenes of misery that awaited him. His aunt was a careworn woman, and cold indeed was the welcome the poor boy received. But on the evening of his arrival George was tired, and, scarcely tasting the supper placed before him, he was glad to retire to the garret where he was to sleep. After kneeling in prayer beside the coarse bed, as he used to do near the little white couch where a mother's soft hand smoothened every fold, and her lips were ready with the good-night kiss and blessing, the burden of sorrow seemed lighter, and he fell asleep repeating to himself the Saviour's own sweet words, "I will not leave you orphans; I will come to you."

The sabbath dawned on hall and cottage, and George waked up refreshed by the night's sleep, and fearing, from the quietness of the house, that his uncle and aunt had gone to the house of God without him, hurried down stairs. He waited what seemed hours to him, and though the pealing bell told him it was time to go to Divine worship, no one appeared in the disordered kitchen. By and by his aunt came out of her room and began to bustle about for a late breakfast, and George heard a hoarse voice, which he knew was his uncle's, telling him to go to a public house at the corner and fetch him some ale. George was stunned by such an order, for he had always been

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taught to regard sabbath-breaking in any form as a dreadful sin, and gently urged that "perhaps uncle had forgotten that it was Sunday." "Go this moment," said his aunt, with a blow: "do you fancy you have come here to be an idle gentleman?" "I will work as hard as you please on weekdays," replied George, "but I will not, I cannot buy on Sundays." "Then go up to your bed, you bad boy; you shall not taste a bit this day."

A long, quiet, hungry day George had up in his little garret; but still, it was better than the company and the feasting down stairs. He had his white rabbit, which he rejoiced to think was not hungry, though its master was, for he had brought a good supply for it from home. He had his Bible, where he read the sweet promises of his Father in heaven to all those who trust in him through Christ, and with a full heart he asked his forgiveness and help.

Day after day passed on, and George's position was little improved. However, he bore up with a brave spirit, and never murmured at the constant work his aunt gave him to do, though sometimes it overtasked his strength, and he longed for a little leisure, or a cheering word. Many a time he was tempted to run away and look for work among strangers; but duty told him that would not be right. At last, however, he resolved to ask leave to go; and one evening, when his uncle was more sober than usual, he told him how he had often wished to be a sailor like his father, and thought if he went to a seaport some captain might give him a berth as cabin-boy. Quite unexpectedly, his uncle agreed that it would be the best thing

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possible; and, after some objections from his aunt, who had begun to find George very useful, it was agreed that the boy should set off whenever he pleased. But what would become of his rabbit?

At a short distance from his uncle's cottage stood an old-fashioned farm-house in the middle of a very fine garden. It belonged to a magistrate in the next sea-port town, called Mr. Stanley, and every summer his two little daughters with their governess used to spend some weeks there. On the first evening after their arrival the children had noticed George's rabbit, and had come almost every day since to feed it with fresh leaves from their garden. They often longed to have this pretty rabbit for their own, but did not like asking George to sell his little pet. At last, one day their father came to see them, and he was spoken to on this important affair. There was a hutch in the garden, just fit for keeping it, which must have been used by somebody for the same purpose.

Mr. Stanley thought there could be no harm in asking if George wished to sell the little favourite, but by no means to urge him against his will; and before leaving he threw his purse on the table, and told the children to take a half-crown to pay for it. Minnie and Effie chose a very bright one, and Mr. Stanley went away loaded with kisses and thanks.

Early next morning the little girls went with their governess to look for George, and found him looking very sad indeed. They at once offered to buy the rabbit, and George declared he would be glad to give it to them, as he wanted to go away to sea, and was much troubled about his dear little white pet. But

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no, Minnie and Effie should buy it; and if George would bring it up to their garden, and put it into the house they had ready for it, they would give him a beautiful bright half-crown. A heavy load was lifted from George's heart in thinking what plenty and comfort his favourite would enjoy during his absence; and though tears ran down his cheeks as he turned away after leaving it in its new home, they were tears of gratitude as well as of regret. And when he was going, Effie slipped the bright half-crown into his hand.

That very evening George said good-bye to his uncle and aunt, and at the early dawn set off on foot to the next port, but not before he had asked a blessing on his journey, and hidden his little old Bible inside his jacket, down safe in a pocket with the bright half-crown.

For a long time George wandered up and down the quays, asking almost every one he met if he wanted a cabin-boy. Some laughed, and some gave him rough answers; but at last, a kind-looking sailor told him that his skipper did want such a hand, and desired him to come on board the "Maryanne" schooner at two o'clock to see the master. But before two o'clock George was where he never had expected to be—a prisoner in a prison.

Having grown weary and faint from his long walk, he went into a baker's shop, bought a loaf of bread, began to eat some himself, and gave the rest to a famished-looking girl who sold oranges at the door, while he waited for the change of his half-crown. Suddenly the baker seized him roughly by the collar,

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and asked how he dared to pass bad money on him. George was struck dumb. Bad money! impossible: that beautiful half-crown the little lady had given him. The baker declared that it could not be the first time he had played the same trick, of which he should now be cured; and George's truthful statement of facts had no effect in convincing him of his innocence.

"Well, my lad, you shall see what your money has bought for you," said the baker, putting him into the charge of a policeman who had been called. A few minutes more, and the poor boy found himself alone in a cell of the prison, waiting to be brought before the magistrates for trial next day. He sat down and cried. Was not everything against him? An orphan without friends, money, or a character, what would become of him? He had tried to do right, and punishment, instead of reward, had met him at every step. The afternoon passed away in these bitter thoughts, and, as evening closed in, dark despair settled down on his mind.

Suddenly one ray of light stole through the grated window of his cell, and woke up a little text of God's own word which had lain asleep in the boy's heart. It was this: "Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness." All night long George comforted himself with these words, and now that Hope had come to keep him company, the prison room did not seem so lonely.

Next morning he was taken to court, and stood before the magistrates. The baker was there, showed the half-crown, and told his story, when George was

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permitted to relate his own. With much earnest simplicity he stated the truth about the sale of the rabbit, and getting the money from the little ladies at Stanley Grange. One of the gentlemen on the bench started, looked angry, then sorry, passed his hand across his brow, examined his purse, and then spoke: "I know all about it; my children have been the cause of this poor boy's trouble. Two days ago a bad half-crown came into my possession, which I put into a corner of my purse to examine at leisure, hoping to find some clue to the forgers of this base coin. On a late visit to the country my little daughters asked me for some money to buy a rabbit, and, as I allowed them to take two-and-sixpence from my purse, doubtless the false brightness of this bad money led them to choose it."

At these words George was at once set at liberty. But Mr. Stanley did still more. Pleased with the conduct of the boy, he gave him a situation as apprentice on board one of his own ships; and step by step George has risen, until now he commands one of the largest vessels sailing from those quays where he once wandered a friendless orphan.

THE SNOWY OWL.

THE snowy owl lives in the land of snows, and its plumage is well suited to its cold and sleety home. Long hair-like feathers and thick down nearly cover its sharp beak and feet. The plumage is pure white, except here and there a small touch of brown;

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Along the cold shores of Greenland, and other northern parts, the snowy owl is seen sweeping along in search of its prey, which consists chiefly of hares,

grouse, mice, and fish. For these it is on the constant search, and with such quickness does it dart along, that when a bird has been shot it will seize the

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prize before the hunter can reach it. Its notes are very doleful and unpleasant to the ear. It is about two feet long, and from one tip of the outstretched wing to the other it extends to more than five feet.

CHILDREN CAN BELIEVE IN JESUS.

Perhaps you are not old enough to know what it is to believe, and what faith is. The sweet rose does not know how the dews of the night and the rain refresh it. The lily, that catches a few of the bright beams of the sun, does not know how they help to make it grow. But the dew, and the rain, and the sun do refresh the flowers, and make them what they are. So a child may not be able to know much about faith, and yet it may be in his heart, and he may be a Christian child.

If your father or mother promise to do anything for you, you believe them. If they tell you that they will take you on a visit, you trust their word. You have faith in them, and you are quite sure that they mean what they say. They always speak the truth, and you know that they love you too well for them not to do what they promise. And in the same way you can believe the words and promises of Jesus. You can rely on what he tells you in the Bible. You can trust in him as the Saviour of sinners.

One night a house was on fire. The smoke and flames rose up very high. The family rushed out of the door, all but a little boy. In his fright he ran up-stairs, and soon was seen at a window. The poor

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fellow cried aloud for help. His father missed him. He looked up, and then heard his cries. "Throw yourself into my arms, my dear boy," he called to him: "I will catch you."

"Oh, I cannot see you, father."

"But I can see you, my child. Be quick, jump now."

Then the smoke grew more thick, and the fire was fast reaching the poor child. He stood for a moment, and with a bold spring threw himself from the window, and in an instant was in his father's arms. Do you not see that he had faith in his father?

We are all in danger of being lost—lost for ever—lost through sin. But Jesus can save us. He can save us now. He will save us if we cast our souls on him. He must, for there is no one else who can save us.

Come, then, like Mary, whom we read of in the gospel, and sit at his feet. Come like John, his disciple, and lean on his bosom. Come like the children of old, and cry, "Hosanna: save, Lord, we pray thee." Like the little boy who threw himself into his father's arms, cast yourself by faith on Jesus.

We will now tell you of another little boy—of one who looked to Jesus—who had faith in him.

This child, when four years old, was very much burnt. His clothes took fire. As he grew older he often was kept to his bed for three, four, or six months at a time. He was very weak, and mostly full of pain. His great comfort was to go to a Sunday school when he was able. He used to go there on crutches. He loved his school, and was one of the best boys in it.

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But he got so bad that he could not walk there, even on his crutches. Some kind lads then got a little cart, and used to call for him; and in this way he was carried to his Sunday school.

At last he got so much worse that he could not go at all, and he was kept to his bed—a poor sick boy.

You will be glad to know that he had been led by the Holy Spirit to believe in Jesus. Though he was so very ill, he was quite happy. His heart was full of love to the Saviour.

When he got any rest for his body, or when anything was done for him, or given to him, he would say, "I thank Jesus for that help."

About a week before he died, his teacher asked him if he had any word to send to the school. He smiled, and said, "Tell them to mind what you say. Ask them to be at the school as often as they can. And tell them to look to Jesus."

These words, "Look to Jesus," were often on his lips. He had looked to him, and was happy; and he wished every one to do so, that they might be happy too.

When he was dying, his teacher went to see him again. He found him with his eyes closed, and he seemed fast sinking. His mother bent over him, and asked if he had anything to say to his teacher. Yes, he had some words to speak: they were these—"Look to Jesus," he said, with a soft, weak voice.

The last words he spoke were to a little girl named Ellen, who had often called to sing to him. And what were those words? They were the same he had so

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often spoken, and which had given joy to his own heart: "Look to Jesus."

Soon after this he went to be with the Saviour in whom he trusted and whom he loved.*

THE THREE ARKS.

We read about *three* arks in the Bible. One was the ark which Noah made. It was something like a ship, and was intended to save Noah and his family, and some of the animals, from being drowned in the Deluge.

Another ark was that which Moses made in the wilderness. This was called "the ark of the covenant." It was covered all over with pure gold. It was not so large but that four men could easily carry it on their shoulders by means of two poles which were fastened to its sides. The Israelites carried it about with them all the time they were marching up and down the wilderness.

But then we read of another ark in the Bible. It was a very little one. It was the "ark of bulrushes" which the mother of Moses made to put him in when a baby, in order to keep him from being drowned in the river. Pharaoh, the wicked king of Egypt, wanted to destroy the Israelites. He ordered all the male children to be thrown into the river. When Moses was born, his mother tried to save him. For three months she managed to keep him hid. At last

* From "The Sweet Story of Old," a book for little children, lately published by the Religious Tract Society.

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she found she could not hide him any longer. Then she made this "little ark" of bulrushes. She put her dear boy into it, and laid it in the flags near the banks of the river Nile. Look at that "little ark" floating among the flags, and learn two lessons from it.

It teaches us how God controls everything that happens. Suppose that Pharaoh, or one of Pharaoh's soldiers, had happened to come along and find this ark: what would have become of Moses? He would have been thrown into the river in a moment. But it was Pharaoh's daughter who happened to come by and find the ark. God ordered it so. She had a woman's tender heart. She saw the little ark, and sent her maid to fetch it. When it was opened, "Behold, the babe wept." The sight of the helpless babe, exposed to death, and in tears, touched her heart. It was a good thing that the babe cried just at that moment. If it had not been for those tears, it might have happened that Pharaoh's daughter would have pushed the ark out into the stream, and let it sink there. Some would say it was very *lucky* that the child cried at that very moment. But it was not *luck* that did it. God did it. He controls everything. That baby's tears saved his life. They secured him a home and an education, and thus he became the greatest man of the age.

But take another look at that "little ark." What else does it teach us? *It teaches us what a foolish thing it is to fight against God.* Pharaoh did this. He thought he was wiser than God and stronger than God. God meant to preserve the Israelites and have them to grow into a great nation. Pharaoh wanted to destroy them. He resolved to make the river Nile

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the means by which he would fight against God and destroy his people. But God made use of that very river to preserve the children of Israel, and to destroy Pharaoh and his people.

These two lessons we learn from this "little ark" How wonderful are God's ways!

PRAISE FOR THE GOSPEL.

Come, children, thank the Lord with me
That he has made us know
The words of love, which from above
In blessed Scripture flow.

We sit beside the living spring,
And taste the sacred stream;
In every line is grace divine,
And mercy reigns supreme.

The little Pagan cannot read
This book of life and light;
For, fast asleep in darkness deep,
He lies in horrid night.

No story of the Child Divine
The Gentile mother sings;
But we have heard the heavenly word
Unknown to eastern kings.

Then let us ask in these our lays
That we may read aright;
And let us praise him all our days
For blessed Bible light.

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GOD'S LOVE SEEN IN CREATION.

The grass which does the hills adorn,
The fields so richly clothed with corn,
The trees which form the shady grove,
All gently whisper—God is love.

The flowers arrayed in smiling bloom,
Filling the air with rich perfume,
As round their fragrant beds we rove,
They sweetly tell us—God is love.

The beasts which in the forest roar,
Display their Maker's mighty power;
The soaring eagle, and the dove,
Join in the anthem—God is love.

The glowing sun, which shines so bright,
That cheers us with his pleasant light;
The moon, which makes the waters move,
Unite and murmur—God is love.

The stars that twinkle in the sky,
Reminding us of worlds on high—
They seem to tell us from above
The God who made us—He is love.

We, as we view the human frame,
Adore the wise Creator's name;
We scan his works, and we approve,
And swell the chorus—God is love.

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SUSIE'S MISTAKE.

CHAPTER III.

THE next morning, as Susie was getting up, she thought of her visit the evening before; and then she called to mind some stories which her aunt had told her, and she wondered whether she could ever be kind and forgiving. Susie was sure it would be a long time before she learned to "love her enemies;" perhaps not until she had grown up to be a woman like aunt Mary. Of course, when she was a woman, she thought it would be easier to be good than it was now. Susie did not know how mistaken she was in this idea. Bad

habits grow strong with our years. Young trees are more easily bent than old ones. It will be more hard to do right to-morrow than it is to-day. Therefore, it is our wisest way to begin at once.

Susie went down to breakfast. It was nearly ready, but there was only her brother Harry in the room. He had just seated himself to the table in a chair which Susie called hers.

"That is *my* chair, Harry," cried Susie, without even waiting to say "good morning" first; "you must give it to me."

"*Must!*" said Harry. "You are very polite, Susie. But I cannot move now; it is too much trouble; you may have any of the others."

"No, I shall have my own," said Susie; "so get up;" and she gave him a little push.

"Do be quiet, Susie. What does it signify which chair you have?"

"Then if it does not signify, you need not have taken mine," said Susie, sharply. "Now give it to me. I will have it."

"If you can get it," said Harry, laughing.

Susie pulled and pulled with all her might, but Harry sat firmly in the chair, and she was not strong enough to move him. Then she became very cross, and tried to drag him away by taking hold of his jacket; and when that failed, she raised her hand and struck him as hard as she could. He did not mind a bit for her tiny blows, but they made him less willing to give up his seat; and it was not until their father came in from the shop to breakfast that the dispute was settled.

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I am afraid Susie had quite forgotten her "text." Jane had a cold that morning, and stayed at home, so Susie went alone to school. She passed by Bessy Wilson's house. Bessy was standing at the window, partly dressed, and she beckoned to Susie to wait for her. Susie saw her, but she would not look that way, nor take any notice of her. She had not forgiven Bessy for laughing at her yesterday.

Was that loving her enemies?

While Susie was taking off her bonnet and cloak before going into the schoolroom, Emma Perkins came in. "Well, little Susie, where is Jane?" she said. Susie told her, but not very pleasantly, for she did not at all like being called *little* Susie, and Emma often called her so. One or two other girls came in, and Susie was making room for them, as she was ready, when Emma said to her, "Will you put this pin for me in my collar, Susie? it has dropped out behind." "No, I cannot stop now," said Susie; "you must get somebody else to do it."

Susie's conscience gave her a sharp prick as she said this, and she took her place in the schoolroom with a heart not quite at ease. Was she doing as she had promised aunt Mary? She knew she was not; she knew she had not made the least attempt to do so. Emma had asked civilly for her help, and she ought readily to have given it. How could she expect the girls to be friendly with her if she never tried to oblige them? Susie sighed, and thought what hard work it was to help rendering evil for evil.

The business of the school went on as usual, and Susie was busy learning the multiplication table, when

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she heard Emma Perkins trying to borrow a slate-pencil; she had left her own at home, and now she wanted to write her exercise. Nobody appeared to have any to lend, and Emma was lamenting her want, when Susie held out her pencil; it was a new one, and nicely pointed. "You can have mine if you like, Emma; I have done my sums; I shall not want it at present."

Emma was rather astonished. She had not expected any help from Susie. She took the pencil, and thanked her; and her thanks sounded very pleasant in Susie's ear, for she so seldom got them from her.

Susie had made a great effort in offering Emma her pencil, but she felt well repaid for it. She felt that she had acted rightly, and there is always comfort in knowing that. She had also been of some service to Emma, and to be useful is one way to be happy. Susie learned her tables very quickly afterwards; she thought nine times was easier than eight times; but the truth was, that she learned with more spirit because she had been less selfish than usual.

Before the school broke up for the morning, Susie was trying to reach from a high shelf a book, which she was going to take home with her. She could not manage it, and was about to fetch a stool for that purpose, when some one behind her stretched out a longer arm, and brought down the book for her. It was Emma Perkins. "One good turn deserves another, little Susie," she said: "and here is your pencil back again, not much the worse for wear. Tell Jane, when you go home, that I am coming in to see her this evening."

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Susie hardly noticed this time that she was called "little" Susie, because Emma's attention was so pleasant to her. She began to think it was possible that she might be *almost* like Emma some day, if she went on changing for the better. She should not want to have her for a friend, but she might be able to give up looking upon her as a foe; and that was much more than she would yesterday have thought likely. Susie fancied that the change was all on Emma's side; she forgot that she had made the beginning by lending Emma her pencil.

Susie ran home with a light step, and a bright little face. Jane's cold was much worse, and she was rather fretful. She generally was so when she was unwell. She was naturally of an active turn, and did not like being obliged to sit still, and do nothing about the house.

"I wish you would shut the door after you, Susie," she said, peevishly, as Susie ran into the room, leaving the door ajar; "there is such a draught; but, of course, as you don't feel it, you don't think about it."

"What a fuss you make about a little draught, Jane!" said Susie, going out again, and slamming the door after her, with a noise sufficient to make anybody's head ache.

Was that right of Susie? She knew it was not; and she wished the next minute that she had not been so touchy. But she excused herself by laying most of the blame on her sister.

When she came downstairs again, she heard Jane talking to her mother about a book which Miss Deane—a young lady who sometimes came to see

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them—had offered to lend her if she would send for it. It was a new story-book, and, from what Jane knew about it, just the sort of book that she liked. She wanted it very much now that she had a cold, and could do little else but read: but she could not go out herself, and the boys were not at home. They had taken their dinners with them to school that day, and would not return till tea-time. And Ruth, the little servant girl, was out for a holiday.

"You must wait till evening, Jane," said her mother. "John will be going out then for your father, and he will bring it back with him."

"I could have read it so nicely this afternoon," said Jane; "and I am so tired sitting here with nothing to amuse me; it makes my cold seem even worse than it is."

Now I dare say you are thinking just what was in Susie's mind at that moment—that *she* ought to go and fetch the book for Jane. It would be only kind and sisterly to do so. But then Susie was not very fond of walking, and she had one or two little things that she meant to do for herself until school time. It often happens in our daily life that duty and inclination point in exactly opposite directions. Which ought to give way? Why, you will say, inclination ought to give way to duty. Yes, it should; but does it always? Will it do so now in Susie's case?

Susie felt disposed to be quiet, and not say anything about the book. She had not been *asked* to go, and therefore it was not expected of her. Why need she offer herself? Jane did not deserve it either, because she had been so cross about the door being left open.

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These thoughts passed quickly through Susie's mind, but better thoughts followed them. Susie laid down the collar she was working, and, looking at her sister, said, "Shall I run to Miss Deane's and get you the book, Jane? There will be time before dinner is ready."

"Oh, thank you, Susie. I shall be so glad if you will. I did not like to ask you, because you have such a long walk to school. But if you think it won't tire you too much——"

"Oh, no," said Susie, springing up, "it is not so very far, and I shall rest while I am having my dinner."

The day was fine and clear, and an extra walk did Susie good rather than harm. It did her good also by the happy feeling which it gave her, on account of her having conquered her selfish will, and thus pleased her sister.

Susie brought a nice-looking book from Miss Deane's, and Jane began directly to read it. But she kissed Susie first, and told her that she was much obliged to her for being so kind: and she made her take a pear which John had given her that morning.

When Susie went back to school after dinner, she left Jane sitting comfortably by the fire, with her book open before her. She bore her cold much more patiently now that she was so well employed. Susie knew it was through her help that Jane had this pleasure so soon; for if she had not fetched the book, Jane must have been without it all the afternoon. And this thought was like a bright gleam of sunshine to Susie the rest of the day.

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HIGHER AND HIGHER.

"COME, Frank, my boy, be smart, and put this basket of apples in a safe place on the top of the vegetables," said farmer Armstrong to his youngest son. "Look, the sun is already shining into Lucy's window, and 'tis no small matter to see it so high on an autumn morning before we have started for market. But the fact is, Frank," he added in a lower voice, "William is not himself to-day, for, with all his love of the learning, leaving home is leaving home after all."

"So it is, father; and if ever there was a boy loved home, and always had a ready hand to work, that every one might be comfortable, 'twas Will," said Frank, who was glad to say a word in praise of his brother.

"Yes, boy, and I guess the work will fall pretty heavily on you while he is away learning all those fine things at the great school."

William's thoughts were busier than his hands, and it was unusual for him even to seem an idler. But as he leaned there in silence, half unwilling to harness the patient creature that was to carry him away from home, his memory ran back over the scenes of other days, and he scarcely noticed the fixed gaze of the house-dog, as he looked up in his face. The day had come at length to which he had looked forward, the day for which he had toiled at books early and late, so that, without neglecting his share of work, he might be able to gather that learning without which he felt sure he could not become a learned man; for a learned man William had made up his mind to become, and to fulfil the words of the old master of the village

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school, that Will Armstrong would be heard of in the world. But that our readers may know what it was that made him so very thoughtful that morning, we must ask them to step with us inside the white walls of that Irish home, that they may grow familiar with all the family who live there.

Besides William and Frank, Matty and Kate, farmer Armstrong had another child. It was Lucy, who had been afflicted for more than twelve years; for she had fallen when a child from a high chair in the kitchen, and was so much hurt as never to be able to walk again. But, though almost always kept to her room, she was one of the most useful persons in the house, and it seemed as if God, having early drawn her heart by his love, left her there to teach lessons of love and patience to others. That sick-room was the bright spot in that bright little cottage; it was there the mother went when, worn out with the day's labour, she wanted a moment's quiet; it was there the children ran when they had got into trouble, for Lucy was sure to suggest some cure; it was there the whole family gathered in the still sabbath evening, to tell poor Lucy what they could of the minister's sermon, or perhaps to hear from her what the Bible had been saying to her heart about that sabbath in heaven whose rest shall never be broken by a Monday morning. For Lucy was like a bird on bended wing, just ready to fly away; and it was the idea of parting from her that filled William's eye with tears and his mind with such busy thoughts.

On the evening before, just when twilight was fading into night, William had stolen into Lucy's room

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to say good-bye, that he might not disturb her in the morning. "Oh, Will, how glad I am you spared time to come up!" said Lucy, as her thin hand was grasped by the strong rough fingers of her brother. "Of course I found time," said William, trying to laugh off his deeper feelings, "because I was sure my little sister would like to give me a scolding before I went away, about seeking things too high; but see, Lucy, I cannot stay here any longer—my heart is panting for learning, that I may rise up, until I become a great man."

"A scolding, Will? no, indeed, I do not think you half aspiring enough. Perhaps I too am trying to rise up—up. Brother, dear," she added, pressing his hand to her lips, "you are going from your earthly home, and I am going to my heavenly home, and shall soon be there: let us both seek that, whether present or absent, we may be accepted of Jesus, who died to save us. Let your aim in everything you do be to please God, and then you cannot work too hard; but remember, there is one work which must come before every other, or they will be valueless: 'This is the work of God, that ye believe on him whom he hath sent.'"

"Oh, you know I am a rough lad, Lucy, and will never be so good as you; but now I must say good-bye till I shall come home to show you my college-cap and gown, with all my prizes." "And if you do not find Lucy here," said the pale girl, drawing her brother so close that his cheek almost touched her pillow, "you will try to come up after her, and remember that she never got there because she was good, but because Jesus had mercy on her, a poor sinful girl, and gave her early grace."

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Now our readers know what William was thinking about while Frank and his father were packing the market cart.

At length everything was ready. The last advice was given by the farmer, the last motherly counsel by his wife, the last good-bye to every person and everything, and the party set off.

When the market town was reached, and the vegetables safely handed over to the green-grocer who always took the farmer's entire stock, the two youths went to the railway station, and Frank had seen William and his two carpet-bags well settled in a second-class carriage while giving him sundry bits of advice about taking care of himself, before the shrill whistle of departure made him express more by that hasty grasp of the hand than words could, and turn aside to wipe away the rising tear which filled his eye as he watched the train, whose path was soon marked only by the white cloud of steam which floated behind.

Long before Frank had finished his account of the day's doings to a circle of listeners by the fireside that evening, William had reached his journey's end, a hundred and fifty miles away from home. How strange he felt in that great Irish city! how lonely amid the busy throng of people that pressed along the streets without a glance at the stranger who had arrived among them! After some trouble William found a lodging. It was a small room at the top of several flights of stairs, where an uncurtained bed, a broken chair and table, and a smaller looking-glass, with a little bookshelf hanging against the wall, formed the chief furniture.

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But if the room did not quite suit William's taste, the price suited his purse, which was a great matter; for he had resolved that his expenses should be as small as the greatest care could make them, in order not to press heavily on the family at home. And when sleep came, to draw a curtain over the business of that day, William dreamt again the dream of his childhood, that he was a traveller in Africa, seeing strange places, speaking strange tongues, and making great discoveries, until he was able to fill up those blank spaces on the map on which he had so often looked. Dreaming gave place to doing, next morning, and before night William had passed the entrance examination at college, and had a right to wear the much-longed-for cap and gown which he had promised to show Lucy on his return. Had he not already become great? And William, delighted with his own success, worshipped, not God, but self. The hum of praise drowned the whispers of conscience and the gentle pleading of his sister Lucy. He wished to stand high in the world. He must yet learn to aim higher.

The winter passed slowly on, with little to vary the round of William's studies, except the arrival, now and then, of a welcome letter from home, bearing many a message of love to the poor student. To prepare for his classes took up so much of his time that he even denied himself necessary sleep; and the cold hours of a winter's night often found him at his books, until, when pained eyeballs and aching brain could work no more, he lay down tired and prayerless.

One day in early spring William was absent from his class: another and another passed, but he did not

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appear. The hard study and late hours were bringing a punishment, and fever flushed his throbbing brow and racked every joint with agony, while an uneasy mind helped to increase his illness.

"Armstrong, I am so sorry to find you ill," said a gentle voice, as the door opened softly one evening, and William saw a class-mate to whom he had never spoken, but whose quiet manners had attracted his notice; "we miss you sadly, and I am come to see if I can do anything to make you more comfortable."

William did not wish his class-mate to know that he was poor, sick, and almost friendless, and he would have liked to say that he did not want him; but Arthur's kind voice and winning smile kept him from speaking a word. But even if he had, Arthur would not have been frightened away, for he had learned the meekness and gentleness of Christ, and was come to show his love to him by attending to the wants of a suffering companion. By night and day William had now a careful nurse; and while Arthur gave him the food and medicine ordered by the doctor, he never forgot to apply the healing balm of God's word to the sin-sick soul of his friend, and lead him to that precious Saviour who says, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Before many weeks, returning health released Arthur from his attendance at the sick-bed, and sent William back to his studies again, but with a new and higher aim. During his illness a ray of light from the Holy Spirit had shot through the gloom, and shown him how poor an object he had as yet been living for, and a beam of heavenly love had warmed his cold heart, by

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making known to him a living Saviour, in whose happy service his time and talent might be well spent. At last he had found out what Lucy meant by his having been ambitious, but not ambitious enough, and was resolved, by the grace of God, to set his heart from that day on one object, the highest, the largest, and most lasting of all. This was, that he might please God in all he did, serve and glorify him here, and go to enjoy his presence for ever in heaven.

But did this new aim make William less happy, or less diligent? Oh no; he is still at the head of his class, and more than ever a favourite with his teachers; nor has he forgotten his dreams about Africa, for he and his friend Arthur, having obtained the consent of their parents, have offered themselves as missionaries to that dark land, where, if they do not become great discoverers, and fill up blank spaces on the map, they hope to tell the poor negro of Him who came to break every yoke and let the oppressed go free.

GOOD WORDS.

FIGHT hard against a hasty temper. Anger will come, but resist it strongly. A spark may set a house on fire. A fit of passion may give you cause to mourn all the days of your life.

Never revenge an injury:

"He that revenges knows no rest;"
The meek possess a peaceful breast."

Conscience, be it ever so little a worm while we are in health, grows suddenly to a serpent on our deathbed.

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THE SOWER.

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QUESTIONS ON THE PARABLES OF OUR LORD.

THE SOWER.

Matt. xiii. 1—9, and 18—23; Luke viii. 4—10.

1. WHERE was the house here mentioned? iv. 13. —What sea-side was this?

2. What is here meant by a ship?—Why did Jesus *seat* himself in it?

3. What is a parable?—Who is represented by a sower?

4. What is meant by the wayside?

5. Why did the seeds spring up so quickly?

6. What happened when the sun was up?

7. In what way did the thorns choke the grain?

8. Why did the seed yield in different proportions?

9. Explain the meaning of this verse.

18. To whom did Jesus speak at this time? Mark iv. 10, 13.—What request had they made to him?—What was his reply? Luke viii. 9.

19. What is meant by the word of the kingdom?—Whose is the fault of not understanding it?—Who is meant by the wicked one?—To what persons does the figure apply? James i. 24.

20. What is the meaning of "anon?" Mark iv. 16. —Why is the word received with joy? John v. 35.

21. What is here denoted by "root?" Rom. xi. 16. —What is it that endureth a while?—What disappointment follows?

22. What are represented by the thorns?—In what respect are riches deceitful? 1 Tim: vi. 9, 10.

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23. What fruit is here spoken of?—How much is a hundred fold?—How should you receive the word of Christ?

THE FIRST GARDEN,

AND WHAT TOOK PLACE THERE.

PART I.

"There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear." 1 John iv. 18.

THERE was once a time, more than five thousand years ago, when there were only two persons in this large world—one man and one woman: you know their names. Now, it is about these two persons that I wish to speak to you a little; and I will divide what I am going to say into five parts.

1. Adam and Eve's happy home.
2. Adam and Eve's holy visitors.
3. Adam and Eve's wicked visitor.
4. The sad change in Adam and Eve's home.
5. The wonderful plan of mercy.

1. *Adam and Eve's happy home.* It is called "the Garden of Eden." We feel sure that a garden was a name just fit for the place, it was so beautiful and so pleasant; the trees were fresh and green, and the flowers were bright and sweet. The birds sung merrily in the woods, and the little playful animals, with no one to trouble or frighten them, told very plainly how much they liked the place.

How Adam and Eve must have enjoyed their rambles together, sometimes climbing the hills and looking all around at the country made so beautifully

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by God, and sometimes wandering by the side of the river, shaded by the trees, watching the animals, the birds, the fishes, all enjoying themselves. But it was not the beautiful garden that made Adam and Eve so very happy; fine trees, and gay flowers and hills, and woods and rivers, all so pleasant, could not make them really happy, for Adam and Eve had something within them which the merry little creatures around them had not. God had given Adam and Eve a spirit which could think, and understand, and love; and while they walked together, or sat under the shade of the trees, and talked, they could think and speak of him who had made everything they saw, and they thanked him for it. Their holy and kind God was their delight and the joy of their lives. Wherever they went, whatever they were doing, they thought of God, their hearts were set on pleasing him. Adam and Eve were alike in this; they both loved God with all their hearts, and loved each other too. They were not selfish; they liked best to please each other, and obey their God. So Adam and Eve had a happy home.

2. *Adam and Eve's holy visitors.* God lived in heaven; but not alone there; there were a great many spirits, called angels, in heaven with God. God had made these angels before he made the world. The angels were good and wise, and very happy; they were God's obedient servants; they were delighted to do what he told them, and carry his messages wherever he sent them. How pleased the angels were when they saw this world, which God had made. In one part of the Bible it says, that when they saw the beautiful work of their great and wise God, they sang

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together and shouted for joy. The angels loved Adam and Eve too, and liked to see them so happy; for angels are kind and full of love, and like to see people really happy. I can imagine that very often God gave the angels leave to visit Adam and Eve in their happy home in the garden of Eden. What joyful visits these must have been. But, most of all, God came to see them and talk with them, which was the greatest pleasure of all. Their hearts were full of joy when they heard his voice in the garden; they were not afraid of God—"Perfect love casteth out fear."

3. *Adam and Eve's wicked visitor.* A long, long while ago some of the angels in heaven became proud and were disobedient. God could not let them live in heaven with him any longer: they were turned out of heaven. The Bible tells us the name of the place where these wicked angels live—it is hell. There was one of these wicked angels who was perhaps worse than all the rest; he was king or prince over the others—his name is Satan. Now, when Satan saw Adam and Eve so good and happy in the garden of Eden, he was vexed and angry; for Satan hates the holy God, and cannot bear to see any one loving and praising him. Evil thoughts came directly into his mind. Perhaps he thought, "I will try to make Adam and Eve disobedient, and then they will not love God as they do now."

There was one kind of tree in this garden which bore fruit, but Adam and Eve had never tasted that fruit, and they had never wished to taste it; why was this? Because their God had told them not to eat it, and they were sure he knew best; besides this, he had

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told them that if they did eat it, they should "surely die," so they never thought of such a thing; they loved their God too much to think of displeasing him so.

One day Satan came into the garden and saw Eve standing near the tree. He spoke to her: he said, "Has God said that you must not eat of the fruit of the trees in the garden?" Notice how Satan is trying to make Eve think God unkind. Eve answered: "We may eat of the fruit of the trees of the garden; but of the fruit of the tree which is in the midst of the garden, God hath said, 'Ye shall not eat of it, neither shall ye touch it, lest ye die.'" Satan answered, "It is not a sure thing that you will die; God knows very well that directly you eat of it, you will see and know things you never knew before."

When Eve heard these cunning words, she should have turned away from Satan directly, and said, "My God is holy, wise, and kind, and I *will* obey him, whatever you may say: go away;" but Eve listened: she let Satan's wicked words lodge in her heart, till she began to think her best friend unkind and untrue. Eve looked at the fruit, and thought it very beautiful; and now, for the first time, she longed to taste what God had forbidden her to touch. She thought more of Satan's lying speeches than the holy commands of God.

Eve put out her hand and gathered some of the fruit, and ate it; but this was not all: she picked more and carried it to Adam. Oh! what did Adam say? What did he do? Adam could have said, and he ought to have said, "No, Eve, take it away. *I* will not disobey; our God has forbidden it: that is

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enough for us. But Adam did not speak like this; he took the fruit in his hand and then ate it.

Another time I will speak to you of the sad change, and the wonderful plan of mercy.

JIM DICK.

Acts of kindness and soft words have great power, even over an enemy. "When I was a small boy," says Mr. Southey, the poet, "there was a black lad in the town, by the name of Jim Dick. I and a number of my playfellows were one evening collected together at our sports, and began teasing the poor black, by calling him 'negro,' 'blackamoor,' and other ill names; the poor fellow appeared very grieved at our conduct, and soon left us. We soon after agreed to go a-skating, and on the day agreed on I had the misfortune to break my skates, and I could not go without borrowing Jim's skates. I went to him, and asked him for them. 'Oh yes, Master Robert, you may have them and welcome,' was his answer. When I went to return them, I found Jim sitting by the fire in the kitchen, reading the Bible. I told him I had returned his skates, and was very much obliged to him for his kindness. He looked at me as he took his skates, and, with tears in his eyes, said to me, 'Robert, don't never call me blackamoor again,' and then left the room. The words pierced my heart, and I burst into tears, and from that time resolved never again to abuse a poor black."

What a noble example is here! Who will not imitate the poor black, and do good even to those who treat them with unkindness?

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WHY SHOULD YOU LOVE THE BIBLE?

FIRST, Because it tells you of the best *friend* you have in the world—of the best *home* you can ever enjoy—of the best *company* you will ever find; and points out the way not only for you to seek, but to make sure of calling it all your own—yes, *your own*.

It is the Bible that tells you of the Friend of sinners—of that holy, happy world called heaven—of saints and angels who are there for ever, and for ever blessed. And, what is more than all, promises to you, that if you pray for the Holy Spirit to give you a new heart, *all* these blessings, favours, and glories shall be yours. *Do you love the Bible?* Do you pay attention when it is read to you? or, if you can read it, do you love it better than any other book? or, is it the case that you do not love the Bible, and that you would rather read a foolish, silly book, or an idle tale? Well, now think a little, that if such is the case you are not fit to die. If you have no love to the Bible, it is because you have no love to the Saviour, and you have no love to heaven for the sake of its holiness or its company; and then, if so, the dreadful consequences will be, that your happiness and pleasure are in such persons and things as are opposed to the great God, his beloved Bible, and the Lord Jesus Christ, who is the only real friend of poor, sinful, helpless little ones like you.

Dear reader, pray now for the Holy Spirit, that you may feel your want of a Saviour, and then you will truly love the Bible.

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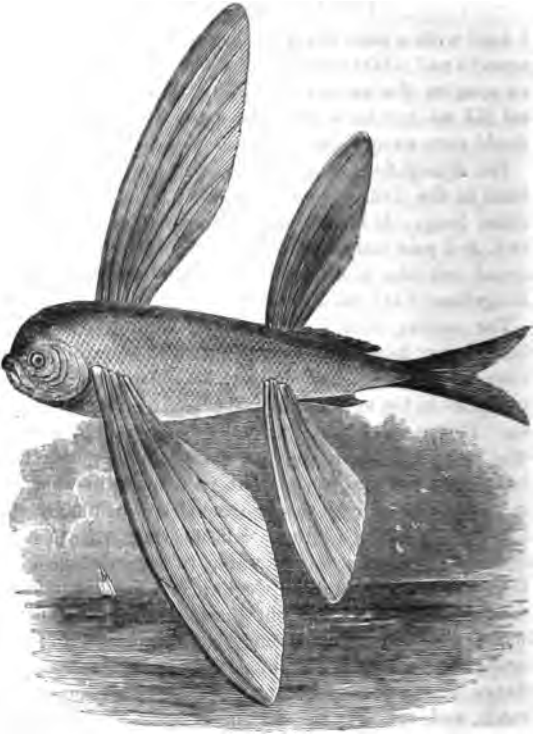

THE FLYING FISH.

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THE FLYING FISH.

A FISH with wings, flying in the air—how strange it seems to us! Were we told that thousands of fishes are seen at the same time sailing above the waters, and did we not know that the account was true, we should turn away from it as false.

The flying fish, of which you see the picture, is found in the Indian sea. It is about one foot seven inches long. It is of a silvery brown colour on the back, and pale orange below. Its fins are large, and spread out like wings: they seem like silver gauze. Altogether it is a beautiful little creature.

The sailors often see, from their ships, shoals of these flying fishes quietly moving on the top of the waters. In a moment they rise like a flock of birds, and sport in the air, and then they again dive into the sea. But at other times, a dolphin in search of food spies a shoal of these fish, and darts in among them. Away they rise and spread out their wing-like fins, and cleave like birds through the air. Their flight, however, is short, for their delicate wings soon get dry, and they take to the water to moisten them. Then again, at the sight of their enemy, they rise, and shine as silver in the light of the sun. And so, now in the water, and then flying above it, they seek to escape the pursuer. But the poor flying fishes do not always find safety in the air; sea birds are on the watch, and, suddenly darting down, make them their easy prey. Thus they have enemies both in the water and in the air.

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THE LITTLE GIRL WHO TOOK CARE OF HER MOTHER.

I THINK I hear some youthful voice exclaim, "Why, it is mothers who take care of little girls, and not little girls who take care of mothers." And so it is generally, and very poorly off should most of us have been, if in our early years we had not had the care of a wise and tender mother. I am going, however, to tell of a little German girl, whom I shall call Beldina; for, though I believe the story to be quite true, I do not know what her real name was.

In England, a cottage girl of eleven years old is thought to be very useful, if, when her mother is out or busy, she sweeps up the kitchen, and makes the beds, and takes care of the baby. And little girls of the same age, who have rich parents, and have nurse-maids and governesses to see after them, are not expected generally to do anything but learn their lessons and behave properly to those about them. If they are taught the duty of being unselfish, they will sometimes play with baby even when he is fretful and hard to please, or they will help to make a frock for some poor child, though they may not like plain sewing so well as crochet or an amusing book. Still, it is but seldom you find that a child under twelve years of age ever does anything very much out of the way in helping others, and especially the one to whose care and labour she herself looks.

And now I will tell you the "true story."

It was a stormy night at Boulogne, and it was with difficulty that the steam-packet for London could

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battle her way out of the harbour. The passengers had hurried on board about midnight, and in the darkness and confusion some of them stumbled over a mass of something that seemed to be alive, but hidden from sight by coarse woollen cloaks. Too tired to stop to examine from what, or from how many creatures those low cries of complaint proceeded, they hurried to their cabins, and thought with pity all too late of the poor deck passengers, exposed to that cold night wind and soaking salt spray.

When morning dawned, the cabin passengers began to walk the deck, and the bundle of life still lay under its coarse and ragged coverings. At last it stirred, and a small and childish, but even careworn face, looked out. It was the face of a young girl, about eleven years old, who with a gentle hand and soft whispers roused a pale and thin little boy, who seemed to wake up in a sort of fright. The kind sister smoothed his hair and ragged dress, and, breathing on his hands, rubbed them with her own sleeve. After a while, the larger cloak stirred, and the white-faced mother of these two children arose from her comfortless bed. She seemed to be quite as dependent as her little boy on the loving care of her daughter, who in German fashion kissed her hand, and arranged her hair and dress as she had done her brother's.

The passengers, one after another, went down to breakfast in the cabin, or, in humbler fashion, partook of it on deck; but the quiet, desolate-looking family seemed to have neither food nor the means of getting any. One kind gentleman offered the little boy a biscuit; but he would not take it from any but his

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sister's hands. She divided it into three parts, keeping the smallest for herself, and they all began to eat it eagerly. Soon, through the kindness of the passengers, a plentiful breakfast was placed before them, and the girl with the utmost care divided and arranged it on their laps, evidently thinking of the others far more than herself.

Their story was asked; but it was impossible to understand anything, except from the girl, who spoke a little English as well as French. The dialogue was after this fashion:—

"Where are you from, my little girl?"

"Is it me, sir? Oh, I am from New York."

"From New York! What were you doing there?"

"Keeping my father's room, sir; he is a journeyman."

"And what brings you to Europe?"

"My father sent me to bring my mother."

"Sent you!"

"Yes, sir; and because my brother could not be left in the room all day, when my father was out at work, I took him with me."

"What! and you two little children crossed the ocean to fetch your mother?"

"Oh! that is nothing: the ship brought us; we did not come. It was worse when we landed in London; for there were so many people there, and so many houses, it was just as if we had to find our way without a ship through the waves of the sea."

"And what were you to do in London?"

"I was to find a countryman of ours, who was to get me a passage to France. But nobody we met in

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the street knew him, and nobody could understand what place it was I asked for; and if we had not met a little German boy with an organ, I do not know what we should have done. But somebody always comes in time. God sends him. Father told us that."

"And the little German boy took you to your countryman?"

"Yes; and more than that. He bought some bread with a penny as we went along, and we all sat down on a step and ate it. Then, when we met our countryman, he gave us a whole handful of copper money, and a paper to the captain of a ship. It was late before we got there, and we were so tired, that I could hardly get my brother along. But the captain was so good as to let us sleep on the deck."

"Your mother was in Germany; how did you get to her?"

"Oh! we walked; but not always. Sometimes we got a cast in a wagon; and when we were very hungry, and would not lay out our money, we were always sure to get something given us to eat."

Such was the tale of the little girl-protector of the feeble mother and the seven-year old brother. They had spent the last of their money at Boulogne, so a small sum was collected for them. They were landed once more in London, and then, like the shadowy figures in the "Pilgrim's Progress," they passed on their way, and were seen no more by those who had been so kind to them on board the steamer.

When I read this simple story I could not help feeling very sorry that some one of the persons who

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had given this poor mother and her children food and money, did not also help them to find an American vessel, and ask the captain to comfort them in their long and cheerless voyage to that land where the toiling husband and father was waiting for them. We may hope, however, that the God who had protected them so far still watched over them. You see that Beldina trusted in him, and had been taught so to do by her father; and God has promised never to forsake those who put their trust in him. She said, when in her sorest need, "But somebody always comes in time. God sends him. Father told me that." She was helped sometimes by those almost as poor as herself. Even the little German boy bought some bread with a penny, and, small as was the quantity, it was divided among the three hungry travellers. Think of that, dear children—you who never know the want of a meal, and regard it as great self-denial to leave the largest slice of cake, or the finest orange, for the little brother or sister. And we may all do well to remember, that if unhappily there is much sin among the very poor, among them too may be found deeds of noble charity and unselfish love, such as are hard to meet with in any other class of society.

In many and many an instance besides that of the poor widow, who cast into the treasury of the temple the two mites which were all her living, has that Saviour, who approved her act, seen and blessed the deeds of mercy and self-denial wrought in the humble homes of this nineteenth century.

"He that hath pity on the poor lendeth to the Lord."

E. B.

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ARAB SCHOOL IN THE DESERT.

If you go to an Arab town or village, and pass through the gate and along the narrow, filthy streets, you will frequently see in a little low room built of mud bricks baked in the sun, and roofed with branches of trees and straw, rows of little boys squatting on the floor with their feet doubled under them, reading, and writing on a broad piece of black board, about as large as our school slates. The teacher sits at the head of the room on a palm-leaf mat, telling them what to write and hearing them read. In the desert they have no such conveniences, and must write with their fingers on the sand. If you look over their shoulders, you will notice that they write backward, or from right to left, so that an Arab book begins at what we call the end. Their first lesson, after learning the alphabet, is writing out the various names of God, as Almighty, All Seeing, etc., about eighty names in all. When these are all learned, they begin with the chapters of the Koran—the Arab Bible; and a boy's education is finished when he has learned to write, and has committed to memory, after their fashion, all the chapters of the Koran.

One thing more must strike every one that looks at an Arab school: there are no little girls there. An Arab or Turk would no more think of having his daughter taught to read, than we would of attempting to teach a dog to speak. It would appear to him equally useless and absurd. In none but Christian

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lands are girls treated as if they had minds to be instructed, and souls to be saved.

Children, be grateful that you were not born to such a lot as that of these little Arabs. What a change to give up your schools for theirs.

WHITE ROBES.

WHO are they in heaven that stand
Clothed in white at God's right hand?
In their robes so fair and bright,
They are shining like the light.

Harps of gold and palms they bear,
All are good and happy there;
Much I wonder what their name,
Who they are, and whence they came.

They who now are praising God,
Once the path of sorrow trod;
Now by Christ their Saviour led,
Crowns of joy are on their head.

They shall never weep again,
Never know a grief or pain:
All is bright and shining day;
God has wiped their tears away.

May I with them also stand,
Robed in white, at God's right hand;
And with joy for ever sing
Praises to my God and King.

D. A. T.

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SUSIE'S MISTAKE.

CHAPTER IV.

Susie's first attempts to follow aunt Mary's advice succeeded so well, that she was encouraged to try again. She had scarcely believed her aunt when told that her conduct towards others would influence their conduct towards her, but she soon found it to be true. Jane began to answer less sharply than usual; Harry was much more agreeable; and John did not pull her curls nor hide her toys so often as he had done. They did not, of course, become all at once just as kind and gentle as Susie wished them to be, for bad

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habits and ways are not easily got rid of; and then, Susie was very imperfect herself, and often provoked them to speak crossly.

But she was learning day by day, and little by little, to control herself. She watched over her temper and her words, and was more upon her guard than she used to be.

One half-holiday Harry was in a quarrelsome mood. He wanted Susie to play a game of ball with him; but she could not very well, for she was busy finishing a little doll's frock for Bessy Wilson, who was to call for it in the evening. Perhaps she did not answer quite so politely as she should have done. Politely? Yes, dear reader, brothers and sisters, no less than strangers, should be polite to each other. Kindness of manner, and gentleness of tone, befit alike rich and poor, old and young.

But however Susie spoke to her brother, that was no excuse for his ill-temper. He called her some rude names; and as he went out at the door, he caught up a small fancy-box with a glass lid, that Susie had bought with her last sixpence, and threw it right across the room. It fell with some force; the lid came off, and the glass was broken. He ran off when he saw the mischief he had done; and Susie burst into tears. Her mother came in while Susie was crying, and she was obliged to tell her what had happened. Mrs. Morris was very angry with Harry, and said that when he returned she should punish him in some way for his bad conduct.

Susie stitched away at her doll's frock, giving a sad look, every now and then, to her poor little box. "It

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was such a shame of Harry to break it," she said to herself. "He knew how much I liked it, and what care I took of it. And I shall not get another sixpence for a long time. He ought to be made to give me the money it cost. I shall not play with him all day to-morrow; he is a tiresome, disagreeable boy. I do not like him a bit!"

At that moment it seemed as if some one whispered in Susie's ear, "Susie, love your enemies: do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you." How often this text came into her mind! But it was not very welcome there just now. It seemed to expect more from her than she could really manage. Some things she could forgive and forget. Harry pinched her arm one day, and she had neither screamed out nor pinched him in return. But to look over this affair of the box—to see her pretty little treasure spoiled, and to bear it patiently—oh, this she could not do. "No," said Susie, "I cannot forgive him this time."

But another text forced itself into Susie's thoughts. It was one which aunt Mary had pointed out to her, and had begged her to learn by heart. "If ye do not forgive, neither will your Father which is in heaven forgive your trespasses," Mark ii. 26. Susie tried to forget these words: she did not like the message which they brought her; but she could not get them out of her mind.

Susie went on with her work until it was neatly finished. It was nearly tea-time; so she got up and put away her needle and thread, and carried her dressmaking into the next room, to show it to her

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mother. The little frock was praised, and a piece of blue ribbon promised for a sash; and then Susie said, "Mother, don't say anything to Harry about my little box, please; I would so much rather you did not."

"But he had no right to break your box, Susie; it was very wrong of him; and I cannot allow him to do such things."

"I don't think he will again, mother; and perhaps, after all, he did not mean to *break* it; he might not know how easily it would break. Any way, mother, I don't want him to be scolded for it now. Please not to tell him of it."

"You are kinder to him than he deserves, Susie. But it shall be as you wish this time. Perhaps he only did it in fun."

Harry came in to tea, looking a little less bold than usual. He was rather uncertain what treatment he should meet with. But when he found that nothing was said about his misdeeds, and that Susie was the same as she always was, only rather graver, he regained his courage, and talked even more than the others.

After tea, he went with John to spend the evening with one of their schoolfellows; and it was Susie's bed-time before they returned. She happened to run into the back garden after it was dark, to fetch in a little pet kitten; and as she did so, she saw a flower-pot there belonging to Harry. It contained a young myrtle which he had put out in the afternoon, that it might be washed and refreshed by a shower of rain. But he had not intended to leave it out so long, and certainly not all night, on account of the frost; he had

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forgotten it, and he would not be likely to remember it when he came home late, as the shutters were up and fastened.

Susie could of course carry it in-doors, and thus save it from harm. But why should she trouble herself about Harry's plant? If he had not broken her glass box, she might have cared for his myrtle; but now it should take its chance. It would serve him quite right if it were killed by the frost. So the little kitten was taken in to the warm fireside, and Harry's property was left out in the cold.

But it did not remain there. Susie could not rest until she had been out again and fetched the flower-pot in. She put it in its place, and then went comfortably to bed.

A sharp frost came on in the night. Harry's first thought in the morning was about his plant. He had come home the night before too full of his visit to recollect having left it out, and now he was afraid it would be much injured, if not quite killed, by the severe weather. He hastened into the garden, but it was not there. How glad he was to find it all safe and sound in the sitting-room! He asked his mother whether she had brought it in last night.

"No," she said; "Susie fetched it in for you."

Harry did not say anything, but he was touched by his little sister's kindness. He wished he had not broken her pretty box. How could he have been so unkind, and so mean? He was ashamed of himself. It was Susie's forbearance that made him so.

The same afternoon Susie came home from school rather later than usual. It was Jane's week for keep-

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ing the room tidy, and Susie had waited for her that they might return together; so that her brother Harry was at home before them. He was in the shop with his father as they passed through. You may imagine Susie's surprise, on going into the parlour, to see upon the table a glass-box like her own, only larger and prettier, with a piece of white paper laid upon it. On the paper was written, "For his dear little sister. From Harry Morris."

Susie was very much pleased; not only because she was glad to have a whole box again, but also because it was so kind of Harry to repair the mischief he had done, so quickly and so generously. He had bought the box with a shilling which he had saved towards a new paint-box. His self-denial showed that he was really sorry. But if Susie had been cross and revengeful he would not have cared about his unkindness to her, nor have spent his shilling upon her. How bright Susie looked as she ran and thanked him!

But you must not suppose that Susie always won the victory either over herself or others. She found, as every one will find who tries to overcome some fault, and to struggle against some besetting sin, that it is uphill work. It is not easy to get on. We make many stumbles. We often slip backwards instead of going forwards.

Susie fancied that, as she had begun to put her text into practice, she should not have much trouble in continuing to do so. But there were times still when her good purposes failed, and when her hasty temper caused her both shame and sorrow. She felt sometimes as if she never could love her enemies.

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For instance, she and Jane left school one morning. Jane, instead of going straight home, went round with one of the girls, who had something to tell her, another way. Susie wanted to walk with them, but Jane would not let her. "No, you cannot come, Susie; we don't want you. Little girls must not hear secrets."

Susie walked away by herself, highly offended. She did not mind going alone. But she did not like being put aside as one of the "little ones," who was not to be trusted with anything. She was cross with Jane the rest of the day. After tea she went out to buy something for her mother.

"Bring me in another skein of this green silk," said Jane; "I cannot finish my purse without it. Here is the money."

Susie would not take it. "No, Jane," she said, "I am not going on your errands. You would not let me walk with you this morning, so if you want the silk you can fetch it yourself."

Susie marched off without waiting for Jane's answer. She tried to persuade herself that she had acted quite fairly; that it was only right to let Jane see that she would not be treated in that way without making her suffer for it in return. But she could not satisfy herself. She knew that she had spoken rudely and crossly. She knew that she had forgotten the gentle command, "Little children, love one another." She went to bed that night sad and dissatisfied with herself.

So you see that Susie did not learn all at once the lesson of "her text." She did not always return

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good for evil, nor remember that "a soft answer turneth away wrath." And I mention this, not to excuse Susie for it, but to tell you that in spite of her failures she did not give up. She did not say, "It is of no use to try any more; I shall leave off now, and let things go on as they like." No; by God's help she persevered. And you, my reader, should do the same. If you are trying to conquer bad habits, or to acquire good ones, do not be easily discouraged. "Be not weary in well-doing; for in due season you shall reap, if you faint not." Hope on, pray on, strive on; and it shall not be in vain.

PRAISE TO THE SAVIOUR.

Let us sing with one accord
Praise to Jesus Christ our Lord;
He is worthy whom we praise,
Hearts and voices let us raise.

He hath made us by his power,
He hath kept us to this hour,
He redeems us from the grave,
He who died now lives to save.

What he bids us let us do,
Where he leads us let us go;
As he loves us, let us love
All below and all above.

Dear to him is childhood's prayer,
Children's hearts to him are dear;
Heart and voice, let all be given:
All will find the way to heaven.

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A BUTTERFLY STORY.

A BEAUTIFUL bright butterfly floated up and down in the morning sun. It was taking its first look at the world in summer dress, having only an hour ago escaped from its prison, where in darkness and silence it had lain for many a week. What a change that hour had made!

Something like a dried leaf had been hanging from the lowest bough of a tree; it was a chrysalis, or butterfly-case; but this morning it seemed alive, it moved backwards and forwards, and then burst into four parts.

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The prison doors being open, the butterfly soon was free.

At first the pretty insect seemed scarcely to know how to use its new-found liberty, and rested with soft, damp, wrinkled wings on the friendly bough of an elm. But the bright creature soon took courage, spread its golden wings, and flew away to sip a little breakfast in the shade of a large red rose.

This rose, with many a flower and shrub beside, grew in a garden where a little boy called Frank Kirby often played, for it belonged to his papa, and so did the house that stood in the middle. Frank had a holiday that day, and, resolving to make the most of this unusual treat, had started the moment breakfast was over for a long play in the garden. It was well, indeed, he had not been lazy that morning, or he might not have seen the butterfly we have just been describing escape from its prison. But he had seen all—much more than we have been able to relate—had followed the gay insect to the red rose bush, and at last ran with breathless haste into his father's study, because his beautiful little friend had flown in through the window. What could a butterfly want in a study? Surely it was not the book-shelves that drew the visitor. They might have proved an attraction to Frank, who, if the holiday had been wet, might have been looking at pictures, or searching for stories among some of these volumes, but the butterfly found all it wanted in the sunshine and the flowers. And its love for flowers coaxed it into Mr. Kirby's study. A large bunch of fresh roses and lilies had just been placed on the table, and the sweet odour was quite

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enough to induce even a less dainty creature to come near and admire. But by the time Frank had run to the hall door, up the stairs and into the study, his little friend had finished its visit to the bunch of flowers, and was quietly resting, with folded wings, on the side of a round box which lay on the table. This might have been a dangerous position for the poor butterfly if Frank had been a cruel boy, but he had early been taught how wrong it is wantonly to hurt any of God's creatures, each one of which displays the wisdom and power of the Creator. So he stepped gently to the table, and, leaning against it, took a long earnest look at the elegant little visitor.

His attention was so taken up that he did not hear his papa coming into the room, and started when a voice asked, "What treasure have you there, Frank?" "Oh, papa, a butterfly, and such a beauty; I never saw one like it before."

"It is a rare kind, indeed, in this part of the country; its name is the swallow-tailed butterfly, and there are many curious things about the caterpillar from which it comes, and the wonderful changes it undergoes in reaching this perfect state, that I should like to tell you about; but as this is a holiday I shall not stop you from your merry play."

"Please, papa, do tell me all you can; I want to know a great deal about the little thing."

"Well, first I shall tell you that, like Frank Kirby, your favourite has a proper name; learned people call him *papilio machaon*."

"What a grand name, papa! I shall just call him little swallow-tail."

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"Do as you like about that; but would you ever imagine this grand butterfly was once only a crawling caterpillar? Nevertheless it is true, my boy: some months ago this very lovely creature was a green caterpillar, with velvety black rings spotted with red, and carried on the back of its neck two tiny fleshy horns shaped somewhat like the letter Y. It was very fond of eating the leaves or flowers of fennel and carrot, instead of being satisfied with a sip of juice, as the butterfly now is. This caterpillar was a most greedy animal, never seeming tired of devouring food. After the caterpillar had spent many a day creeping among the feathery fennel leaves, it began to prepare for a great change."

"The hungry creature does not deserve to be changed into anything pretty, papa."

"Do not be so hard on the poor caterpillar; you will not grudge him a little feasting when I tell you he was getting ready for a fast which sometimes lasts several months. When the right moment came, the caterpillar fixed itself to some stem or leaf, and began to spin a little web, to which it fastened itself by means of hooks, with which its last two feet were furnished. This being done, it hung head downwards. It might, however, soon be seen moving up and down, until at length a long rent appeared in the skin of the caterpillar, and the little thing succeeded in drawing itself out of its old dress, as you might pull your fingers out of a glove."

"Oh, it must have been very cold!"

"I see you pity the insect now, but you must not imagine it was sorry for its old dress; on the contrary, it took a great deal of trouble to throw the worn-out

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garment away. This done, it fastened itself by silken threads more firmly to its resting-place, and in this state we call it a chrysalis, or pupa. It neither moves, nor eats, and you might easily mistake it for a dry leaf or bit of wood."

"But sure, papa, it was not really dead?"

"Certainly not, my boy; for when the warm summer came it wakened up from its long sleep, burst its coffin, and escaped into the sunshine."

"I saw it, I saw it, papa, this morning; but surely this bright butterfly is quite unlike the caterpillar?"

"Yes, indeed, Frank; you could scarcely fancy two creatures more unlike in form and habits; still, they are really the same in different stages of being. Instead of crawling on the ground, it now wings its way through the air; instead of a shaggy dress it wears a robe like the rainbow; instead of feeding on coarse leaves it regales itself with the honey of flowers."

"How delightful, dear little swallow-tail! I cannot help liking you, even though you were a caterpillar long ago."

"And now, before your favourite flies off to the garden, let me show you some of its wondrous beauty. Just look at those wings."

"They are covered with bright dust, papa, which would come off if I touched them."

"What seem only specks of dust to you, Frank, are really hundreds of thousands of tiny scales, or feathers, each one tinted with the gayest colours. Then watch the motion of those little horns which project from the head. Can you guess their use?"

"No indeed, papa."

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"It is probable that the butterfly uses them as feelers, and touches various substances with them, as you do with your finger when you want to find out whether a thing is hard or soft, hot or cold."

"But, papa, I wish so much to know how the butterfly can force itself down into very narrow flowers without spoiling its pretty wings."

"That is a thoughtful inquiry, Frank, for many flowers keep their honey stores in deep cells quite out of sight. I shall try to explain it to you. Now, if there were a little honey in the bottom of this vase, and you wished to get it without using your hands, how would you accomplish the difficult task?"

"Well, really I do not know, for the vase is too narrow for my head and too long for my tongue."

"The butterfly might have been equally unable to sip the flower juice if it had not been supplied by the Creator with a most curious hollow tongue, long and narrow, and made up of very many little rings fastened together. Through this tongue it can drink the nectar or juice of the smallest flower. This tiny trunk is coiled up under the head when the insect is at rest, and we should require a strong magnifying glass to be able to examine it. I hope when you grow older you will take great pleasure in learning about the wonders of creation; for God teaches his children lessons out of two books—his word and his works. Even this butterfly seems to say to us, 'Try to be like me; once I was a creeping thing, fond of earth, and neither able nor willing to soar above it; then I lay cold, stiff, and motionless; but look at me now—I love everything pure, and bright, and beautiful.' So, dear

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boy, I hope it will be with us; if our souls are washed from sin by Jesus, and quickened by the Holy Spirit, we need not fear the long sleep of death, but lie down in the hope of a glorious resurrection, 'when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they that hear shall live.'"

Frank looked at his father's face while he said these last words; then turning to take another glance at the butterfly, the bright wings were spread, and the gay little creature was soon in the garden. His admirer quickly followed, and, rich in the possession of some new ideas, roamed up and down among the flowers as happy as the merry butterfly.

HEAVEN.

"THERE is beyond the sky
A heaven of joy and love;
And holy children, when they die,
Go to that world above."

There perfect bliss is found,
And pleasures never cease;
But through eternity abound,
And still, and still increase.

Lord of that world above,
Teach us to watch and pray,
And never let our steps remove
From life's delightful way.

Help us to trust in thee,
And run the heavenly race;
Then take us, when by death set free,
To see thee face to face.

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THE COAL MINE.

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A VISIT TO THE MINES.

Did you ever, while playing out of doors, stop a moment, wondering what could be inside this earth upon which you run about? Did you ever think of what might be hidden deep, deep under the houses in which you live?

When a child like you, I gave all sorts of questions to those around me; asking them, "what it was that filled the earth, making it so hard?" and when in our small garden, I often would try to imagine "*what* was beyond the roots of the plants;" nothing seemed to me so desirable as to "see the middle of this great earth," if that had been possible. And I must tell you what happened to me once, and how I came up more than 300 feet from under ground.

All of you surely know that *gold* is found in the earth, not bright and smooth, as that of your mother's ring, but as a rough and coarse thing, mixed with common substances, and grains of sand. Then *iron*, the most useful metal, is also found there, and *lead, copper;* in short, all metals, and even diamonds.

Marble also was laid up by the Creator in large stores or quarries, from which men get it with much trouble, to build fine houses, or palaces, as the queen's palace.

And *water*, pure cool spring water, comes also from the earth. Indeed, there are some springs in which God has put the best medicines, and which in many cases prove a great blessing, curing diseases, or restoring health when it has become feeble.

Fire, too, is hidden in the earth, forcing itself

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through the tops of mountains, which are called volcanoes; and the finest quality of *salt* is stored away in the bosom of the earth.

But I see some little boys and girls looking at me, and telling me that I am forgetting one of the most useful things which is found in the earth. Well, what is it? "*Coal.*" Yes, to be sure, coal; so necessary for warming our houses in winter, for factories where our clothes are woven, for railway carriages to travel in, for steamboats to go up and down our rivers and across the seas, and for bright and clear gas-light, which dispels darkness when night comes on.

Coal is indeed found in the earth, and the places where they dig it are in some parts of the land so deep and so wide that hundreds of people live in them.

I was quite young yet when I was at a friend's who owned large coal-mines, and a party was one day formed to visit them. We started in carriages, and after a few miles we had reached the opening to the mines.

Before us were several holes about fifteen feet wide, in which, suspended by chains, were buckets large enough to hold two persons. Some of us stepped into them, and were let down more than 300 feet; while I, with others, preferred to enter the mine by walking down a gentle slope under ground.

We soon arrived at a strange region. Long galleries were formed in the coal. Large halls, some quite high; then narrow passages, so low that we had to creep along on our hands. A great many men were there at work, with small round lamps fastened in front of their caps to light their way. In one part

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of the mines families were gathered together, mothers with their little ones, many of whom had never beheld the light of the sun as it shines on the face of the earth. A boy of twelve years old told us that he never had left the mines, and had never breathed the fresh pure air of heaven. Oh, how we pitied him! but he seemed quite happy; this was his home; he was born here; his father, his mother, his brothers and sisters, and his playfellows were here, and he loved the spot. I am happy to tell you that miners and their families are not so shut up under ground now as they used to be.

When we had been in the mine some time, and had seen enough of darkness, we entered the buckets; the signal was given to the men who had charge of the chains, and up we went again into the cheerful light of the sun: again we could breathe the sweet air of the fields. Oh how lovely all appeared to us! How grateful we were to God for having made the world so beautiful! It seemed indeed as if the sun was a friend with whom we had parted a long, long time since.

As we found ourselves again all seated in the carriages on our way home, we could do nothing but sing for joy, or praise our heavenly Father in the silence of our full hearts.

Since then I have often thought of the poor miners, and more than once I have wished their God and my God to cheer them in their dark homes, and to make me grateful for the many blessings which they had not, and with which I was surrounded.

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THE BAROMETER.

"Oh, what a stormy night it has been!" cried several members of a family party, as they met one winter morning around the breakfast table.

"I never heard such a gale before; I feared that the chimneys would have been blown down every minute."

"I thought we were to have a storm," said Mr. Morton, "from the sudden fall of the barometer yesterday afternoon. How low it is now! and no wonder. But see," (giving it a shake,) "it is on the rise again, so the worst of the gale is past."

"Father," asked a little boy, "how *can* the barometer, in our warm room, tell us about the storms out of doors? How can any wind or rain get at it here and make it fall?"

"That is a question more easily asked than answered, George. It is indeed a very wonderful power or property which has been given to the quicksilver, in common with other fluids, with which this hollow pipe of glass is filled. When you are older, I shall explain to you the way in which the barometer is made, so that you can profit by this principle in nature; but the great secret of *how* it is, must, after all, for the present remain among the secret things. We may thank God for having enabled us to discover how to make use of it. We, in our comfortable homes, can have little idea of the value of the barometer to others in many cases, and particularly to those at sea. For you know, George, when a sensible man knows that a danger is coming, he can generally do something to guard

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against it. And many a ship will be safe in harbour this morning, or safe in the open sea, which, but for the barometer's friendly warning, might have been dashed in pieces on the rocks last night. The captain would see by the fall of the mercury that a gale was at hand, and he would either make at once for a port, or keep far away from the shore."

"Do you recollect, my dear," said Mrs. Morton, "the story Mrs. C—— told us one day about the barometer in a storm on the Indian sea?"

"Yes, very well; it was a story, not about the barometer only, but concerning the good providence of God. If you are attentive to your lessons to-day, George, I shall tell you it in the evening."

After dinner George did not fail to claim this promise.

"The lady," said his father, "who told me what I am going to tell you, is one who loves to mark the hand of God, our heavenly Father, in everything that happens to her, small as well as great—a most blessed state of mind, which it is well for us all to seek after.

"While in India, many years ago, she had once to go by sea, with her husband and child, from one place to another which was not far distant, and ought only to require a voyage of a few hours. The night before, a gentleman who was skilful in such matters begged of them to put off going, because, from the signs of the sky and of the barometer, he was sure a tempest was at hand. The lady would willingly have agreed to this; but their passage was paid for, the captain was not afraid, and as the voyage was to be so short, it was resolved that they should run the risk.

"Before they had been an hour at sea, the storm

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came upon them with great fury. We in this country can know little of *how* dreadful it was. The poor lady and her child were shut up in a small cabin, expecting every moment that the next might be their last in this world. The husband had to be useful on deck; but every now and then he came below, and encouraged her to trust in God when the help of man was vain.

"Hour after hour passed; the lightnings flashed and the thunders roared around them, till, as it is said of the storm Paul met with on his way to Rome, "All hope that they should be saved was taken away." The barometer was falling, falling; oh how anxiously the sailors looked at it, and how their hearts began to fail them when they saw how it was going down! At last Mr. C—— was so long away that his wife almost sank in despair, and thought he must have been drowned. The child was crying bitterly, and she had nothing to give it, for all provision had been washed overboard. She was nearly dead with fear and distress, when her husband came into the cabin once more; and though it was almost dark, she saw there was a look in his face different from the last time.

"She could hardly ask, 'Is there any hope?'

"'Yes, my dear, *the barometer is rising!*'

"Oh the joy these few words gave! The storm seemed still as wild as ever; but they knew by that simple sign that the worst must be passed; and, as their little vessel had lived through it so long, they felt hope now that, by the mercy of God, they might yet be saved. And, though they were willing to die then, if he so pleased, yet they had much to make them rather desire to live longer, and serve him in this

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world. So they lifted up their hearts to him in prayer for help, with more hope than they had felt before.

"Then Mr. C—— went on deck again. When he next returned, the lady's first question was, 'What of the barometer?'

"'It is *broken*.' It was wonderful that this had not happened long before; but it seemed as if God had kept the precious instrument from accident just till it could give them a token to take hope and courage. They felt it in this way; and though they had still to suffer much, for many hours passed before the storm abated, so as to let them get into harbour, yet their hopes never failed again. And long afterwards our friend said, if she was tempted in any time of trial to forget that the Lord was watching over her and those she loved, she recollected the broken barometer, and felt reproved for want of trust, and then hoped anew."

"What a nice story, father!"

"Yes; and it is a true one. You must learn lessons from it—the value of the barometer, and, better still, the kind care of our heavenly Father over his people and all that concerns them. Learn, like this pious lady, to observe his hand in all that befalls you, and you shall find every day bring new proofs of his tender care and love. He who gave his own Son to die for sinners, gives, besides this greatest blessing, other blessings every day and every hour to those who put their trust in him; and along with all trials and afflictions they will find mercies also, till they come to that happy place where no sorrows or danger can ever reach them more."

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THE SLOW-PACED LORIS.

MONKEYS are among the most lively and active of animals. In their native woods they are ever restless, jumping from tree to tree: now seen holding a bough, and then, in a moment, they are out of sight. But there is one of this tribe which has not the nimble habits of the rest. It is the slow-paced loris.

The size of this creature is only that of a small cat. It is covered with a fine and thick fur of a brown colour. The forests of Ceylon and India are its home, where it sleeps out the day, and rouses up at night, and goes forth in search of small birds. Softly and slowly it moves, glaring about with its large round eyes, and in an instant it seizes its prey with its long arms, before danger is suspected by the bird.

The loris has been caught and kept in a house; but when confined it is very shy and timid. During the day it sleeps, hanging with its head downwards, and its claws holding fast by the roof of its cage. On waking it begins to lick and smooth its fur like a cat. But little is known of its habits in its wild state.

QUESTIONS ON THE PARABLES OF OUR LORD.

THE FAITHFUL STEWARD.

Luke xii. 32—48.

32. WHAT persons are here addressed?—What evil were they not to fear?—What kingdom is promised to them? Matt. xxv. 34.

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33. What were they directed to sell? Matt. xix. 21.—How were they to dispose of the proceeds?—How could they obtain heavenly treasures?

34. How do you explain this application?

35. What was the use of a girdle?—With what were they to be girded? Eph. vi. 14.—What "lights" were here spoken of?

36. To what custom is allusion here made?—In what respect should this example be followed?

37. What is here intended by the coming of the Lord?—How will he *serve* them that watch?

38. What were the watches of the night?*

39. Who is meant by the goodman of the house?—Is his example to be followed, or avoided?

40. For what were they exhorted to be ready?

41. What Peter was this?—Whom did he mean by *us?* Mark xiii. 37.

42. Who is here called a steward? 1 Cor. iv. 1, 2.—Who is intended by his Lord? John xiii. 13, 14.—What is meant by "due season?"

43. In what doings will he be blessed? Acts xx. 28.—To whom had he been speaking? 32.—How was Peter's question answered? 41.

44. *When* and *how* would this servant be rewarded?

45. What character is here exhibited?—Who are meant by the men-servants and maidens?

46. What surprise awaits the unfaithful steward?—What is the portion of unbelievers?

47. What other servant is here spoken of?—Was

* The twelve hours of the night were divided into four parts, or watches.

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he guilty of *omissions*, or *commissions*?—What degree of punishment awaits him?

48. In what does the guilt of ignorance consist?—What makes the difference in these cases?

THE FIRST GARDEN;

AND WHAT TOOK PLACE THERE.

PART II.

"The wages of sin is death."—Rom. vi. 23.

In the last Number, I spoke to you of Adam and Eve in their happy home; I tried to show you what made them so happy, and then told you of Satan's visit to them, and how Adam and Eve let Satan do the wicked mischief he had planned to do. I am now going to speak of *the sad change in Adam and Eve and their home.*

God had said to them, "If you eat the fruit of that tree, you shall surely die." Now God's words are sure; he cannot make mistakes. Adam and Eve have eaten the fruit. Now let us notice what happened afterwards, that we may see in what way God's words came true.

Very soon after Adam and Eve's sin, when the sun had set, and the air was cool and pleasant, a sound in the garden was heard by Adam and Eve, which made them tremble. Why did they tremble? They had often heard that sound before, and they had been always delighted to hear it; but *now* it frightened them so much that they hid themselves among the branches which hung thickly around. And what was this sound? It was the voice of God, who had come into the garden

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to visit them. This had been their greatest joy before; *now* they are ashamed and alarmed. What a change! How they had loved him before, but *now* their love to him is gone. How pleased they used to be to thank and praise him for his kindness to them, but *now* they are not inclined to thank him for anything. They used to be ready to do everything that was good and holy, and the nearer they were to their God, the better they were pleased; but *now* their hearts are so cold, they seem as if they had no life in them: God had said, "You shall surely die," and this is part of the meaning of it.

You see that Adam and Eve have become like Satan already. Adam used to love Eve very much, and he used to thank God for giving her to him, but now he seemed out of temper with her, and is ready to find fault, even with God; for when God said to him, "Have you eaten the fruit which I commanded you not to eat?" Adam answered sullenly, "The woman whom thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat."

This was the terrible change in Adam and Eve's spirits; but there was a change too in their home. God would not allow them to stay any longer in the beautiful garden of Eden. God had good and wise reasons for this, as he always has for everything he does; so Adam and Eve's home, once so happy, was theirs no more.

I think it must have been much harder to work in the ground outside the garden. Most likely the trees and plants would not grow so easily there. I think that Adam must have often sighed over his work, as

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he cleared away the thorns and the brambles, or dug up the hard ground; for there was a change too in Adam's body; both he and Eve had pain very often now, and sometimes felt weak and ill. When Adam had worked in the garden of Eden it was nothing but pleasure to him; but now, after he had been busy, how tired he was, how worn out he felt. And then the thoughts would very often come: God has said that our bodies, which were made of dust, shall die and turn to dust again; when will this be? and as they felt their bodies wearing out, they dreaded the thought of it. But was this all that Adam and Eve had to dread when they thought of their bodies dying? Oh no; Adam and Eve knew very well that their dying was a very different thing to the dying of a horse or a goat. They had spirits which would never die, which must always live somewhere. Could heaven be their spirits' home? The holy God had said, the unholy shall not live with me in heaven; they must be shut out, and be miserable in hell for ever with wicked Satan.

Adam and Eve *have* been disobedient; they *are* unholy. Can God break his word? Can he pass over this disobedience and take no notice of it, and let them live in heaven with him? Although Adam and Eve are so changed, God is not changed, he loves them very much; though he hates their sins, he desires not to punish them, but he must keep his word, and he must show to all the angels, and to every one that lives, how he hates sin. Is there no way then for Adam and Eve to be forgiven? Will God never smile on them again? Is there no way to open the gates of heaven for their spirits to enter? There seems nothing before them

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but a wretched life with Satan, for ever, in that place where there is no love, no pity, no kindness. But in the next address I will speak of a wonderful plan, of which no one but God would ever have thought.

FOLLOW ME.

FROM THE FRENCH.

UNDER the shade of a great tree, men, women, and children had met one morning to listen to the words of a stranger who had come among them. His speech was plain and earnest. He invited the people to walk in a path to which he would lead them. He did not seek to persuade them by promises of a safe and pleasant journey, but he told them of the trials of the road they had to tread, of troubles to be met with, and dangers to be avoided. Yet, after all, he said, there was a safe and happy end to the road, and an abiding home, which he would share with them.

The crowd listened with silence; and when the stranger ceased to speak, some almost made up their minds to follow, and waited a little while, but afterwards turned away. Others left with looks of scorn and bitter words. One by one all went away, and the stranger was alone, No, he was not quite alone, one little girl stood near him. She heard all he said about the journey being a painful one, but his gentle voice and loving manner won her attention, and she wished always to remain with him.

She stood in fear and trembling; but when he

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turned to go away, her eyes met his, and she arose and followed him.

At first the path seemed easy. She kept close behind her guide, and was pleased to tread in his footsteps. But as time passed on she felt weary, and was ready to ask if she might not stop and rest. "I am so young and weak!" she said. "How can I keep on if I have not a little time to rest?" Just then the stranger turned, and took her by the hand.

She felt grateful for this kindness, and for some time afterwards the pleasure she felt made her forget how tired she was, and the thorns which had wounded her feet. But at length the way was so rough, that she fell on the ground, and was ready to give up the journey.

The little girl even suffered herself to fall asleep. A long time she slept, and, on awakening, found the daylight was gone. She then stretched forth her hands in search of her guide, but in vain. She thought of all his former kindness, and cried, with tears, "Oh! if I find him again, I will never leave him." Not long afterwards she heard his voice, and again he stood beside her. And so day after day, night after night they went on their journey. Often, indeed, did the child linger on the road, but never again did she regret that she had set out.

Once, in a long dark night, she felt unable to go forward, when suddenly she heard these words: "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me; and I give unto them eternal life." She felt a hope that she was one of the lambs of the good shepherd, and would soon reach a safe fold above.

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The hardest part of the journey was now over. The rest of the way was through green pastures, and the shepherd (no longer the stranger) was always with her. She saw glimpses of those who had gone the way before her, and who had safely got to rest, and she heard these words: "They follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth."

But the last struggle was at hand. Still her guide was with her, and, raising her from the earth, he removed her to a better and brighter state, far above the toils and hardships of her earthly pilgrimage.

How can words describe the future home of the little pilgrim? Let those who desire to enjoy her happiness strive to follow Jesus, and in his good time he will take them to heaven. Let them remember their own weakness, and thus sing:—

Lord, lest my feeble steps should slide
Or wander from thy way,
Oh, condescend to be my guide,
And let me never stray.

Thus I may safely venture through,
Beneath my Shepherd's care,
And keep the gate of heaven in view
Till I shall enter there.

E. M.

A CHILD'S VERSE.

God bends an ear to all I pray,
He hears an infant's praise:
Oh may he teach my heart to love
And thank him all my days.

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SUSIE'S MISTAKE.

CHAPTER V.

ALTHOUGH it was very plain that Susie was far from being perfect, everybody at home could see that there was a great improvement day by day in her temper and conduct. She was much more patient and forbearing than she used to be; more willing to give up her own way, and to bear meekly any little unkindness or injustice. They could not tell how it was that Susie was so changed, but they were very glad of the alteration, for things went on so much more pleasantly now.

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Susie could have told them what made her feel and act differently; but she seldom spoke about herself, and then only to aunt Mary. Not that Susie believed herself to be as gentle, and loving, and forgiving, as she really was; for other people know us better in these respects than we know ourselves. Still, Susie felt that she had begun to go in the right road, though as yet she had only advanced a few steps in it.

And what made Susie keep in that way? What made her persevere in spite of all difficulties? It was more than "her text," more than the resolve to do as it said. Susie had learned to love the Saviour who gave us that text. She had never read or thought much about him before she came to live at home, for her grandmother had seldom spoken of him. It was from aunt Mary that she heard that sweet story of his love, which had won her little heart to trust in him. She longed now to be one of the lambs in his fold, and to sit as Mary did at his feet. And it was because she loved him that she was trying to keep his commandments, especially that one which bids us love our enemies, and do good even to those that hate us.

Susie's school troubles were more cheerfully borne now. And they were fewer since she had taken her text for her guide. Loving our enemies, or those who are unkind to us, is a sure way of turning them into friends. Emma Perkins left off teasing her. She said Susie had grown so good-tempered, that there was no fun in doing it. Besides, Susie was so ready to oblige her, and so willing to yield for the sake of peace, that Emma could not help liking her, and rather took her part than otherwise. She found out one day that Susie

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did not like being called "*little* Susie;" and instead of laughing at her, and repeating it the oftener on that account, as she would have done formerly, she seldom called her so afterwards. Susie wondered, sometimes, that she had disliked Emma so much, and supposed it was because she had not known her well enough.

But Susie's attempts to make friends with Fanny Simpson were less successful. Fanny was not a nice tempered girl. She was very vain of herself, and all that she did; and she was rather jealous of Susie, because Susie had a good memory, and could learn and remember some things better than she herself could. She often annoyed Susie in little ways, too little almost to be mentioned, but not too little to be felt.

Susie was half inclined to give over trying to suit Fanny. Why should she take any more trouble about her? Since Fanny would be contrary and disagreeable, it was no one's fault but her own; and why should Susie be concerned about it? why should she bear with her spiteful ways, and check the hasty words which they so often provoked? Why should she? Emma Perkins would not; her own sister Jane, she was sure, would not: they would treat Fanny just as she treated them; but Susie could not do so now. It is true she was sometimes much tempted; nor could she always quite keep down her rising temper: but she generally got the mastery over herself, and was able to behave herself as a child should behave who loves Jesus, and wishes to become like him. These words were often in Susie's thoughts, and helped to cheer and encourage her: "Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that we should follow his steps: who

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did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth: who, when he was reviled, reviled not again; when he suffered, he threatened not," 1 Peter ii. 21—23. And Susie often sang to herself the lines of one of her favourite little hymns:—

"I want to be like Jesus, so lowly and so meek,
For no one mark'd an angry word that ever heard him speak.
I want to be like Jesus; I never, never find
That he, though persecuted, was to any one unkind."

"Continual dropping," says an old proverb, "wears away stone;" and as time passed on, and Susie still showed a gentle, forbearing spirit, Fanny grew a little, a very little, more amiable.

It was drawing towards the close of the half-year, and most of the girls in Mrs. Ashley's school were very busy about the examination, and the prizes. Fanny Simpson was at the top of the class for English History; she had never once lost it during the six months, and she was very desirous to keep it until the end.

One day Mrs. Ashley happened to ask a question which none of the girls could answer, until it came to Susie's turn. Now, it was rather curious that Susie should know more than the others; but I will tell you how it was. Two or three days before, her brothers were disputing at breakfast-time about this very same question, and John had asked his father which of them was right. His father told him, and Susie listened to his reply, not so much from a wish to gain information, as to see whether John or Harry were the most correct. She had thought no more about the subject till it was now brought to her mind; but she

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remembered exactly what she had heard her father say, and was therefore able to give the proper answer.

According to the rules of the school, Susie took the places of the others, and passed to the top of the class. She was pleased to find herself there, because she was generally nearer the bottom than the top. The remaining questions were tolerably easy ones, so Susie was able to keep her new place until the close of the lesson.

She felt glad that she was above Fanny Simpson for once; and a little glad also, I am afraid, that Fanny was obliged to go lower. It is so natural to rejoice when those who are unkind to us meet with something that is unpleasant to themselves. And the remarks made to Susie afterwards, by some of the girls, served to strengthen this wrong feeling.

"I am so glad you got up in the class to-day, Susie," said Bessy Wilson; "it is right you should have your turn sometimes, and I hope you'll manage to keep it, if it is only for the sake of pushing Fanny out: she boasts so of being at the head."

"Yes, she is very conceited," said Lucy Jones; "it will do her good to be put down a little."

Susie noticed that Fanny looked very sulky, and that she scarcely spoke to any one; but then, she was likely to be vexed at losing her place, and Susie did not think she was to blame for that. Nor was she; there was no fault in Susie's rising to the top, but it was wrong to take any pleasure in Fanny's disappointment.

She did not, however, think so, until reminded of it by aunt Mary. Susie called at her aunt's in the

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afternoon, with a message from her mother, and she eagerly told her how well she had got on in the morning, in reaching to the top of the class, and in knowing more than even Fanny Simpson. Aunt Mary observed with regret the feelings which Susie, almost unknown to herself, was cherishing, and she gently pointed these out to her, and asked her to guard against them. She showed her how hard it must appear to Fanny to lose, through one mistake, the place which she had had for so long a time; and how very likely it was that she would be rather cross with Susie on that account.

"Just put yourself in Fanny's place, Susie; and imagine how *you* would feel, and how *you* would like to be treated. And try, dear, even in little things such as these, to copy the example of Jesus, and to be meek, and kind, and humble as he was. He should always be our pattern."

Susie was a teachable little girl. She did not think, as some children do, that she was as wise as any one else, and did not need to be taught. She knew that she had much to learn; and it was very pleasant to learn from aunt Mary, because aunt Mary talked so kindly, and felt for her in every difficulty.

As Susie thought over what her aunt had said to her about Fanny, she felt that it was quite true. She wondered in what way she could prove to Fanny that she had no feeling of ill-will towards her, and that she was willing to forgive and forget her past unkind ways. After some time she decided what she would do. What was it? Wait till school-time, and you will know.

Susie had some talk with her governess before the

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lessons began. Emma Perkins, who sat watching her, could not tell what Susie talked so earnestly about. She seemed to be asking a favour; and at length Mrs. Ashley smiled and said, "Yes, Susie, you may, if you like;" and then Susie came away quite contented.

Then Susie went across the room to speak to Fanny Simpson, but Fanny turned away when she saw her, and asked Lucy Jones to hear her repeat her Geography, that she might be sure she knew it perfectly. She did this on purpose that she might not be obliged to take any notice of Susie. She was too much offended with her to want to have anything to say to her.

Susie waited patiently; but before Fanny had finished, the little girl was desired to write her copy, and she had no other opportunity of speaking to Fanny; for as soon as the writing was done, the History class was called up.

Susie quietly took her old place, about half-way down the class. Fanny, therefore, was at the head. She looked at Susie in some surprise, and said, "You are at the top, you know, Susie." Susie smiled and shook her head.

"Susie wishes you to have your own place again, Fanny," said their governess. "She tells me it was quite by accident that she knew the answer to the question yesterday; and she thinks that, after you have worked so hard to keep at the top of the class, it is not fair that you should lose it for the want of one answer. So you are still to be the head girl in History, Fanny."

Fanny coloured; and if she thought it was more than she deserved, she thought correctly. But she came

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afterwards to Susie, and thanked her for her kindness. She was naturally proud and reserved, and would not own to Susie that she had ever been unkind to her; but she thanked her for giving up the place to her in such a pleasant manner that she scarcely seemed to Susie like the same girl.

Susie went home feeling that "her text" had once more gained the victory. Whether Fanny would ever become as friendly as Emma Perkins had, was rather doubtful; but at all events she would most probably behave better than she had hitherto done. Susie was not mistaken. Fanny was conquered by kindness. From the time that Susie yielded the top place to her, she treated her with more consideration; and although she did not grow very intimate with her, she ceased to annoy her.

"Now," said aunt Mary, when her little niece was joyfully describing to her the alteration in Fanny, "now, Susie, I think you have only one more trial of your text to make at present."

"One *more* aunt? why, all the rest of the girls are pretty agreeable now."

"But this is not a schoolfellow, Susie: I was thinking of Jem Horton."

Susie's countenance fell. "Oh, aunt!" she said, in her old despairing tone, "I shall never do anything with Jem."

A DRAWING FROM JAPAN.

Several thousand miles away from us is Japan—a kingdom consisting of many islands, which, if placed

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together, would be much larger than England. The people who live there are in their looks, character, manners, and religion, very much like the Chinese.

A JAPANESE DRAWING OF A LADY.

They are said to be clever, and among other manufactures their crapes, silks, porcelain, and lacquer-work are quite famous. They are also successful in copper,

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steel, and iron work, and in making clocks and telescopes. It is certain, however, that we cannot very much praise their skill in drawing and painting, as our picture will show. It represents a Japanese lady in her walking attire. Just notice her strange head-dress, and her fine flowing robe. Where her body, arms, and feet are, we cannot tell; the artist must surely have forgotten these.

This picture was given as a specimen of their art to a gentleman in America, when the Japanese embassy lately visited that part of the world.

The people of Japan are heathen, and among other objects regarded by them as sacred are the cat and the dog. May we not hope that the time will soon come when the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ shall be taken to them, and when they shall be brought from the service of idols to know and love the true God?

THE FIRST GARDEN,

AND WHAT TOOK PLACE THERE.

PART III.

"The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord."—Rom. vi. 23.

My dear little friends, my last address was full of sad and sorrowful things; but they are so true, and they are things that have so much to do with you, that I hope you have thought over them well; if you have, you will be the better ready to hear this address.

Adam and Eve were not alone long in this world after they left the garden; God gave them a baby. How

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delighted they must have been with it! it was the first baby they had ever seen; for Adam and Eve, as you know, had never been babies: God made them a man and a woman at once. Oh, how fond Adam and Eve were of their little Cain; how they smiled as they watched all his little playful ways, and how lovingly they both looked at him when he was asleep. This first little baby was quite a wonder to them; but very soon they were shocked to see, by his self-will and naughty temper, that their little son was not like what they were at first when God made them: he was not holy; he was like what they were then, *unholy*, sinful.

Adam and Eve could not *now* expect that this child would be holy. But what I wish you to think of particularly now is this—what this first little child was; you are, for we are all, Adam and Eve's children: they are our first parents, and we are like our parents. I told you that, after their disobedience, Adam and Eve's hearts were cold towards God. Are not our hearts like this? I told you that they had no wish to be near to him and tell him everything, as they used to do. Is not this like us? I told you that they did not feel inclined to thank and praise him. Do we? Do we not oftener forget God altogether, and take no notice of his kindness? We are all alive about something; but are we all alive about getting those things which God likes best to give us? These things show that we are like our parents, Adam and Eve; and if we are like them, we deserve to have the same punishment as they deserved.

Oh, my dear children, I cannot bear to think of your little spirits being shut out of heaven; I want you to

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enjoy the bright smile of God always, and love him with all your heart and soul for ever. It is this which makes me so glad to tell you of God's wonderful plan, so full of love and kindness. We read in the Bible of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Spirit; these three are *one* God. In many parts of God's book we are told of the great love of God the Father to his Son; the Father loved his holy Son, and the Son loved his holy Father, more than we can understand. In one place, where the Son of God is speaking of himself and his Father before the world was made, he says: "Then I was by him, as one brought up with him: and I was daily his delight, rejoicing always before him."

The thought of this makes the plan I am going to tell you of more wonderful. God the Father loved his creatures, Adam and Eve, and he loved us their children; but he hated our sins; he could not have sin near him, who is the holy God; yet he did not desire that we should be unholy and miserable for ever: but what could be done? His word could not be broken, and he must show to every one how he hates disobedience and sin. God might have left Adam and Eve and their children to take the consequences of their disobedience; for no one asked him to make a way to save them. What they deserved was, that he should think no more of them; they had made themselves miserable, and they deserved that he should leave them to be miserable: but no! he thought of *one* way, the only way; it was indeed the plan of God himself; no one else would have thought of such a thing, for no one loves like God; it was a plan that came out of his own

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heart, so full of perfect love and kindness. The plan was this: God the Father said he would send his only Son, Jesus Christ, from heaven into this world; that his beloved Son should leave his holy and happy home, and should become a man and live here among sinful, disobedient people; that he should be perfect and obedient, yet he should suffer very much, and die on the cross. Then, for the sake of what his Son had done and suffered, God would be able and willing to forgive those who asked him humbly and earnestly, and were ready to obey him in all things. God would smite his obedient, perfect Son, that there might be a way for him to smile on us for his sake. But how could God the Father bear the thought of such a thing? A verse from God's own book is the only answer I can give to this question; it is this: "God *so loved the world*, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." God's great love to us made him willing.

But there is another question. What will God the Son say to this plan? Is he willing to bear all this? His answer shows that his heart is quite full of love: he said, "I delight to do thy will, O my God."

Now, then, there is *one* way for Adam and Eve and their children to be forgiven; but they are still unholy, and so they are not fit to go into heaven; they have lost their love to God and for good things; people with cold hearts cannot live in heaven with God, and would not enjoy being there. What is to be done? God did not forget this; his plan was perfect, wanting nothing. The work of God the Holy Spirit is to make

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us new creatures again; he is our teacher; he shows us our wickedness, and makes us really sorry for it, and then teaches us to trust and love our only Saviour; he watches over and helps us as long as we live, and makes us fit to enter heaven and enjoy it.

My dear little friends, this is the plan which God made to save us from sin, from Satan, and from never-ending unhappiness: is it not wonderful?

God did not send his Son into this world directly, but he very kindly let Adam and Eve know something of his plan of love; he promised them a Saviour who could conquer Satan.

THE DEAD BABY

Yes, the baby was dead! The darkened windows told me so. It had been a sweet babe. Its hair so bright, its smile so loving, its voice so merry and glad; and as it lay in its coffin, its little hands crossed so peacefully on its breast, it was very beautiful even in death.

There were sad hearts and tearful faces around the little sleeper; but as I gazed, I thought of all the ills it had escaped, of all the joys it had entered upon; and I felt that it was better, far better, in heaven.

My little readers, did you ever stand and watch a little baby brother or sister, as it gently breathed its life away? Did you wonder to see it lie so pale and still, and did you take its little hand in yours, and feel it chilly, damp, and cold? And when the last breath came and went, and the grief of loving hearts burst forth, did you weep too, scarce knowing why? Dear

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children, that was death. And is it so dreadful, that you tremble when you hear of it, and try to put all thought of it far, far away? Let me tell you what the great apostle Paul thought of death. You have heard of him, no doubt, and read what a good man he was, and how he used to travel far and wide to tell about Jesus.

Well, this great apostle once said "To die is gain." And was it gain to that dear little babe, lying now so cold and still in its narrow bed?

Yes, surely. That babe can never more feel pain, will never shed another tear; but, freed for ever from all sin, its spirit has gone to join that holy, happy throng which surrounds the throne of God in heaven, singing glad hosannas. And increasing in happiness, as it learns more and more of Jesus, how joyfully will it welcome all those who join it in that "happy land!" You all sing that beautiful hymn, "I want to be an angel," and I know you all desire to join those angel bands when you die. Then go often in prayer to Him who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me," and who took them up in his arms and blessed them. Lift up your hearts often to him, and pray to have all your sins washed away in his precious blood, and to be made pure and holy; for the Bible says, "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord."

THOUGHTS.

Be willing to want what God is not willing to give.

Contentment without the world is better than the world without contentment.

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QUESTIONS ON THE PARABLES OF OUR LORD.

THE GREAT SUPPER.

Luke xiv. 15—24.

15. In what house was this scene?—What things had this guest heard?—What did he mean by the kingdom of God? xix. 11.

16. What was the design of this parable?

17. What period is here called "supper time?"—Describe the servant. ver. 21; Is. lv. 1.—What people were bidden to the feast? Matt. x. 6.—To whom is the invitation *now* sent?

18. To whom did the first offer his excuse?—Wherein was it improper?—Was it the real, or pretended cause of absence?

19. Was this excuse insufficient, or evasive, or both?—What disposition did this conduct show? Matt. xxii. 5.—How does this excuse differ from the first?

20. Was this apology better, or worse than the others?—What fault shall we ascribe to this man?

21. At what was the master of the house angry?—What is here meant by the anger of God?—Who are meant by the poor, maimed, etc.?

22. How much room is there at the gospel feast?

23. What may be intended by the highways and hedges?—What kind of compulsion was to be used?—Which of the above classes applies to the Gentiles?

24. How was this declaration realized? Matt. xxi. 43, 45.—Were the whole, or a part of the Jews included in it?

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THE GOLDEN CITY.

You have heard of beautiful cities, of splendid buildings, such as palaces and temples. Perhaps, if you are not a very little child, you may have read of countries where there are much more beautiful trees and flowers than grow in our land; of birds with feathers of all the colours of the rainbow; and of skies which are always of a bright blue. Yet you know that these beautiful things do not last for ever. The cleverest man that ever lived could not build a house that would not some time decay and crumble to dust.

I have seen grand old castles, where once lived noble lords and ladies, all broken down, and ivy and grass growing over their walls. Flowers of the most beautiful colours and pleasant scents, and birds with bright feathers and sweet voices, all fade and die; even the bluest skies are sometimes overclouded. It is so with everything in this world; but I will tell you of a far more beautiful city than any you ever saw or heard of on this earth; of a city not made with hands, and one that will never decay, for it is eternal.

You have seen, on a fine summer's evening, the setting sun. How splendid the sky then often looks. It is all crimson and gold; and the white clouds, moving gently along, look as if they were made of pearls. Yet this city that I tell you of is far more lovely; it is brighter than the purest gold. There nothing ever fades or grows old. All is peaceful and happy; for sin cannot enter that holy place, and it is sin that causes all unhappiness.

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This beautiful city may be yours. It has been bought for you, and the price that was paid for it was the life of our Saviour Jesus Christ. You know that this city is called Heaven. Do you not wish to go there when you leave this world? I am sure you do; yet you must not only wish, you must live so that you will be fit to go there when you die. You must believe on the Saviour, and love him with all your heart; you must pray to him for his Holy Spirit to help you to do this. And if you pray to him, he will surely listen to you, for he has told us in his holy word "Ask, and it shall be given you."

In heaven there will be no trouble of any kind; no sickness or sorrow; no bad passions or evil deeds to vex us. In this world, though some have more good things than others, yet all have their trials. Even if we have no outward troubles; if we have everything we can wish for—good health, plenty of clothing and food, and, more than all, kind friends—yet we have our bad hearts to trouble us.

In the evening, if we look back on the day that is past, can we not see that we have done many things that we ought not to have done, and left undone many that we ought to have done? In heaven there will be no sin in our hearts; we shall be made like Jesus, who knew no sin; and because he suffered and died for us, we shall be numbered among his own people, and live with him for ever.

But we must not expect to be numbered among Christ's people at the last day, unless we are of them now; we must not think that he will remember us when he comes into his kingdom, if we forget him all

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our lives. Some thoughtless people say it will be time to think about heaven when we are old and are about to die. It is foolish as well as wicked to say this; no one knows that he will live to grow old, or that he will know when he is going to die; and even if he did know this, can he suppose that he will feel more inclined to think about heaven then than he does now? Besides, how ungrateful it seems, that we, to whom God has given so many good things, and over whom he watches every moment of our lives, should spend the best of our days, when we are young and strong, in pleasing ourselves, and think that the time when we are old and feeble will be good enough to give to God. But I will hope that it is not so with you, but that in the days of your youth you will remember your Creator and Redeemer; and though you may meet with many trials in your journey to heaven, he will take you safely through them all, even through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, till you stand with the holy angels around his throne, and sing praises with them in the Golden City.

G. G.

THE WATCH; OR, COVETING WHAT OTHERS HAVE.

"Let your conversation be without covetousness, and be content with such things as ye have."—Heb. xiii. 5.

LITTLE Clara had been spending the afternoon with one of her favourite companions; but she came home silent and sad, and did not join in the cheerful sports

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of her brothers and sisters. Her father, who loved her much, took her on his knee, and talked with her until he found out the cause. The young people where she had been visiting were not older than herself, and she really thought they were not much wiser or more clever; but they all wore very handsome ornaments, especially one of them, who had just received a present from her uncle—a very pretty watch. "How I wish," she added, "that I might have a watch and chain too."

"I am glad," said Mr. Rose, "that you have nothing more to make you uneasy. And what would you do with a watch if you had one, my Clara?"

"I would wear it at my side," she said, "and look at it every minute."

"Is your time so very precious? Or are the days so dull and so long that you are tired before they come to an end?"

"No, father, I am generally happy, and time passes very quickly."

Mr. R. Does not the clock at the foot of the stairs tell you all you want?

C. Sometimes when I am very busy in my room I cannot hear it strike. But if I had a watch, I could always be ready, and regular.

Mr. R. Well, can you give me some other reason? for I think, if you took care to listen, you would find the striking of the clock would do. I am afraid you want a watch merely as an ornament, and not for use.

C. You have a watch yourself, father. Surely you find it useful?

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Mr. R. You know that I have many engagements to attend to out of doors.

C. But you like me to be punctual at school.

Mr. R. Well, that is a good reason; and, as you wish for a watch, I will give you one.

C. Thank you. Oh! I wish I had had it when I went out this afternoon.

Mr. R. You may fetch it now, if you like. It hangs up in my bed-room.

C. What! that old-fashioned thing?

Mr. R. It is a very good one, though it is old-fashioned. It belonged to my father; but if I give it you, it will still remain in my family.

C. I am afraid every one else will consider it very strange.

Mr. R. Then, after all, you see you care more about show than use. Besides, do you think that to have a handsome watch would make you happy? If I were rich, you would soon find out by experience that very often, the more people have, the more discontented they are. If you had a watch, I think, in a month, you would neglect it, and then it would very soon be out of repair.

C. Do you think that, if you had more money, I should be less happy than I am?

Mr. R. All people, whether rich or poor, are happy only so long as they are contented with the stations in life that God has provided for them. There are none so high, or so low, but they may covet something which is denied to them. The labourer may long to have his neighbour's house and land, and the lord of a rich kingdom may desire something which lawfully he

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cannot possess, as Ahab wanted the vineyard of Naboth. 1 Kings xxi. Sometimes kings and rulers go to war, because they cannot agree about their possessions; and people who are of less consequence often have sad quarrels and lawsuits with each other. Did you think this afternoon, as much as usual, about being kind to your little friends? or was not your heart full of envy towards them, because they happened to be better dressed than yourself? And then, did you not feel some hard and unkind thoughts towards your best friends? All this shows, my dear Clara, that wishing for what God withholds from us is a sin. It is one to which even the best persons are liable, and we must pray for the grace of the Lord Jesus to deliver us from its guilt and power.

C. Oh, father, I was very wrong. But how can I get rid of these vain wishes?

Mr. R. Think how many mercies you have, of which others are in want. Remember that the only way to be truly happy and respectable, is to live within your means, and not to spend your money on useless things. If I, now, were to keep a carriage, I could not pay the expenses of your education; and how, then, could I expect comfort from you when I grew old? But above all, seek to set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth.

"From covetous desires set free,
On Jesus cast thy care:
In heaven thy better portion see,
And let thy heart be there."

E. M.

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THE SWARM OF BEES.

Why does the old lady knock with her key on a f[illegible]-pan? She is trying by her noise to make a

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swarm of bees alight in her garden. In old times it was thought bees could be tolled down in some such manner. But bees have ways and habits all their own.

Bees are governed by a queen. One queen rules the hive; and in a well-proportioned hive of about twenty thousand bees, besides the queen, there are about nineteen thousand workers. The workers form the great body of the beehive, as they ought to of every human hive. Some of them make wax; some build the cells. The cells are beautiful specimens of insect labour: they are six-sided, half an inch deep, a quarter of an inch across, side by side, with walls as smooth and thin as paper. Others are provision merchants, visiting the fields and gardens for honey and pollen. Pollen is the fine dust of flowers. Others are nurses, feeding and taking care of the young.

The sting of the bee is a sharply-pointed lancet, with a bag of poison lying at the end of it, and a little tube to empty the poison into the wound which the lancet makes. The sting is their fighting arms, to defend themselves and make war upon their enemies.

Every year, in the early part of summer, one or two swarms leave the old hive to find a new home elsewhere.

Before leaving, they send out spies to find a good and suitable spot, who come back and report accordingly. The hive exhibits a scene of unusual buzzing and business, a day or two before the new colony emigrate. Rainy or cloudy weather will keep them back, but on the next sunshiny day the whole hive is in motion; and by and by the young queen and her attendants, followed by her great emigrant train, issue forth and take flight to form a new kingdom.

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You have long ago, we suppose, learned that pretty lesson of bee industry in the little hymn:

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower!

How skilfully she builds her cell!
How neat she spreads her wax!
And labours hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labour, or of skill,
I would be busy too:
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play,
Let my first years be past;
That I may give, for every day,
Some good account at last.

BLIND ROBERT.

One day I met a little boy in the street, who was going along very slowly, feeling his way by the houses and the fences; and I knew that he was blind. If he had had eyes to see with, he would have been running and jumping about, or driving a hoop, or tossing a ball, like the other boys in the street. I pitied him. It seemed so hard for the little fellow to go about in the dark all the time, never to see the sun, or any of the pretty things in the world—never to see even the faces of his parents and brothers and sisters. So I stopped to talk with him.

He told me that his name was Robert, that his

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father was sick at home, and that his mother had to take in washing, and work very hard to get a living. All the other children had some kind of work to do; but as he could not see to work, he was sent after clothes for his mother to wash. I asked him if he did not feel unhappy because he was blind. He looked very thoughtful and solemn for a moment. Then he smiled, and said, "Sometimes I think it hard to have to creep about so. Sometimes I want to look at the bright sun that warms me, and at the sweet birds that sing for me, and at the flowers that feel so soft when I touch them. But God made me blind, and I know that it is best for me. I am so glad that he did not make me deaf and dumb too. I am so glad that he gave me a good mother, and a Sunday school to go to, instead of making me one of the heathen children, that pray to snakes and idols."

"But, Robert, if you could see, you could help your mother more." I said this without thinking, and was sorry as soon as I said it; for the little boy's smile went right away, and tears filled his blind eyes, and ran down his pale cheeks.

"Yes," he said, "I often tell mother so; but she says that I help her a great deal now, and that she wouldn't spare me for the world; and father says I'm the best nurse he ever had, though I am blind."

"I am sure you are a good boy, Robert," I answered quickly.

"No, sir," he said, "I am not good, but have got a very wicked heart; and I think a great many wicked thoughts; and if it wasn't for the Saviour, I don't know what I would do."

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"And how does the Saviour help you?"

"Oh, sir, I pray to him, and then it is as if he says, 'I forgive you, Robert; I love you, poor blind boy! I will take away your evil heart, and give you a new one.' I then feel so happy; and it seems to me as if I could almost hear the angels singing up in heaven."

"Well, Robert, that is right; and do you ever expect to see the angels?"

"Oh, yes, sir! When I die, my spirit will not be blind. It is only my clay house that has no windows. I can see with my mind now, and that, mother tells me, is the way they see in heaven. And I heard father reading in the Bible the other day, where it tells about heaven, and it said there is 'no night there.' But here it is night to blind people all the time. Oh! sir, when I feel bad because I cannot see, I think about heaven, and it comforts me."

I saw now that Robert began to be uneasy, and acted as if he wanted to go on. I said, "Don't you like to talk with me, Robert?"

"Yes, sir, I do; and it's very kind of you to speak to a blind boy; but mother will be waiting for the clothes."

This evidence of the little fellow's frankness and fidelity pleased me. I had become much interested, and made up my mind to find out more about him. So I took some money out of my pocket, and gave it to him, telling him to take it to buy something for his sick father. Again the tears filled his blind eyes.

"Oh, sir," he said, "you are so kind! I was just

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wishing I could buy something for poor sick father; he has no appetite, and we have nothing in the house but potatoes. He tries to eat them, and never complains; but if I could only get a chicken for him, it would make him better—I know it would. But I don't want you to give me the money: can't I work for you, and earn it?"

I made him take the money, and then watched him, to see what he would do. He went as fast as he could for the clothes; then bought a chicken to make broth of; then a loaf of bread; and felt his way home, trembling all over with delight. I followed him, without his knowing it. He went to a little old-looking house, that seemed to have but one room. I saw that he put the bread and chicken under the clothes, and went (as I thought by the sound) close to his father's bed before he showed them; then dropping the clothes, he held up the loaf in one hand, and the fowl in the other, saying, "See, father; see what God has sent you!"

He then told about my meeting him and giving him the money, and added, "I am sure, father, that God put it into the kind man's heart; for God sees how much you wanted something to nourish you."

I am afraid, children, that there were some tears in uncle Jesse's eyes, as he turned away from the blind boy's home.

How beautiful to love God and to trust in him, as poor Robert did! Could you be so contented and happy, if you were as poor as he was, and blind too? Think about it, dear children.

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THE LAMB.

RUTH had a lamb, a very white and pretty lamb. She used to feed it every day with her own hand, and was never tired of playing with it. She called it Snowdrop, because it was so very white. One day she made a beautiful wreath of clover blossoms and daisies and butter-cups, for Snowdrop's neck: there were no green leaves in it, but Ruth thought it was prettier for that; and when Snowdrop frisked about, shaking his head very merrily, she was sure there could be nothing in the whole world more beautiful than he was.

Ruth and I sat together on the door-step just at night. Snowdrop was tired with play, and had lain down on the grass. Ruth was tired too, and she laid her head in my lap. At such times she would like to be talked to, and often asked me for a story; but to-night, as I had been gazing upon her sweet little playfellow, my thoughts had wandered to "the Lamb of God."

Jesus was likened to a lamb when the prophet foretold his coming; and when John saw him, he said, "Behold the Lamb of God;" and in heaven, when all the thousands and "ten thousand times ten thousand" of glorious saints and angels bow before him, they say, "Worthy is the Lamb." So I told my dear little friend of that Lamb of God, who on earth was so gentle, and meek, and pure; who was always loving and kind; who bore insults and poverty and toil without an angry feeling or a murmur; who was without a spot or blemish, pure from all sin; and

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who at length was slain by wicked men, to save us from our sins. "It would seem a very cruel thing," I said, "to take your innocent, gentle Snowdrop, and bind his limbs with cords, and plunge a knife into his heart: but Jesus, the Lamb, was fastened to a cross, and his flesh torn with cruel nails; yet he was meek, and gentle, and loving to the last. He loved even his murderers, and wished they might become good men and be happy. Their hearts must have been hard indeed, who looked upon his perfect meekness, and heard his words of love amid such agonies, without being softened by the scene.

"Can you think of this dying Lamb of God without loving him? Remember, it was to save you and me from sin and its punishment that he died upon the cross. We will not forget his love, his gentleness, his purity. We will be grateful for them, and seek his protection and his guidance. Now he is in heaven, he calls us to be lambs of his fold; to be gentle and kind as he was; to be meek and patient, pure and spotless.

"Come unto him now, and at that day he will own you as his, and will 'lead you into green pastures, and beside still waters.'"

THE FAITHFUL MIRROR.

Daily, hourly, we may see
  Spots upon our actions lie;
How very anxious we should be,
  And ask ourselves the reason why;
Conscience is the truthful glass,
  Reflecting actions as they pass.

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Eyes, that covet others' wealth,
Lips, that utter words impure,
Hands, that clutch away by stealth,
Fraud, that's always insecure.
Conscience holds the faithful glass,
Scan thy actions as they pass.

Idle moments reckless spent,
Wasted talents hid from view,
Heedless of these mercies lent,
They are all required of you.
Conscience holds the truthful glass,
Watch thy actions as they pass.

Want of kindness to the poor,
Help withheld in time of need;
Bread is promised to the sower,
But he first must sow the seed.
Conscience holds the faithful glass,
See thy actions as they pass.

Morn or eve unbent the knee,
Heart encased in living stone,
Caring not that God can see
The smallest act of sin alone.
Conscience holds the truthful glass,
Behold thy actions as they pass.

Watch and daily strive to gain
Pearls to string on Virtue's chain,
The jewels that compose her crown
Are by their brilliant lustre known.
Conscience, holding high the glass,
Reflects their brightness as they pass.

Pimlico. LOUISA C. W.

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SUSIE'S MISTAKE.

CHAPTER VI.

Susie spoke just as she felt about Jem Horton. He had not at all improved since we heard of him in the first pages of our story. Indeed, Susie thought that he grew worse instead of better. And many persons thought the same.

Jem had not a very happy home. His father was not a steady man; and he both spoiled his son, and was very harsh with him. Sometimes he would scold him for a small fault, and at other times he would almost

encourage him in wrong doing. Jem had no mother. She died when he was very young, and this was a great loss to him. Had she lived, he might have been different; for she was gentle, but firm in her management, and would have brought him up in the fear of the Lord. The aunt, who had kept his father's house since that sad event, was not unkind to Jem, but she was a thoughtless sort of person, fond of dress and gossipping; and she never tried to make the boy comfortable. So it was no wonder if Jem early learned to find companions and amusement out-of-doors; and, having no one to look after him, he got acquainted with some idle boys, who did him a great deal of harm.

He was a clever boy, lively, and full of fun; and Susie's brother John liked him for a playmate. Mr. Morris was very easy and good-natured; and though he was not satisfied with all that he heard about Jem, he allowed him to come to the house and to go out with John, when they would perhaps have been better separated.

Jem was not what would be called a bad boy; but he was heedless, and soon led astray by others. In a family like Susie's he might have been trained to good habits, and taught good principles; but, with his home training, it was a wonder that he was not worse than he was.

Susie had not seen quite so much of him lately; for John left home to stay some months with an uncle, who wanted help in his business, and Harry and Jem did not suit together.

But she could not help meeting him out-of-doors; and once or twice he had been at Emma Perkins' when

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she went there with Jane to tea; and he always tried to tease Susie. He would push against her in the street, so as to give her a sudden shake, and then pretend that it was quite by accident; or he would call out after her as she was running home, "Susie, why were you kept in at school to-day?" Once he knocked her copy-book out of her hand, and laughed to see it blowing along the dusty road.

Susie would have complained of him to her mother, but she knew that Jem's father would then be told of it, and Jem would be severely punished; and our tender-hearted little Susie could not bear to be the means of that. So she kept her troubles mostly to herself.

But Susie disliked him more and more. She generally ran out of the way if she saw him coming; and she would turn down two or three streets, if necessary, to avoid him. Jem soon discovered this; and he amused himself with her fears, and did all he could to vex and annoy her.

It was therefore not strange that Susie had but little hope of making him more friendly. Indeed, she had not much desire to do so. "Aunt," she said, "I know my text says, 'Love your enemies,' but I really cannot love Jem; there is nothing to like about him."

"You are not required to love him, Susie, with the same kind of love with which you love me. It is not possible that you should. But you can pity Jem; you can find out all the excuses that are to be made for his conduct; and you can pray for him, Susie, that he may become a better boy."

"Yes, aunt, I can."

"And, Susie, you can try and feel kindly towards

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him; and if you should be able to help him in any way, you can do so readily and cheerfully."

Susie was silent: perhaps she thought this was going rather too far. But I think her aunt's remarks did her good. The next day she was coming out of Emma Perkins' house with her sister Jane. They had been to bid Emma good-bye. She had left school, and was going to London to live with an aunt who was a dress-maker. As they came out at the door, Jem ran up the steps. Susie turned away, but less pointedly than usual.

"Well, little one," said Jem, "have you learned your text rightly yet? have you begun to 'love your enemies?'"

Susie coloured a little, but she looked at him and said as pleasantly as she could, "I am trying to, Jem."

Jem was so surprised at the answer, that he had not anything else ready to say; and Susie and Jane walked off before he had time to speak to them again.

Two or three weeks afterwards, as Susie was having her tea, her father came in from the shop, where he had been serving a customer, and said, "I hear that Jem Horton has met with a sad accident: He fell from a tree last evening and broke his leg; and he is likely to be laid up for some time."

The children looked grave. "How did it happen, father?" asked Susie.

"That is the worst of it, Susie. He was where he had no business to be—engaged with two or three other boys in stealing pears off Mr. Johnson's tree. A large bough on which he ventured was not strong enough to bear his weight: it snapped under him, and

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he was thrown violently to the ground. He was carried home by two or three men, and the doctor was sent for. He is doing as well as can be expected, but he is in great pain, and has a good deal of fever. It will be a warning to him, I hope, if he lives."

"Poor boy!" said Mrs. Morris, "I was always afraid he would come to some harm. But perhaps this accident may be really a blessing to him. It will separate him from his bad companions, and give him time to reflect."

Had Jem's accident happened before Susie's better feelings had changed her dislike into compassion for him, I am afraid she would not have been in the least sorry for it. She would have said, as some of the neighbours did say, that it served him quite right, and was no more than he deserved. Ah, dear reader, if we had only what we deserve, what would become of any of us? But Susie knew better than this now. She had learned of Him who is meek and lowly in heart: and one of the sweetest lessons which he teaches us is to love our enemies.

Susie felt grieved, not only that Jem was hurt, but that he had been guilty of the sin of stealing. When she knelt to say her prayers, she asked God to forgive him, and to change his heart, so that he might hate his bad ways, and wish to do that which was right. She thought of him, lying on his little bed suffering, and unable to move. His father was out all day, and his aunt, she did not fancy, would be very patient or gentle with him; she would be sure to remind him that he had brought it upon himself. Susie could not help pitying him very much.

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Some days passed, and then Susie heard that Jem was not much better. The doctor said that it would be a long time before he would be able to walk again; and he was afraid that he would perhaps be always rather lame. Jem was very cross and unhappy. He was obliged to lie still from morning till night, and he was in constant pain. He had very little to amuse him, and nobody went near him. His old companions were not allowed to be with him, nor did they want to be shut up in a room with a pale, sickly boy, who could no longer share their sports nor add to their merriment. He had no other friends except John Morris, and he was absent from home. Harry and he had never suited together, and were not likely to do so now.

Susie often thought about him, and wished she could do something for him. One day, when she had finished marking a set of shirts for her father, her mother made her a little cake, all for herself. Susie, like most children, was fond of cake. But the next afternoon she said to her mother, "Mother, would you mind if I gave half of my cake away?"

"To whom do you want to give it, Susie?"

"To Jem Horton," said Susie.

"To Jem Horton!" repeated her mother, in a tone of astonishment; "why, I thought you disliked him so very much."

"Yes, I used to do, mother, but I have partly forgotten that since his leg was broken. He has nobody to be kind to him, and he is very miserable: Bessy Wilson told me so yesterday. She saw him when she went there with a message to his aunt; and she says he has got so thin, she should hardly have known him.

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He cannot eat much, because his appetite is so bad. And I thought he would so enjoy a piece of this nice cake."

"I have no doubt he would, Susie; but I made it for you."

"Half of it will be plenty for me," said Susie, eagerly; "and I should so like to give it to Jem."

"Well, Susie, it is your own, so you are at liberty to do as you please with it."

"And may I go and carry it to him, mother?"

Mrs. Morris hesitated a minute, and then she thought of her own boys, and how thankful she was that they were not like poor Jem; and so she said, "Yes, Susie, you may go."

Susie cut the cake in two, and then she put on her bonnet and cloak, and set off to Jem's. She also took a little book, which aunt Mary had given her on her last birthday, in her pocket with her, that she might lend it to Jem to read.

His aunt opened the door. She was busy washing; so, when Susie had told her errand, she directed her to go up the stairs into the first front room, where she would find Jem. Susie went softly up. The door was half open. She peeped in and could see Jem propped up on a chair, and looking both ill and unhappy. She knocked gently, and Jem said, "Who is there? Come in."

The little visitor entered. "Why, Susie," he cried, "I did not think of seeing you!"

He was still more surprised when Susie sat down beside him, and showed him what she had brought for him. "Mother made me a little cake all to myself,

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Jem; and this is part of it: you do not know how good it is."

"It looks very good, Susie; I remember your mother was a famous hand at making cakes. I have hardly tasted a bit of cake since I have been up here; and I have got quite tired of the bread and butter, it is so dry."

Jem's clasp knife was lying on the table. Susie cut off a piece of the cake, and Jem did not need much persuasion to eat it. He had not tasted anything so nice for a long while, he said.

He told Susie how much he had suffered, and how weak and helpless he still was. He seemed glad to have some one to talk to. He did not say a word about Mr. Johnson's pear-tree, neither did Susie. She felt that that was not the right time to point out Jem's faults to him. But she listened kindly to him, and gave him the book which she had brought with her; and, as it had several pictures in it, he promised to read it.

"Will you come again, Susie?" he said, as she was going away. "It is so dull lying here all day with nothing to do, and hardly a creature to speak to. And I am very much obliged to you for the cake."

How strange it was for Jem to speak so to little Susie! Susie thought so, and I believe he thought so himself; for the next time when she went to see him, and took with her a few figs which her father gave her out of the shop for him, Jem said, in a curious half-hesitating manner, "How is it you are so good to me, Susie? Don't you remember how I used to tease you when I was well?"

Susie did not answer directly. She took her little

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Testament out of her pocket, and pointed out these words to Jem: "Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you."

Jem did not speak for a minute or two. Then he said, in a softened tone, and with something like a tear in his eye, "You have learned your old text the right way now, Susie."

And Susie did not say no.

What do you say, dear reader?

THE LOCK OF HAIR.

"Do you see this lock of hair?" said an old man to me.

"Yes; but what of it? It is, I suppose, the curl from the head of a dear child long since gone to God."

"It is not. It is a lock of my own hair; and it is now nearly seventy years since it was cut from this head."

"But why do you prize a lock of your own hair so much?"

"It has a story belonging to it, and a strange one. I keep it thus with care, because it speaks to me more of God, and of his special care, than anything else I possess.

"I was a little child of four years old, with long curly locks, which, in sun, or rain, or wind, hung down my cheeks uncovered. One day my father went into the wood to cut up a log, and I went with him. I was standing a little way behind him, or rather at his side, watching with interest the strokes of the

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heavy axe, as it went up and came down upon the wood, sending off splinters with every stroke, in all directions. Some of the splinters fell at my feet, and I eagerly stooped to pick them up. In doing so I stumbled forward, and in a moment my curly head lay upon the log. I had fallen just at the moment when the axe was coming down with all its force. It was too late to stop the blow. Down came the axe. I screamed, and my father fell to the ground in terror. He could not stay the stroke, and, in the blindness which the sudden horror caused, he thought he had killed his boy. We soon recovered: I from my fright, and he from his terror. He caught me in his arms, and looked at me from head to foot, to find out the deadly wound which he was sure he had inflicted. Not a drop of blood nor a scar was to be seen. He knelt upon the grass, and gave thanks to a gracious God. Having done so, he took up his axe, and found a few hairs upon its edge. He turned to the log he had been splitting, and there was a single curl of his boy's hair, sharply cut through and laid upon the wood. How great the escape! It was as if an angel had turned aside the edge at the moment when it was descending on my head. With renewed thanks upon his lips he took up the curl and went home with me in his arms.

"That lock he kept all his days, as a memorial of God's care and love. That lock he left to me on his death-bed. I keep it with care. It tells me of my father's God and mine. It rebukes unbelief and alarm. It bids me trust him for ever. I have had many tokens of fatherly love in my threescore years and ten; but

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somehow this speaks most to my heart. It is the oldest, and perhaps the most striking. It used to speak to my father's heart; it now speaks to mine."

What say you, my dear young readers? Is not this an instance of delivering mercy on the part of our gracious God. And this God is the same kind Being who gave you life, and has watched over and cared for you until now. Do you love and put your trust in him? Look over your past lives, and think of the many times he has watched over you and delivered you in times of danger. When sick, and your parents thought you would die, he has spared your life and restored you to health; and in various other ways has he shown his love and care. Yes, his love is great, for he so loved the world as to give his only beloved Son to die, so that whosoever believed in him might not perish but have everlasting life. Children, love him with all your hearts, and in your youthful days devote your lives to his service. He alone has a right to it. Delay not to render it. Time is short; to-morrow may be *too late*.

HOW MY MAGAZINE IS MADE.

Do the young people who read this magazine from month to month sometimes wonder whose busy brain and hands produce so much that is good and instructive for their use? Although it is received with bright, thankful smiles, and read with eagerness, it is feared they are in danger of forgetting how much care and labour it costs to prepare it. They enjoy its pictures

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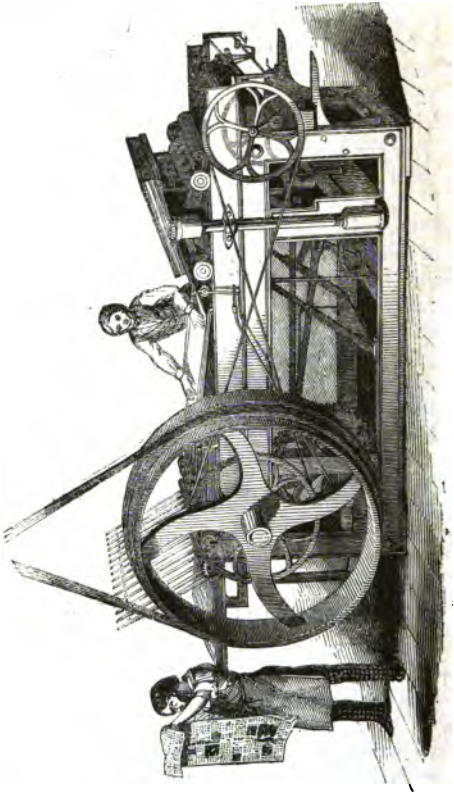

THE PRINTING MACHINE.

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and pages of reading, and then lay it aside, and then perhaps murmur that another number is not ready. So it is with many of the blessings of life, such as the grass of the meadow, the wild flowers of the wood, the fruit of the orchard, and the pure breezes of summer. They become such a "matter of course" with a healthful child who has never been debarred their enjoyment, that the source of so much good is apt to be forgotten.

Let us just see, for a few moments, how this monthly supply of food for mind and heart is prepared.

Even before the work of the *editors* commences, the *paper* must be manufactured and purchased. Then, many hours of busy thought are spent by the *writers* in thinking what to say, and how to say, that which will at the same time please and teach the young. When this is done, the editors send the "copy" or what has been written, to the printer. Soon the *type-setters* are picking up each little metal letter until all the "matter," or the copy put into type, is set, and arranged in pages. Then a mould of each of the pages is taken in plaster-of-paris, or in a kind of pulp; next liquid metal is poured into the mould, and a stereotype plate is thus formed. Another stage is to lay it on the printing machine, and the machine men and boys take their places. And rapidly go round the straps and wheels, and copy after copy, at the rate of 1000 in an hour, is printed.

Then men take the printed sheets, and pass them through a process of drying and pressing. When this is done, they are carried to the *folders*, who fold each sheet into the form of a little book, round which they stitch the printed yellow cover. Soon they pass to Pater-

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noster Row, from which place they are distributed all over the land. As each copy of the magazine is handled many times before it is completed, and as more than one hundred thousand copies are printed every month, you need not be told that many men, women, and boys are busy from morning till night *working for you.*

"But you have said nothing about the *pictures*," we hear a young reader say. We could fill many pages, should we tell you all about this matter. First, there is an artist, who sketches with a pencil the scene he wishes to give you, upon a block of box-wood, which wood is brought from a foreign country for the express purpose. Then an engraver sits hour after hour looking through a magnifying glass, and cutting out parts of the picture with a small instrument, until he has made it as perfect as he can, when it is ready for printing. These engravings cost a large sum of money.

All this work, and far more, which we have no time to tell you of, and which you could hardly understand, is spent in preparing this magazine for your hands. Forty years ago, and there was no such magazine, nor anything like to it, no not one, for young people. Forget not, then, when you read its instructions and enjoy its illustrations, to thank God for putting it into the hearts of men to give you such a great blessing. Remember, too, how many men, women, and boys are spending their time, talent, and bodily strength in trying to make you happy and good. Let the lesson taught be well heeded; "for unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required."

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LITTLE GIRLS IN SYRIA.

A LADY in Syria thus writes home to children.

My dear little Sisters,—We are now living in a mud house in a village, on Mount Lebanon, in Syria. The people here belong to the Greek church, and call themselves Christians, and say they love the Saviour.

Yet they do not really know the Saviour; they worship the virgin Mary, and St. George, and many other saints. The children are taught by the priests, that the virgin Mary can intercede with God, and so they pray to her. And when they go to sleep at night, they do not pray, "Our Father, which art in heaven," but they say: "Oh! virgin Mary, save me! Oh, mother of God, have mercy on me!"

The little girls in this land of Syria are not so happy as you are, for their fathers and mothers do not love them as they do their sons. When your little sister was born, did your mother weep and curse her; and did your father become very angry because God had sent a baby *daughter* to the family? No! Your mother took care of the tender child, and your father always gently kissed her and loved her. In this country, people wail and mourn if a little daughter is sent to them; but if a son be born they greatly rejoice. The little girls are very badly treated here. They are not taught to read; they are beaten and cursed by their parents and brothers, and made to carry burdens, and do many hard things. In a country where the people are true Christians, they do not despise women and girls. How much do we owe to the Gospel! Will you not do all you can to give the word of God to these poor Syrian girls?

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A PICTURE FROM THE GALLERY.

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THE PICTURE GALLERY.*

A PICTURE gallery is a room filled with paintings, which have cost large sums of money, and are preserved with great care. Perhaps you would like to visit such a place. Well, if you cannot do that at this time, we invite you to look into a little picture gallery of your own. You will find in it some pictures full of sunshine; though there may be others which are gloomy and dark, and which will only awaken sad thoughts in your mind.

Let us first look on one of a cheerful kind. It is evening, and the setting sun casts its golden light through a parlour window. In that room a little child is asleep in its cot. By the side is a mother, with her eyes fixed on her dear boy, and her hands clasped as if in prayer. Yes, she is praying that Jesus, the good Shepherd, would make her child one of his own dear lambs, and guard and guide him safely to heaven. As she looks on him, the warm tears fall on his face, and as he wakes he hears the soft words of his mother's prayer.

Have you seen such a picture as this? If you have, let it hang in the gallery. It is of more value than the best painting in the world. Keep it as long as life shall last. Never forget your mother's love.

A little girl is seated by her father's side in a garden. Sweet roses hang in clusters on the trees,

* From "LEAFLETS FOR THE YOUNG," just published by the Religious Tract Society.

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and lilies, honeysuckles, and other flowers bloom around. A flight of pigeons are making their way over the tall elm trees; and on the other side of the hedge some haymakers are going home after a long day's work. The little girl is reading her evening chapter from the Bible, and she has just come to the text, "Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another," (1 John iv. 11). With her mild blue eyes she looks at her father, and he speaks to her of the great love of God in forgiving, for Christ's sake, our many sins; and how ready we should be to show love to all, and to forgive them who may do us wrong. The little girl will now have a picture hung up in the gallery, from which she will never part. It will be the picture of a father teaching his child a lesson of love.

Let us now look at one of the dark pictures. The scene is a prison. A man sits in one of the cells, with chains of iron on his legs. Twenty years ago he went to the village school. A pious man was his teacher; but he cared not for the words of wisdom and truth he heard. The beginnings of evil were to rob a bird's nest, to play the truant, to break the sabbath; and soon he learned to curse, and swear, and thieve. Thus he went on from one sin to another, until he has come to end his days as a felon. As he sits in his dungeon, if he thinks at all, it is of the time when he was a boy in a happy village home, and a scholar in the sabbath school; and then he calls to mind the hour when he saw his mother die of a broken heart, caused by his unkind conduct and wicked life.

What a picture is this! There are many others like

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it, which we will not now look at. But do you know what such a picture gallery is called?

Its name is *Memory*. Every person, old and young, has one, and all are busy in filling it with pictures, bright and pleasant, or dark and dismal. What kind are you hanging up in it? Are you filling it with pictures of pleasant scenes, of loving deeds at home, and useful works abroad? Or are there only those of anger, strife, and wrong doing?

Would you have memory well filled, you must be a Christian. The Holy Spirit of Jesus will help you to fill it with thoughts and deeds of faith and duty. If you love Jesus, if you trust in him for pardon, and seek to walk in his steps, every day, we hope, will add a pleasant picture in the gallery of Memory. May yours be full of them, which you may not only look at in future years with pleasure, but even carry with you to a better world.

QUESTIONS ON THE PARABLES OF OUR LORD.

THE LABOURERS HIRED.

Matt. xx. 1—16.

1. WHAT is here meant by the kingdom of heaven?—Who is represented by "a householder?"—What is the vineyard here spoken of?

2. Who are denoted by the labourers in it?

3. What time of the day was this?—Was the market a resort for idlers, or labourers? *

* The word "idle" means *unemployed*.

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4. For what wages did these men agree?

5. How late was the ninth hour?

6. Were these at the market, or in the streets?—Is solicitude, or censure, implied here?

7. Did they offer a reason, or an excuse, in reply?—Did they accept, or decline the employ?

8. Who is a steward?—Why were the labourers called in this order?

9. What time of the day was the eleventh hour?—What was the value of a penny?

10. Why did these men expect more?

11. Who is meant by "the goodman of the house?"

12. Was this a charge of illiberality, or injustice?

13. Was it right, or wrong, to pay all alike?

14. Why did not the complainer reply?

15. To whom were these words addressed?—How do you answer the last question for him?—What is here meant by an "evil eye?"

16. What doctrine is taught in this parable?*—What is the difference between the *called* and *chosen?*

DO YOU LOVE THE BIBLE!

THE question is not, do you love to hear or read an interesting story? or do you love a pretty story book? but, do you love the best of all story books, the Bible?

* The parable seems designed to correct the error of the disciples, who supposed that they should occupy superior places in Christ's kingdom, as a *reward* for their attachment and fidelity (Matt. xix. 27), and to impress the idea, that heaven (their reward) *was of grace, not of debt*

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The Bible a story book, do you ask? Yes, it is indeed; some of the best stories are to be found in the Bible; and, what is better than all, they are *all true*. This cannot be said of other books; parts of the stories may be true, but the rest is not true.

Need you be reminded of some of the many true stories or histories to be found in the Bible? There is that wonderful account of Jacob's dream at Bethel, and his dream when he saw the ladder whose top reached to heaven. Joseph and his brethren is another deeply interesting account of God's kind and watchful care over those who put their trust in him. Then we may read about Moses; his birth, and how he was kept from being drowned; his adoption by the king's daughter; his interview with God at the burning bush; and his appointment as the leader of the Jews. Then there is the journey of the Jews through the wilderness, led by the pillar of cloud and fire; the parting of the Red Sea, and their passage through to the other side; with the many other events connected with this wonderful journey.

Besides these are the histories of Samuel, David, Samson, and of the rest of the Old Testament worthies, all of which are full of interest and instruction, which, if you have not already often prayerfully read, you would do well to do so at once.

But best of all there is that "Sweet Story of Old"—the sayings and doings of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, which most of you must have read many times; and it is to be hoped some of you are never tired of doing so, but love to hear of the Babe of Bethlehem, and do so because you love him as your Saviour, in

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whom you are trusting for salvation. May it be so with all the readers of "The Child's Companion." It will be so if you really and heartily love the Bible as the word of God—love it as the little girl did, referred to in the following true story.

In the year 1802, the Rev. Thomas Charles, of Bala, was walking in one of the streets in that town, when he met a child who attended his ministry. He inquired if she could repeat the text from which he had preached on the preceding Sunday. Instead of giving a prompt reply, as she had been accustomed to do, she remained silent. "Can you not tell me the text, my little girl?" repeated Mr. Charles. The child wept, but was still silent. At length she said, "The weather, sir, has been so bad that I could not get to read the Bible." This remark surprised the good man, and he exclaimed: "Could not get to read the Bible! how was that?" The reason was soon ascertained: there was no copy to which she could gain access, either at her own home or among her friends; and she was accustomed to travel every week *seven miles* over the hills, to a place where she could obtain a Welsh Bible, to read the chapter from which the minister took his text; but during that week the cold and stormy weather had prevented her usual journey. Surely the word of the Lord was precious in those days to this lamb of the Saviour's fold.

What say you now? Do you love the Bible like this little girl? You are not compelled to go seven miles to find a copy, but have it in your own house, and can read it as often as you wish. There were no cheap Bibles then, as the Bible Society was not formed; but

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this event helped to form it, and very soon afterwards Bibles were to be found in almost every part of Wales. I do hope, dear children, that you will not only read but study, and pray over the Bible, so that you may become wise unto salvation.

THE FOUR SEASONS.

"THE rolling year is full of Thee,"
Thou God of all eternity;
The fleeting seasons as they move
Speak wonders of thy matchless love.

Lovely are Spring's unfolding flowers,
Nor less so Summer's brighter hours;
Autumn's gay tints, and Winter's snow,
Are full of love's unbounded flow.

There is no day throughout the year,
But we can read thy presence here;
Around, above, where'er we look,
Nature is all a written book.

Oh, give us hearts to understand
The glories of thy gracious hand;
Teach us all duties to fulfil,
And give us grace to do thy will.

"When rolling years shall cease to move,"
Ransomed, dear Saviour, by thy love,
Oh may we, with the heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

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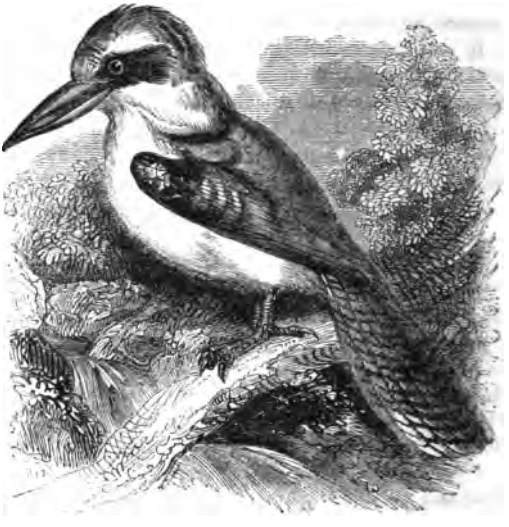

THE LAUGHING JACKASS.

THE laughing jackass is a bird of the same family as the kingfishers. Its feathers are very beautifully marked with brown and black, with a gloss of green. It is about a foot and a half in length.

This bird is a native of Australia, where its gurgling notes, *yah—yah—yah*, seem, according to some, like the laugh of the human voice, or, as others say, like the sound of a braying ass; so, between the two it has obtained its strange name. It begins in a low note,

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and rises until it makes the wood ring with its merry laughter or braying.

It is a great destroyer of small snakes and mice, which its strong bill enables it to kill in a moment. It is often caught, and confined in a cage, where it will sit sometimes very quietly, with its sharp eyes on the "look-out," and then break out on a sudden into its *yah—yah—yah.*

THE EMPTY WELL.

"Oh, Julia, I do so wish Thursday was come," said Fanny Colson to her sister, as they sat at work together; "I scarcely know what I am doing, my head is so full of the party: an open-air party must be delightful; see, I have hemmed this handkerchief on the wrong side. But, Julia, are not you very foolish to have refused Mrs. Evans' invitation?"

"I hope not, Fanny: you know mamma is not strong yet; and if we both went, she might be lonely, and that would make us unhappy even at the party. I shall try to be happy at home, and will be glad to think how much you are enjoying yourself." "There is no fear about that, Julia: of course I shall enjoy myself then; but really I cannot do so now, with longing that the day had come."

Thursday came, as all long-looked-for days come at length; and at an early hour Fanny drew back the little white curtain of her bed, expecting that the cheerful sun-beams would peep in and wish her good morning. Alas, what a dismal sight! the rain pattered on the roof, and ran down the window-panes in long melan-

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choly streams, while not even one little patch of blue sky bore the promise of fine weather by-and-by. Fanny gazed mournfully at the white frock and pink sash that lay near, all ready for use, then again at the clouds, and burst into tears. Her sobbing awoke Julia, and, starting up alarmed, she cried, "Dear Fanny, what is the matter?"

"How can you be so cruel as to ask me that question?" replied the weeping girl, pointing to the window; "I am determined to go at any rate, but the fun will all be spoiled." "Do not cry so, dear sister; you know it was God sent the rain, and we must not be angry at his will. Let us both pray that he would, for Christ's sake, put his love into our hearts, then we shall be happy on fine days and wet." "Who said I was angry, Julia? but I will not, cannot be happy, unless I go to the party."

Quite unexpectedly, a smart breeze sprang up an hour or two after breakfast, sweeping away all traces of the lowering tempest from the sky, as well as the tears from Fanny's cheeks. Things being so much improved, she got permission from her mamma to join the party at their neighbour's house, but was warned not to go in thin shoes, lest she might renew the cough which had been so troublesome last winter. It was hard to obey. Yes, she would wear those pretty brown slippers, as she had intended.

The day passed away merrily; a large *little* party can find amusement anywhere, and the kind hostess devoted her time to making her guests happy. But in Fanny's case she did not succeed. The little girl knew she had done wrong in disobeying her good

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mother; and, though she laughed as loudly as the other children, a weight of sin hung about her heart. Towards evening, too, she began to feel really ill; the damp grass had given her cold, and she reached home with aching head and trembling limbs.

Next morning she was suffering too much to conceal her illness, however anxious to disguise its cause; but, in reply to the doctor's inquiries, the truth came out, that Fanny had been foolish and disobedient.

Disease made rapid progress for some days, and during this time of anxiety, Julia was the most tender of nurses. What joy and gratitude filled the house when the invalid was pronounced out of danger, and, a week or two after, allowed to take her place again in the parlour by her mother's side. Fanny's strength had not yet returned; so, after trying to amuse herself first with one thing, then with another, she laid them all wearily by, and begged her mother to tell her a story, as she used long ago. Mrs. Colson, anxious to seize every opportunity of impressing Bible truth on her children, replied, "Yes, dear Fanny, with pleasure; I shall tell you a little story, and you can try to discover its meaning." "Oh, do, mamma, I like guessing." So, when Fanny had settled herself comfortably in an easy chair, and declared all ready, Mrs. Colson began:

"There was once a large company of travellers who set out early one morning to cross a long, hot, sandy desert. Some were young, and some old, some rich, and others poor. They all said that they were journeying to a beautiful land of rest, where they might repose under the shade of spreading trees, and drink the cool

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waters of an unfailing fountain. The little children danced along, saying, 'See, there it is; how near, how near!' But the old men shook their heads, and said, 'That country is still far, far away.' They had not travelled long, before the little ones became very thirsty, and darted eagerly forward to the side of a small lake, which in the distance had seemed so beautiful that they mistook it for the pure fountain of the happy land. Gaudy flowers grew near its banks, but the waters were muddy. The thirsty children, however, drank with delight, gathered bunches of bright flowers, and wove them into chaplets for their heads, while the men and women of the party smiled bitterly, as they cried, 'Poor foolish children, you will soon be more thirsty than ever; your flowers will fade before an hour has passed: we tasted those waters years ago, and know all about them.'

"The mid-day sun shone fiercely down; but still the young people pressed on with a light, firm step, anxious to quench their great thirst in the stream, which flowed so temptingly among those fruit-trees just beyond. They reached the spot, rushed madly into the shallow stream, which seemed rather to burn than to cool, and, shaking the ripe fruit from the branches, declared they would taste every kind that grew there. The old men looked grave and said, 'Mad young people, these waters never satisfy; we have drunk them ourselves, and those fruits are poisonous: do not touch them. Come on with us to yonder city, where riches and honour crown the traveller, and overflowing fountains quench his thirst.'

"Now and then the travellers were startled by a voice

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from above, which sounded sometimes sweetly, sometimes sternly, in their ears. While the little ones were gathering gaudy flowers by the muddy lake, they heard that voice gently whispering, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me.' 'Little children, keep yourselves from idols.' 'Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.' And many did hearken to, and follow the heavenly call. As the young people drew near the poisonous fruit and shallow stream, the same voice cried, 'Avoid it, pass not by it; turn from it, and pass away.' 'If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink.' A few flung down the untasted fruit, and, trampling it under their feet, joined those who had already left the company, in the up-hill path they had chosen. This road was narrow and steep, but kind voices encouraged them to climb on.

"The evening shades were falling, and many of the company pursued their weary journey across the desert, heedless of the warning voice that so mournfully asked, 'Why will ye die? Wherefore do ye spend your money for that which is not bread, and your labour for that which satisfieth not? Hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness.' They were all by this time faint and exhausted, their parched lips were black and blistered, their aching hearts were throbbing the life away; but the long-desired well was near. 'There it is at hand.' But see—round about its brink lie bleaching bones, sad relics of former travellers. It was reached at length;

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the foremost of the party uttered a shout of triumph, changed instantly to one of despair: 'The well, the well! Oh, empty, empty!' Not one drop of water was there to slake the raging thirst. 'Empty, empty!' passed from tongue to tongue, as the wretched multitude, flinging themselves around, peered into its slimy depths: 'Empty, empty!' as they groaned and died."

Fanny felt very sorry at the fate of these unhappy travellers, but did not quite understand the meaning of the story. Her mother took up a Testament that lay near and pointed to those words, "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him. For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world."

"Ah, I think I know it now, mamma," said Fanny, covering her face with both hands; "but is not it hard for little children to love things they do not see, better than things they can look at every day?" "Do you and Julia find it hard to love papa when he is away in a foreign land?" "Of course not, mamma, for we often look at his picture and the pretty presents he sends us, and then he writes you a letter frequently, and mentions our names in it; but, best of all, we shall soon see him again. How could we help loving our dear papa?"

"So it is with our Father in heaven, Fanny; we must study his likeness in the Bible, and read his letters there; be thankful for his daily mercies, and value above all 'his unspeakable gift,' even the Saviour, who gave his life to save ours. And if this great love gets into our heart, it will enable us to conquer those

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strong temptations which overcome all who have not felt it."

A SPIDER LESSON.

We always think of spiders with webs; but all spiders do not make webs. There are the trap-door spiders, for instance, which are found in the south of Europe and the West Indies. What do they do? The female digs a hole in the earth, about six inches deep and one inch across, and lines it with silk of her own weaving; at the hole's mouth she makes a round door, fastened at the rim of the hole by a silk hinge. The spider opens the door, but the door shuts itself. This trap-door is full of very small holes, which nevertheless light and air the spider's home, for it generally lives at home, going abroad only to hunt and bringing back the spoil to dine on at its leisure or convenience.

There is another little spider sometimes found in our ponds and rivers, which makes quite another sort of home. It lives in a little diving-bell under the water, which it builds very curiously. How? It comes to the top of the water, gets a bubble of air, and carries it down to the stalk of a plant below; having safely secured it, it mounts up for another and another and another, until there are air-bubbles enough to live in. Over these it weaves a covering in the form of a diving-bell, tight at the top and open below; and here this little water-spider sits and dives at the water-mites which swim around her cabin-door. "And God taught those spiders," said Jane; "oh, mother, what an excellent teacher God is!"

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THE VIOLET.

When April's warmth unlocks the clod,
Softened by gentle showers,
The violet pierces through the sod,
And blossoms, first of flowers;
So may I give my heart to God
In childhood's early hours.

Some plants, in gardens only found,
Are raised with pains and care;
God scatters violets all around,
They blossom everywhere;
Thus may my love to *all* abound,
And all my fragrance share.

Some scentless flowers stand straight and high,
As signs of haughtiness;
But violets perfume land and sky,
Although they promise less.
Let me, with all humility,
Do more than I profess.

Sweet flower, be thou a type to me
Of blameless joy and mirth,
Of widely scattered sympathy
Embracing all God's earth,
Of early blooming piety,
And unpretending worth.

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BIBLE LESSONS.

CHAPTER I.—THE VALUE OF THE WORD OF GOD.

It was little Harriet Benson's eighth birthday. She received several presents from her friends on this occasion, and one of them, who was at a distance, sent

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her a shilling's worth of stamps, with a request that her mother would change them for her, and purchase any book of that price she thought proper, at the Bible and tract shop of the town where she lived. This shop stood in a street where Harriet often walked, and gazed on the little books and pretty cards that adorned the windows. Some of them were like what she already had, for she could read quite well, and began to feel that it was time for her to think of some better employment than play.

She had saved her pocket-money towards buying herself a Bible, and now her mother decided that her new shilling would just make up three shillings and sixpence, which would pay for one with marginal references. This would be useful at the day-school, where she was taught; for her governess, Miss Stone, was in the habit of giving out to the scholars a question written on paper, which was to be studied by them every Sunday, during the hours of public worship, and answered by some texts of Scripture, which they were to write out, and bring to school with them on Monday mornings. This was not very easy to the younger ones, but they were allowed sometimes to ask the help of their friends, and Harriet thought she should like to try among her companions, who were all older than herself. I need not say that there were still better reasons for choosing a Bible; that is *the Book*, the best Book, the Scriptures, which Christ commands us to search (John v. 39), and which are able to make us wise unto salvation (2 Tim. iii. 15), and should be daily meditated upon, as the food of our souls: telling us of Him who is the true bread which

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came from heaven, that giveth life unto the world (John vi).

So the new Bible was bought; and though Harriet knew not the full value of her treasure, she was very much pleased with it, and took it to school and showed it to her playfellows. Some of them had laughed at her for never spending her money upon toys, and others wasted every penny they received in sweetmeats, which were soon gone without any one being the better for them; but all now agreed she had done right, and perhaps Harriet would have felt a little proud if she had not been reminded that she knew very little of her new book, and that it was useless to have one until she understood something of its contents. This made her anxious to learn. Those who have a teachable spirit are not apt to think themselves better than others, which is unbecoming in all, but especially in the young, who are most in need of help. Harriet had a Testament before—for in these days one with good print may be bought for *fourpence*—and she had learned some of it by heart, especially the first Epistle of John. She looked there for her answer to the question which was given out at school the next Saturday. The question was this: "What is the *state* of the world without the word of God?"

It was not only once a week that the Bible was read at Miss Stone's school. Besides the weekly subject for the children, she read a portion daily aloud to them, and explained to them, with the help of other books, any allusions to Eastern scenes and customs, and any words which they might not at first understand. Those, therefore, who were under her care

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some time, made great progress in this as well as in other learning of a temporal nature. Still she felt she could not give them the one thing needful, the teaching of God the Holy Spirit, and therefore her instructions always began and ended with prayer for a blessing upon all their studies, that they might be trained in the right way, and never depart from it. Monday morning came, and Harriet again appeared with her new book, which she had used at the house of God the day before, and found the morning text—Psalm cxix. 130. She had never before noticed that beautiful psalm, which she now observed was longer than the whole of the first Epistle of John, and she thought she should like to have that for a lesson at some future time. She did not fully understand the explanation given of the verse, that "light" is the Scripture emblem of knowledge, holiness, and truth, but several of her companions did, and spoke of the sermon when the time came for their Bible lesson.

When Miss Stone repeated the question, "What is the state of the world without the word of God?" Ellen, the eldest of her scholars, replied by turning to Psalm lxxiv. 20: "The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty."

Miss S. This refers to the heathen lands, which you know are shaded *dark* in the missionary map of the world, to contrast them with those on which the gospel light has dawned. There was another verse you heard quoted yesterday morning.

Anna. "The darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people: but the Lord shall arise upon thee." (Isaiah lx. 2.)

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Miss Stone then referred to some of the cruel practices of the heathen nations, of which so many instances have been lately given in India and other parts of the East. She asked: "Why were the Jews different from other nations?"

Charlotte. Because they had the Bible.

Miss S. Look at Psalm cxlvii. 19, 20: "He sheweth his word unto Jacob, his statutes and his judgments unto Israel. He hath not dealt so with any nation: and as for his judgments, they have not known them." There is a great deal like that in Deut. iv. And yet how apt they were to mingle with the heathen and learn their works. For this reason they were punished by the captivity in Babylon, after which they never, as a nation, worshipped idols. Have any of you found texts about idolatry?

Several of the elder girls referred to Deut. xii. 30, 31, Isaiah xl. 18—20, and xliv. 10—20. The latter verses, as their teacher said, belonged to a passage that seemed intended exactly to correct the religion of the Persians, whose prince, Cyrus, is mentioned by name. Another then read Jer. vii. 18, and x. 11. The last verse, Miss Stone observed, was written in the Chaldee or Babylonian language, in the old Hebrew Bibles, as if to show that the word of God should be spoken to all in their own language. She then asked for some references from the New Testament.

Mary turned to the latter part of Romans i. and added, "That was the chapter to which a good man used to refer, when his schoolboys had lessons from the books of the heathen writers. He would say: 'Let us see how the word of God speaks of these things.'"

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Julia turned to 1 Cor. vi. 11: "And such were some of you: but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God.'"

Alice had found Eph. ii. 1: "And you hath he quickened who were dead in trespasses and sins." She also referred to verses 11, 12, and her teacher made a few remarks on the state of the world, and especially our own country, at the time when the apostle wrote, adding, "But I think Harriet must be tired. I wonder what verse she has been able to find."

Harriet. 1 John v. 19: "And we know that we are of God, and the whole world lieth in wickedness."

Miss S. Very well. That is a very solemn text. The world *lieth*, that is, is contented to remain in sin. Indeed, two-thirds of the millions which inhabit our globe are still in a state of heathenism. Among those called Christians, how many neglect, while some are even forbidden to read the Book of truth! I have known English children from India who were ignorant that God made them, and all things around them, though they had learned much evil and many falsehoods from the native servants who had taken care of them. But we must close. I hope we shall all be able to attend the meeting of the Bible Society next week, when we shall hear something of what has been done to spread this word abroad and at home. We will take for our subject next week, "The spread of the gospel," or the change which God has promised shall take place in the condition of the world.

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MISSIONARY ANECDOTES.

LOVE OF THE WORD OF GOD IN INDIA.

One of the children (in the schools of the Church Missionary Society), a boy of seven years of age, came to me early one morning, with four eggs in his hand. I was about to purchase them from him, when he said, "No, I have been saving them for a copy of St. John's Gospel." I was very much surprised and pleased, and gave him what he wanted for half the price, this being my custom, to dispose of the books that they may value them.

Another boy, about twelve years old, came to school. The next day he came up with one anna (a small coin) to me for St. John's Gospel; he also being a poor boy, I inquired how he got the money. He told me that yesterday he asked leave at twelve o'clock, that he might go where many are employed to clean wool. He went for half a day, and got his money to purchase the book.

Another boy in the school, thirteen years of age, a bright youth, has shown a great desire to acquaint himself with the Scriptures, and whenever an opportunity has been afforded he has bought copies of the New Testament from me, and religious tracts, to give to his countrymen. This is great encouragement for me to go on with my work.

I wish, also, to state that Mohammedan women, who used before to avoid having any religious conversation, now call in numbers, and earnestly beg of me to explain to them the New Testament.—*Church Missionary Record.*

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THE SAILOR BOY.

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THE HOME OF THE SAILOR-BOY.

THE "St. Kilda" had just been paid down, as you might guess from the shouting and cheering of the sailors, who, crowding both the train and the steamer, were setting off on long leave.

I wonder who likes a holiday better than a sailor does? Off dashed the train inland, and away paddled the steamer on her journey up the river; and you may be sure there was a cheer and a waving of caps, as she passed the "St. Kilda," "Joy to the homeward-bound."

There were several of their shipmates watching the departure, and among them a boy named Warren: a boy who never went on leave, never received a letter, and never wrote one. So another boy who was standing beside him while the steamer passed, asked, "How is it you never go home?" I do not know what was the answer, but the other boy asked again, "Where is your father?"

"Dead, long ago," replied Warren, "and I've got no home." It was rather a hard thing, poor fellow, to have no father, no home, perhaps no friend in the wide world to care for him; and so he thought at the moment, and he felt a little sad; but when the evening came, and the boys were amusing themselves, he was playing about the tops as merrily as the rest, and seemed merry and light-hearted enough, for all he had no home and no friend. But after gunfire, when lights were out and Warren was dreaming in his hammock, he fancied himself where he had not been for a very long time—in a room he had not seen since he

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was a tiny child; and he dreamed he was kneeling beside his mother's knee, learning to say "Our Father." He remembered the very pattern of the gown upon which his hands were resting; and those same hands were so small and soft and white—could they ever have belonged to him? for his were quite brown and hard now. While he was dreaming, he started and awoke suddenly at the sound of the daybreak gun.

Day came, and with it came plenty to do; and in his work the sailor-boy forgot his dream of home.

When next the church flag was flying, and many voices together were joined in the prayers, the boy Warren's voice with the rest said, "Our Father which art in heaven." But I thought he said he had no father—no home. Ah, but he made a great mistake: as long as there is a God, no one need be fatherless: as long as there is a heaven, no one need be without a home. The storm is ruled, and the sea-bird that flies about our ship is guided by the God who "sitteth King upon the water-flood;" and the sailor-lad may be a King's son.

Who was it that said to the sailors of Galilee "When ye pray, say, Our Father which art in heaven?" Who was it that, keeping the night-watch upon those hills, saw those sailors toiling in rowing in the storm, and went and helped them? In your temptations—and they are very many; in your hardships—and they are not few; that same good eye is upon *you*, that same kind voice is bidding you look homewards and say "Our Father."

Think of this when you are going to do some unworthy thing; remember that in the home of the King

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your Father is never heard an oath or a lie, and that God expects better things of his sailor-boy.

There is in the Bible a beautiful story spoken by Jesus Christ, of a son who asked his father for a share of his possessions, and, directly going away, wasted all until he became a beggar; and when food grew scarce, he, the rich man's son, was starving and glad to do the humblest work that he might earn a morsel of food. Then, in the midst of the misery he had brought upon himself, he thought of the good father whom he had used so ill; and he made up his mind to try and see if he would have anything to say to him again. He said that he would confess he had behaved badly, and that he did not deserve to be counted any more a son.

You often, perhaps, repeat his words: "I will arise and go to my Father; and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son;" so he turned away from the land where he had known so much sin and sorrow, and went towards the dear old home where he had known so much happiness and peace; and he thought that if he might be let in again there, only as a servant, he would be only too thankful. And on he went, weary, and hungry, and broken-hearted; hoping that from the only one he had to look to, he might not be turned away.

Long before he got near his home, his father saw him—perhaps he may have been in the habit of looking along that road in case the wanderer might be coming; and so it was his father saw him, and in a moment knew him, and, running to meet him, kissed him, say-

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ing, "My son." There was no word of reproach; and he took back his child with a glad and loving welcome.

And so does *your* Father, my boys; your Father and mine. Bitterly we grieve him, and far away do we wander from him, in thought, and word, and act; but if ever you or I turn away from what is wrong, and make one step towards him, saying, like the wandering son, "I have sinned," be sure he will be watching for us, and will meet us before we get half way.

Remember always—remember when you go wrong, that you cannot stray so far from him that he will not meet you if you turn to him. The Bible says, "Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you." When Jesus spoke the parable, or story, you have just heard, he was, as you know, on earth, looking for God's wandering children, and inviting them to go to their Father; and for God's poor wandering children he laid down his life, and shed his precious blood to take away sin, and for his sake God forgives sinners, and opens his home to those who have gone astray.

Now will you think of this? You know God is not to be thought of only on Sunday, and then forgotten for six days until Sunday comes again: it is not so that he serves you and me.

When you have a pleasure, thank him, for he sends it; when you have a trouble, tell him, for he can help you; and when thus you pray, say, "Our Father," and remember that as your Father is in heaven so heaven is your home.

The steamer and the train, I said just now, took many away to their homes; but on earth there is no

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home that never sees sorrow. In heaven there is; and grander and brighter and happier than the palace of our queen, is that home of the sailor-boy.

WILL YOU GIVE YOUR HEART TO JESUS?

THIS is a question for you. Will you answer it? Attend to a few words which may help you to do so.

The word "heart" is often used to signify the powers and affections of the soul, as love, hope, joy, and trust. So that you are asked, will you give the affections of your soul to Jesus?

If you give your heart to him, you will think much of him; you will think highly of him; you will love him; you will trust in him; you will rejoice in him; you will take pleasure in thinking of what he is as the Saviour of sinners; of what he has done for you in dying on the cross. If your heart be given, your life will be given to him also. You will try to obey him in all you do, and live to honour him all your days.

Give your heart *deliberately;* that is, with thought and care. When men are about to do a great work, as the making of a railway, or the building of a ship, or a palace, they have many thoughts about it. Now, the giving the heart to Jesus is the greatest of all works, and you should be very serious and thoughtful in what you do.

Give it *cheerfully.* He loves "a cheerful giver," (2 Cor. ix. 7.) It is the best thing you can ever do. It will not take from you any comfort, nor will

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you lose anything worth having. Indeed you will receive many and great blessings in return.

Give it *humbly*. The King of kings, the Lord of angels, the God of heaven and earth, is pleased to say, "Give me thine heart," Prov. xxiii. 26. He asks for that which cannot make him richer or greater than he is. He seems to ask it as a favour of a child; and yet it is only a sinful heart that can be given. With what humility, then, should we say, "Lord Jesus, I will give you my heart." And when it is thus given, you will not be ashamed of his name, or of your young companions, seeing that you have become a disciple of Jesus.

Give it *wholly*. Not half of your heart—not part of your love—half of your trust; but a whole heart, an undivided heart.

Give it in *faith*. You must commit yourself to his power and grace to save and bless you. Like a little boy who awoke at night and found the house on fire. He saw no way of escape, except he threw himself from the window. But there, down below, stood his father, with open arms. "My dear child, cast yourself into my arms, and I will save you." The boy knew that his father loved him, that he was a strong man, and that he was waiting to save him. In a moment he threw himself down, was safely caught, and carried away to a place of safety. He had faith in his father.

Give it *without delay*. Do not linger or put it off till you are older; there never will be a better time than now. If you wished to give a bunch of flowers to any one you loved, would you hold it back till the

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flowers had quite faded before you gave it? No; while the flowers were in their bloom and sweetness you would offer your gift. So give your heart to Jesus to-day.

Why should you give your heart to Jesus? Because it is very pleasing and acceptable to him. It is the best thing you have to give, and better to him than the offering of silver and gold. The loving heart of a child is of more value in his eyes than all the riches of the world.

If you give him your young heart, he will renew and cleanse it. By nature it is corrupt and sinful; he can make it loving, and gentle, and obedient. A hard heart can be made soft by his grace. A barren heart can be made fruitful. Also, if you give it to him, he can make it happy. Your sins he will take away; he will save you now, and at last will say, "Come, sit with me on my throne, and live with me for ever."

Oh, seek for the help of the Holy Spirit, that you may give your heart to a loving Saviour. Offer it to him, and he will come forth to meet you, and receive that which you in faith present to him.—*From "Leaflets for the Young," just published by the Religious Tract Society, price 6d. per packet.*

THY Holy Spirit, Lord, impart;
Impress thy likeness on my heart.
May I obey thy truth in love,
Till raised to dwell with thee above.

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JOHN BUNYAN AND HIS BLIND GIRL.

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THE GREAT DREAMER.

MANY of the readers of the "Child's Companion" have read the "Pilgrim's Progress," and many others have heard of that delightful story. Perhaps they would now like to hear about the man that wrote it two hundred years ago. If they have read the wonderful dream, they will enjoy a peep at the dreamer; and if not, this peep at John Bunyan may make them wish to learn more about his pilgrim's long rough journey, with its happy end.

Three years after Charles I. came to the British throne, John Bunyan was born at Elstow, a village in Bedfordshire. His parents were poor, and, with a very scanty education, he grew up a great boy, with broad forehead and piercing eye, ever foremost in the rude games of those times, but foremost too in many sins, which caused him much alarm and sorrow in his after life. For the present pleasure of sin is not more certain than the pain that follows hard after.

As he grew older he learned his father's trade, that of a tinker, and travelled up and down the country with his tools on his back, ready to do a job of work for any one who had broken things to mend and a few pence to pay. But when Bunyan was about seventeen years of age he entered the army, for at that time all England was in arms, though not against a foreign foe; and that saddest of wars, civil war, was laying the land bare and raising the heart and hand of brother against brother. He was chosen to serve at the siege of Leicester; but when just ready to march for that town,

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a comrade offered to go instead, and, having taken the place which John Bunyan should have occupied as sentinel among the besiegers, the poor fellow was killed by a musket-shot in the head. But this providence did not awaken John's soul; he still went on in sin. For some time he remained in the army, having in the meantime married a young woman, who, though very poor like himself, was much better in other respects; and whose only fortune, two good books which her father had given her on his death-bed, proved more useful than many a larger marriage portion might have been. These books were read over and over again; and, though John Bunyan still loved to do wrong, the voice of conscience often disturbed him, and sometimes spoke so loudly that he would stop and look up to know if such words as these were really coming from the sky, "Wilt thou *leave* thy sins and go to heaven, or *have* thy sins and go to hell?"

Once more he wandered as a tinker through the streets of Bedford; and, as he sauntered slowly along one day, in a very unhappy state of mind, he overheard three or four women talking while sitting at a doorway. They were talking about Jesus, about his great love in coming to die for poor sinners like them; and Bunyan heard from their lips the good news, that if we believe on him with all our heart, God will forgive us for his sake, and, what is more, treat us as his children and make us holy by his own Spirit. This unexpected message of grace sank down in the soul of the poor tinker, and, though Satan tempted him sadly by whispering, "Leave off seeking to be saved; return to your old ways," the golden chain of heavenly truth

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and love was too strong to be broken even by the tempter's art, and, as link after link fastened itself round his heart, John Bunyan learned, as he tells us himself, to read the Bible with "new eyes," and became a better and happier man. One evening when the day's toil was ended, the footsore wanderer strayed into a humble meeting where a good pastor was explaining to his flock a verse from God's own word, which told of Christ's love to those he has redeemed. Two simple words fixed themselves in Bunyan's mind, "my love;" and for many days after, as he pondered over the thought that Jesus really loved him, he could not restrain his joy from bursting out into a song. Some time afterwards he was urged to go and tell others about God's message of love, and the people of Bedford flocked by hundreds to hear him. He was now twenty-eight years old, and for five years he laboured night and day to do good to his fellow countrymen by pointing out to them the way to be saved.

One winter's evening the fire blazed brightly in a farmer's large, comfortable kitchen; one neighbour after another dropped in until the room was crowded, for they expected John Bunyan to be there. But when he arrived, the farmer's face grew sad as he told him he had heard that if they held any more meetings, the constable and his men might perhaps take him away to prison, because very severe laws had been lately passed against those who thus joined together to worship God. But John Bunyan was no coward; he began his sermon, and before it was finished, the constable appeared with a warrant or written order for his arrest; and, scarcely allowing the humble friends to have a

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parting word, he hurried off their beloved teacher to Bedford jail.

This prison stood on the old bridge that spanned the river Ouse, and like other prisons of the time had stone walls, iron bars, and narrow, cold, damp, comfortless cells. For twelve years one of these cells was John Bunyan's home; here he wrote his "Pilgrim's Progress." During those long years his brave wife made many efforts for his release, and several times he was brought into court and pleaded his cause before the judges: still no liberty came. But though they might fetter his hands or feet, they could not chain his mind, and, free as the lark, it rose heavenward in sunshine and in song.

Now let us walk softly to the door of his cell and look in. That is Bunyan sitting at the table near the grated window, and the little girl by his side is his daughter; but she does not see the prison bars, nor miss the bright daylight that shines outside, for she is blind. Look, he is making tagged laces, and when several dozen are finished, he will send them to his wife that she may sell them to be able to buy bread for herself and their four children. Or perhaps his jailer, who is very kind, will allow him to breathe the air at the prison door, where, still firmly chained, he may stand with his loved little one asking the passers-by to make a purchase.

How dark it grows! the day's work is done, the blind girl must go home for the night; but look, before she sets out, her father puts his arms round her and they both kneel in prayer; then with a parting kiss he sends her by the rough hands of the jailer to her mother.

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Now it is quite dark; Bunyan is quite alone. A rude lamp glimmers on the little table, and two books keep each other company in the corner, while one more lies open before him. The open book is the Bible, the closed ones are a Concordance and Stories of the Martyrs. The prisoner has pen and ink, and paper too. How happy he looks! he writes, he smiles, he claps his hands and looks upwards; he has forgotten the prison cell; he is writing your "Pilgrim's Progress."

On the 17th of May, 1672, John Bunyan left Bedford jail, for the king had granted his release. With great joy the people hurried to hear him preach once more. He was chosen pastor of a congregation in Bedford, and passed the next sixteen years there or in London, labouring earnestly and lovingly in the cause of the Saviour he loved; sometimes preaching, sometimes writing one of his many books, but always working for Christ. Though the brave workman did not complain of fatigue, rest was near. In the autumn of 1688 he left home on an errand of love, and after it was done he was about to return, when he was seized by fever, and, after a few days' illness, died in London.

What has made the difference between the swearing tinker boy of Elstow, and the bright spirit of Bunyan before the throne in heaven? The love of God the Father, the grace of God the Son, and the fellowship of God the Holy Ghost.

WHENEVER God gives us an opportunity of being useful to others, he expects we should improve it according to our capacity and ability.

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QUESTIONS ON THE PARABLES OF OUR LORD.

FORGIVENESS TAUGHT IN A PARABLE.

Matt. xviii. 23—35.

23. WHAT is here meant by the kingdom of heaven?—Who are called the king's servants?

24. Did this debtor come voluntarily, or involuntarily?—How much did he owe in our money?

25. Was he unable, or unwilling to pay?—What law or custom is referred to? Lev. xxv. 39—46.

26. Why did the servants assume this posture?—What is meant by "worshipped him?"—Was forbearance, or remission, sought for?

27. What moved the compassion of the king?—Is a reprieve, or pardon here expressed?*

28. How much was this debt?—What disposition was here exhibited?—Was this a common, or unusual instance?

29. How does this request differ from the other? 26.

30. What law or custom was this? v. 25.

31. Why were the fellow-servants sorry?

32. What great rule had this servant violated?—What other obligation had he broken? Matt. v. 7.

33. To what principle is this appeal made?

34. What excited the king's displeasure?—Who

* The original word in this and in the 32nd verse, rendered "forgave," is variously used in the New Testament, according to its connection with other words. In this connection, it may be translated *suspended*, which renders the parable consistent with itself. The request of the debtor was forbearance merely; and this it seems, by the 32nd verse, was the thing granted.

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were the tormentors?—Had this debt been suspended, or extinguished?

35. To whom was Jesus speaking?—In what does this forgiveness consist?—To whom belongs the redress of injuries? Rom. xii. 19.

SEEK THE LORD.

My son, know thou the Lord,
Thy father's God obey;
Seek his protecting care by night,
His guardian hand by day.

Call while he may be found,
And seek him while he's near;
Serve him with all thy heart and mind,
And worship him with fear.

If thou wilt seek his face,
His ear will hear thy cry;
Then shalt thou find his mercy sure,
His grace for ever nigh.

But if thou leave thy God,
Nor choose the path to heaven,
Then shalt thou perish in thy sins,
And never be forgiven.

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MOSES AND THE TABLES.

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THE TABLES OF STONE.

"THESE words the Lord spake in the mount out of the midst of the fire, of the cloud, and of the thick darkness, with a great voice; and he added no more: and he wrote them on two tables of stone."

These words are called the ten commandments, given to Moses on mount Sinai, and which were written by God himself on two tables or tablets of stone. See what the Lord charged upon his people. "And these words which I command thee this day shall be in thy heart; and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and thou shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thy house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up."

From the very first, the religion of the Bible is a *home religion*. It not only is an out-door religion; it not only addresses itself to the ministers and men and women, but it is a religion for the children. It not only concerns itself about the idolatries of India, and wickedness in high places, but it loves to walk with us by the way, and drop its heavenly blessings upon all the commonest doings of our household.

And in order for it to dwell in our homes, it must be first in our hearts. God well knew that when he said, "Let these words be *in thy heart:*" unless children have a *heart* to mind their parents, and to love God, they will not love to think about him, or talk of his goodness; for children cannot long pretend to what they do not really possess.

Oh, it is so sweet to have God's rule in our family, and God's love in our hearts! "*This* is the love of

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God, that we keep his commandments." And his commands are not grievous, but in keeping them there is great reward.

THE CRUSHED CASKET.

Miss Lilly was in trouble. An accident had befallen her jewel case. It was broken, and the owner was in deep sorrow. She wept, she blamed her servant, she found fault with everybody. In vain her mother promised to buy another, and in vain her father pointed out the folly of making such a to-do about a trifling box, when the jewels it contained were uninjured. Miss Lilly loved the casket, and over its fragments she shed tears. I was a visitor at her father's house at the time, and, on a hint from him, I took the affair in hand, in the hope of turning the young lady's grief from what she considered the greatest trial of life that had visited her.

"Come, Miss Lilly," I said, "sit down by my side; dry those tears which you are shedding over a little box which can soon be replaced by a better, and I will tell you a story about a crushed casket, which I saw the other day. It is a true story, every word of it; you may rely on that. Your father knows all about it as well as myself, although perhaps you may not have heard him speak of it."

"Of course it is true," she said, trying to forget her grief, "or you would not tell it me; but a story about another broken casket will not mend mine, will it?"

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"No, it will not; but it may do you good for all that. So will you listen?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, the owner of the casket I speak of was ten years old at the time of the accident, just two years younger than you are at present, and as it is seven years ago, of course she is now seventeen. She was out trundling her hoop, and, falling on the kerb-stone, one of her legs was broken. A gentleman passing at the moment saw her falling and quickly lifted her up, but, poor dear, she could not walk. A cab was called, she was brought home, and a surgeon was sent for without delay; he set the bone, and everything that human skill could do was done. It was found, however, after many days, that though the bone was set and the leg likely to be restored to its former use, the spine of the back was also badly injured.

"You may be sure that Miss Elwyn's parents were in great distress about their dear child. More aid was sought; but, after many months of great suffering, it was found that the case was hopeless. The disease would not yield to human skill, and though seven long years have passed since the accident happened, dear Miss Elwyn has never stood upright since, and never will again so long as she lives in the world. She lies constantly on her back, and can do nothing for herself by way of moving her body, although her busy hands are seldom unemployed.

"Her father had a little couch on wheels made for her, on which she lies while her nurse takes her out on fine days to breathe the fresh air; and he had a pew formed for her in church, on which she lies on Sundays

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looking up to the minister as he preaches the glorious gospel of Christ."

"Poor thing!" said Miss Lilly, with a tear in her eye, "how very sad! I am truly sorry for her."

"Well, that is right; you should be sorry for the afflicted. The apostle says, 'Remember them that are in bonds, as bound with them, and them who suffer adversity, as being yourselves also in the body;' but Miss Elwyn herself does not think the matter sad at all. She mourned over the crushed casket for a long time, but one day through the rent she saw a sparkling gem of great value, of which she scarcely knew before; and now, would you believe it? she actually thanks God for the injury which was done to the casket, although she knows it can never be repaired in this world; and though her father is a rich man, all the wealth he has cannot buy another."

My young listener looked at her parents and then at me, not knowing what to make of all this.

"Oh, sir!" she suddenly cried, "you are surely speaking a riddle. You have not told me a story about a broken casket, as you promised."

"Indeed, I think I have. Was not Miss Elwyn's body a casket? and is not her soul a very precious jewel? Her severe trial was blessed by the Holy Spirit as the means of opening her eyes to the value of this jewel, and now she loves Jesus with all her heart, and is one of the happiest creatures I ever knew."

"Is she really happy?"

"Happy, my child! she truly is so. She sings nearly all day long, while she makes garments or

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knits with her busy needles warm and useful articles for the poor. On two evenings every week she has a Bible class of young people. They come into her room, and attend to what she says, and go away again so noiselessly, for they all love her, and greatly prize her instructions. Besides all this, she reads a great deal, especially in the Bible, in which she takes great delight. Then she remembers the sermons wonderfully well, and talks over them with her brothers and sisters. No one can doubt for a moment that she is a true child of God, a happy disciple of the Lord Jesus.

"In a Sunday School and a District Visiting Society she takes a deep interest, selecting books for the former and tracts for the latter, and making herself useful in a great number of ways. At her request, too, the committees of these institutions often meet in her room, when she seems so happy to hear of their progress, and to aid them with any hints for their better working that may occur to her. But that which gives her the *highest* pleasure of all is to hear of the conversion of any sinner to God. Her heart swells and her eye sparkles with joy when told that a soul has been saved."

"Does she suffer much pain?" asked Miss Lilly.

"At times she suffers severely."

"Does she not fret and feel unhappy, then, sir?"

"No. At such times, if she is unable to hold the Bible herself, she asks some one to read about the sufferings of her Saviour, either in the twenty-second Psalm, the fifty-third of Isaiah, or at the close of the Gospels. But, indeed, it is hardly necessary to read to her, for she has committed to memory all these

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passages, and very many more. As to fretting or even feeling impatient, she would think it a great sin, as indeed it is in any one; for we are all constantly receiving mercies at the hand of God, from whom we deserve nothing but anger on account of our sins. And not only have we many mercies from him, but he has also given us Christ, a glorious Saviour, the greatest and best gift of all; and if we believe in him, and love and serve him, we cannot but be happy."

I FORGOT.

"I FORGOT," says Freddy Osborne, when he is called up to recite his geography, "I forgot my book;" so he misses his lesson, and, besides the disgrace of going "down in the class," he loses much instruction, and discourages his teacher.

When his sick sister asks him to call, on his way to school, and invite her cousin Emma to come and sit with her the next day while her mother is away from home, Freddy says, "I will." The next day comes, and, relying on Freddy's promise, Mrs. Osborne goes out, and little Julia spends the day alone, watching and weary, with nothing to amuse her, and by the time her mother returns has cried herself sick with lonesomeness; and all because Freddy forgot.

Freddy's grandmother is very fond of him. She knits his stockings, tells him stories, nurses him when he is ill, and is a second mother in every respect. She has always been well, and seldom required care. Last winter she broke her leg on the ice, and now she sits

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helpless and inactive, except as she hobbles about upon crutches. One day her crutches needed repairing, and so Freddy was told to leave them at the cabinet-maker's, and to call without fail at noon and get them. But noon passed, night came, and school was dismissed, and Freddy went off skating with the boys; and when he rushed in at tea time, full of rosy health, just tired and hungry enough for comfort, and saw his grandmother looking so pale, weary, and sad, then he thought for the first time of his neglected duty; but the cabinet-maker's shop was closed, and grandmother had to wait another night. It was well that Freddy's father had strong arms and a loving heart, and could lift his aged mother and lay her gently on the bed; and that he remembered to go before she was up the next morning and bring the crutches, and put them by her bedside. It seems almost cruel to blame Freddy when he rushes in from play, so full of kindness and sweet temper, and seems so sorry that he has *forgot*. Yet it is a sad fault, and a great evil, which, unless cured, will make him an affliction rather than a blessing to his friends.

I read a short time since of a loss of life on a railroad. A man was told to deliver a telegraphic message to the engineer, to inform him of an approaching train. The man *forgot;* the train rushed on, and terror and death followed. Ah, vain excuse! miserable consolation to that thoughtless man, as he looks upon the shattered cars and miserable state of the passengers, to be able only to plead—*I forgot.*

Well is it for us that God never forgets, else how fearful might be our case. Children, do not learn to

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say, *I forgot;* you have no right to forget, when your daily bread, your life, your health, depend upon your being continually remembered.

SUFFER US TO COME.

LORD, before thy throne we stand:
Once again thy children see;
Smile upon a youthful band,
Suffer us to come to thee.

Suffer us to come and pray;
Daily do we stand in need;
And if thou shouldst turn away,
Lord, we should be poor indeed.

Suffer us to come and own
How unworthy we have been,
Since we look to thee alone
For the pardon of our sin.

Suffer us to come and praise;
Condescend to hear our songs;
All we have, ten thousand ways,
Comes from thee—to thee belongs.

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GRANDFATHER'S LESSON-BOOKS.

SCHOOL was over. The village children rushed into the open air, joyful at their freedom, and, after the first burst of pent-up fun was over, they began to turn to their homes. "Come, Patty, let us go by the green lane and Farmer Pike's wheat-field," said Jane Smith to her little sister, "the high road is so hot and dusty. I like to go that way, for we can get woodbine in the hedge, and I shall make a wreath for my hair."

The children went slowly on, for the evening was

fine; at length, however, they reached the stile that led to Farmer Pike's fields. "Now, Patty, we must not touch the wheat," said Jane to her sister, as she stretched out her hand to pull some; "that would be wrong, you know, for it does not belong to us; if we took this wheat the farmer might be angry." "Perhaps God would, too," said Patty; "please hold my hand, and I shall not touch it."

The little girls had not walked far before they met the old farmer himself, leaning on the shoulder of his grandson Harry; but there was no hurry in their manner, as would have been the case if they had been doing mischief; so, dropping a courtesy they both said, "Good evening, grandfather," for the village children loved the old man so well that they often called him by that fond name. Many a good turn Farmer Pike had done for his neighbours, but the oldest man or woman in that place could not recollect that he had ever done a bad one; so he was a general favourite, and his old age was cheered by the attentions of his family, and made bright by the prospect of that heavenly home, which Christ has prepared for all those who believe in him. Seventy winters had brought grey hairs on the farmer's head, but no cold chill had fallen on his heart.

Harry, a boy of eleven years, was the companion of his grandfather's walks, delighting to listen to the old man's words and support his feeble steps, or, as he called it, to be "grandfather's walking-stick."

"Well, my little birds, so you have escaped from the cage and are flying home to your nest," said Farmer Pike, as Jane and Patty approached. "You have done

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with lessons for to-day, I suppose. Mine are never done; I was just learning one out here in the fields."

Patty looked up in wonder—old Farmer Pike learning a lesson, and without a book. The farmer guessed the reason of her surprise and said, "My book has golden letters and tells me much about the wisdom, power, and goodness of our Father in heaven."

"You mean the corn-field, Sir?" said Jane. "Exactly so; shall I tell you something about it?"

"Oh, please, Sir, do," cried both children; and Harry looked as glad as either of them to listen to a page from his grandfather's lesson-book.

"Let me see; where shall I begin? The children know the uses of wheat, I must tell them something about how it grows. You are all fond of bread, I am sure, and of cakes and puddings when you can get them, and so are young people in other parts of the world. Now God is so good as to give some kind of bread-making plant to almost every country of the globe. Here we have our wheat and barley, the colder north has oats and rye, while the sunny lands of the south are not left without rice, maize, and millet. Thus God provides food for his children, giving each climate the kind best suited to it. Asia is the native land of rice, America of maize, or Indian corn; but as my friends here live principally on wheat, I shall read to them from this golden page of my book. Come now, little Patty, pull one of those long stalks, and let us examine it."

The child obeyed, and held the yellow corn in her hand. "Was this field always full of wheat?" asked the farmer. "Oh, no," replied Jane, "last autumn

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Harry's father ploughed the ground and sowed the seed."

"Just so, Jane; and each seed contained the germ of roots and stalks. After the seed had been hidden under ground a few days it began to put out tiny roots, which drew support from the earth, and soon after a delicate green shoot appeared above the surface. This feeble shoot consisted of a bundle of leaves folded round the future spike, which, in this beautiful cloak of green, was able to resist all the cold of winter. In this we have a proof of God's goodness and power."

"And please, grandfather, tell us," said Harry, "does only one stalk of wheat grow from each seed?"

"Sometimes a great many more. I have read of a gentleman who, to make an experiment, divided and re-divided the stalks which grew from one seed until he had five hundred plants, and, at harvest-time, 576,840 grains of wheat."

"If I am a sailor by and by, grandfather, and happen to be cast on a desolate island like Robinson Crusoe, I shall try to save a few grains of seed-corn, and then I may be able to have plenty of bread in a year or two."

"Very well, my boy, but I hope you never will have to try a home on a desolate island. Do you remember the change that took place in this field last spring?"

"Yes, grandfather; the stems grew very long and the green leaves which had covered them during winter faded away; I suppose the warm sun made the corn throw off its cloak; then the ear came, at first covered with little flowers, and it is now filled with seeds.

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But, grandfather, why are the stalks of straw hollow?"

"Well, here is another proof of the wisdom of God. It was needful to have the stalks narrow that they might not take up much room; tall, that the ear might be raised above the damp of the ground and enjoy the bright sunbeams; strong and flexible, so as to bend to and fro with the wind, and be able to bear the weight of the ripe grain without breaking: now a hollow tube is the only shape that would answer all these purposes. And these knots add to its strength, besides enabling it to regain its upright position after it has bowed before the breeze. Besides, the hollow tubes admit the ascent of the sap. When the grain is fully grown the knots become hard, so that the sap ceases to flow, the straw and ear become golden-coloured and bend down ready for the reaper's scythe. But my other lesson-book, my best book, tells me that God has done it all, for it says, 'Thou crownest the year with thy goodness; and thy paths drop fatness. The pastures are clothed with flocks; the valleys also are covered over with corn; they shout for joy, they also sing.' Now, children, this is your sowing-time; every truth that gets into your heart is a grain of good seed, every untruth a weed. Take care what seed you sow, for reaping-time will come and weeds injure the plants they grow near. Remember, too, that my field would never be filled with plenty, but for the blessing of God and the industry of man. You must also be busy both with head and hands, and never fancy, as some foolish people do, that it is no matter how idle or how wicked they are while young; for my two books tell me that

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whatever we sow we shall also reap, the same in quality, but greatly increased in quantity."

The sun was sinking in the west, the shadows grew longer and longer every moment, so the old farmer bade the little girls run home, telling them he would be very glad to see them in a few days at the gleaning; and, watching them till they were out of sight, returned slowly to his humble but happy cottage.

ENGLISH BOYS IN AMERICA.

"ABOUT three years ago," says an American gentleman, "two lads, of fourteen and sixteen years of age, came to me as inquirers about their souls. I asked them how they came by their religious feelings. They told me they had a few months before left their Sunday school in London, the John-street School, and that just before their departure their teacher, a pious lady, had put into the trunk of each a copy of James's 'Anxious Inquirer,' and had prayed with and counselled them. That little book, with that sabbath-school teacher's prayers and instructions, was the seed planted. It accompanied them across the great Atlantic Ocean, and in the city of Philadelphia the fruit was made manifest in the conversion of these two boys to Christ. From that time to this they have been consistent followers of Jesus.

"A year ago last September I spent a sabbath in London. My time was precious, for there were a good many sermons to hear, and great men to preach them; but I thought the best way for me to spend a part of

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my sabbath would be to go to the John-street School and seek out the teacher of these two lads. I did so, and related, for the encouragement of that teacher in the great work of the sabbath-school, that her words of love and her gift of love had followed her scholars across the deep waters, and had been blessed of God to their conversion. Let Sunday-school teachers be encouraged, and let the young seek to get lasting good from all the loving deeds and words of those who seek to lead them to Jesus and to heaven."

THE MISSIONARY'S REWARD.

Mr. Mills, a missionary in a heathen land, had been preaching on the Lord's day about heaven; at evening he was standing by the bed of a dying convert from idolatry. "Teacher," said the dying man, "I understand that you have been preaching about heaven to-day; before another Lord's day I shall be there, and the first thing I shall do after I get there, will be to go to Jesus, and thank him for sending you from your home across the ocean to this dark land, to teach us poor heathen the way to heaven; and then I shall return to the gates of paradise, and there wait, wait, until you come; then I will take you by the hand and lead you to Jesus, and tell him, 'This is the man who taught me the way hither.'"

"Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." Mark xvi. 15.

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CHILDREN AT PRAYER.

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CHILDREN AT PRAYER.

"Of course it is often impossible to tell what it was that in our childhood had the greatest weight in forming our character," said a pious gentleman; "but I think the little prayers which my sisters and I used to offer up at our mother's knee, have made *me* what I am." What a blessed sight is it to see a mother and her children at prayer! He who graciously said, "Ask, and it shall be given you," and who, while on earth, took little children in his arms to bless them, will not forget his promise. He is now ready to take them in the arms of his love, and lead them from temptation and deliver them from evil, and make them by his Spirit children of God. Children, pray with your heart.

BIBLE LESSONS.

CHAPTER II.—THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

This next weekly subject proved a hard task to little Harriet. She was almost ready to give it up, when she heard one of the elder girls read aloud the parting command of the Saviour to his disciples (Mark. xvi, 15), and turning then to the close of St. Matthew's Gospel, she found two verses which she thought similar, and read them aloud in the class, when, on the following Monday, she was the first called upon to begin. "Go ye therefore and teach" (or, as Miss Stone said, "make disciples of") "all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have

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commanded you; and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Miss Stone encouraged her little scholar, and the rest of the young people rose in turn to read or repeat their verses.

As it is likely that this subject is not quite new to all who read this little book, and who have been taught in the Lord's Prayer to say, "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven," there is no need to mention all that passed. The principal references given, besides the two before named, were three chapters in Isaiah: xl. xlix. and lx.; also Ps. lxvii. 3—5; Isaiah xxxv. 1, and lv. 10—13; Rev. xiv. 6, 7; Matt. xxiv. 14; Psalm lxxii. 17—19; Habakkuk ii. 14; Zeph. iii. 9; Zech. xiv. 9; Rev. xi. 15; John x. 16; Daniel vii. 27; Luke xiii. 18—21; Malachi i. 11. One of the elder girls said that she had heard that the isles of Japan were called by a name meaning "the rising of the sun," therefore this last verse might be considered as fulfilled when the truth should reach that empire, which, like the Chinese, has long been shut against Christians. Bibles, she believed, were now translated into these languages, though not much circulated at present. Another made some remarks about the early preaching of the apostles, and the manner in which Christianity was carried throughout the Roman empire, showing that God overrules all the affairs of men, and directs them as he pleases to his own glory.

This lesson was long remembered with interest, because a meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society was held the same week, and Miss Stone's school, with many others in the town, were present.

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Several interesting speeches were made by different gentlemen, about the Society. The first speaker dwelt much on the cheapness and number of copies of the Scriptures which had lately been purchased, at ten-pence each; while formerly, instead of half a day's wages, a working-man must have laid by the earnings of years to buy a single Testament, and then, perhaps, was forbidden to read it, or severely punished. Surely, he added, where much is given much will be required; and if we are careless and negligent in the midst of such privileges, others will rise against us in judgment; but "Blessed are they that hear the word of God, and keep it," Luke xi. 28—32.

The next speaker was a missionary from West Africa, who described the poor negroes there that had been rescued from slavery, and brought from the still worse bondage of sin and Satan into the glorious liberty of the children of God. He gave some pleasing accounts of their churches and schools, and also of private families converted to God, but possessing few books except the Bible; yet that, as he said, was all-sufficient. As Dr. Watts has told us,

"Here are my choicest treasures hid,
Here my best comfort lies,
Here my desires are satisfied,
And hence my hopes arise.

"Here would I learn how Christ has died,
To save my soul from hell;
Not all the books on earth beside
Such heavenly wonders tell."

Then followed a missionary from the South Seas. He had much to say about the savage ways of the

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heathens, and the manner in which their women and children are ill-used, or killed in infancy to save the trouble of bringing them up. Since the word of God has been preached to them, what a happy change has taken place! how anxiously they have watched and waited for a copy of a single Gospel! how pleased and grateful were the mothers, when the children, who had become Sunday scholars, received some of these books as prizes for good conduct! and how bitter was the grief of others, who had in their days of ignorance destroyed their own offspring, who might have lived to carry home the word of God to their dwellings, while they earnestly inquired, "Why did the Christians of England never tell us these things before?" One missionary was mentioned who had been murdered in the course of his labours; yet even some of his murderers had been brought to repentance through the visit of two native teachers, carrying with them nothing but the word of life, "mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds;" and the blessing of the Lord made their efforts successful. Thus, wherever the good seed is sown, some fruit will be found; and as an instance of the effects of true religion, he mentioned the conversion of a young man who had formerly lived by thieving and dishonesty, but afterwards became honest and industrious, and truly desirous, like Zaccheus (Luke xix.), of making amends to those he had formerly robbed. Pigs are the chief possessions of these islanders; and when he had fattened and killed one of his own, he divided it in portions between those neighbours he had robbed, confessing his sin, and his desire of amendment, while

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the fragments he carefully gave to the needy. Other striking anecdotes were given; but the meeting closed with some account of the home operations of the Society.

A town in Berkshire, said the chairman, was the first in which an Auxiliary Association was formed. He knew a poor woman there, who, from love to the Saviour, like the widow in the gospel, gave all that she had, a sixpence, to the Bible collector, who knew not the extent of her self-denial. Her conduct was observed, and proved to be truly Christian. The collector was the means of procuring employment for her, which afterwards enabled her to earn many sixpences, and there is no doubt that He who graciously accepted Mary's offering, looked with favour on this humble believer. May it be said of us all, as it was of her, "She hath done what she could." This remark led to others, about doing good, and especially being "eyes to the blind." Books were shown, printed in raised letters, which might be read with the finger, even by those deprived of sight, and instances were mentioned of their usefulness and of the readiness with which this art had been acquired. They were, indeed, rather large, being printed only on one side the page, and eight thick quarto volumes were needed to contain the whole New Testament; but they might be divided in many smaller volumes of a few chapters each, and being lent from one person to another, would be gladly welcomed by those who had no other way to pass the weary hours of darkness.

Two of Miss Stone's pupils undertook to purchase one of these Gospels, and to learn the characters, that

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they might teach it to a few of their poor neighbours who were unable to see to read. This was a plan suited to those who could not undertake a regular district as Bible collectors; besides, their friends very properly objected to their engaging in a work which required some experience, both of religion and of the characters among whom they might be thrown. It is not the mere gathering of money for societies that is needed; there must be prudence and discretion to find out the talents that God has bestowed upon us, for there are "many members, and all have not the same office." Only let us commit our way unto the Lord, he will direct our paths, and we shall be found in the right way.

The impressions produced at the Bible meeting did not soon pass away. Miss Stone had frequently told her scholars that in early days she had united with her companions in what they called a "twig," or small branch Bible Association, subscribing a small sum, which was laid out in materials for work, which they sold among their friends so as to double the original fund. Harriet Benson and her schoolfellows wished to do the same now; but after consulting their governess, she advised them rather to sell any articles they could make for a society to support female schools, by the sale of such, abroad, which is always more wanted there than in our own country, while they continued to put by their own pence from time to time in their little knitted jugs or purses, for the British and Foreign Bible Society, which they felt to have the highest claim upon their attention. What better purpose could there be than to give the Holy

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Scriptures to the world, without note or comment, at the smallest possible expense?

Shall we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?

Salvation, oh! salvation,
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

INFANT'S PRAYER.

Jesus, see a little child
Humbly at thy footstool stay;
Thou who art so meek and mild,
Stoop and teach me what to say.

Though thou art so great and high,
Thou dost see, with smiling face,
Little children when they cry,
"Saviour, guide us by thy grace."

Show me what I ought to be,
Make me every evil shun;
Thee in all things may I see,
In thy holy footsteps run.

Jesus, all my sins forgive,
Make me lowly, pure in heart;
For thy glory may I live,
Then be with thee where thou art.

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PHARISEE AND PUBLICAN.

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QUESTIONS ON THE PARABLES OF OUR LORD.

UNJUST JUDGE.—PUBLICAN AND PHARISEE.

Luke xviii. 1—14.

1. To whom was this parable spoken?—Is prayer to be constant, or incessant?—What is here meant by fainting?—What is written in Gal. vi. 9?

2. Was this man destitute of principle, or humanity, or both?

3. Did the widow seek for protection, or revenge?—What directions did God give about widows? See Exod. xxii. 22, 23.

4. Why did the judge refuse her request?—Why did he conceal his thoughts?

5. Was the act resolved on right or wrong?—Who detected and exposed the motive?

6. What is the import of this exhortation?—What is said about effectual, fervent prayer? James v. 16.

7. Is a contrast or comparison here introduced?—Wherein does it consist?—What is the import of the last clause?

8. How do you understand "speedily?"—Is prayer always answered immediately?—What faith does our Lord refer to?—To what period does he here allude? How do perseverance and importunity differ?—Which is the duty taught in the parable?

9. What class of men was this?—In what did they trust?

10. Where was this temple?—Which was the hour of prayer? Acts iii. 1.—Who were the publicans?

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11. Was he standing apart, or using silent prayer? —Was the manner, matter, or motive wrong?—Why was the publican named last?

12. What is it to fast aright? Is. lviii. 6, 7.—Wherein were these duties defective? 11—42.—How did the Pharisees and most of the Jews perform these duties so as to make them displeasing to the Lord?—What did the Lord say to them by his prophet in Zech. vii. 5, 6?—What did the Lord Jesus say to the Pharisees about giving tithes, in Matt. xxiii. 23?—Why should we not take merit to ourselves, even for the *right* performance of *any* duty?

13. What position is meant by "afar off?"—What characteristic is here exhibited?—What did *smiting upon his breast* signify? Jer. xxxi. 19.—Can you tell how the prayer of the publican differed from that of the Pharisee?—How must sinners look for *mercy* from God? Eph. i. 6, 7.

14. By whom was the publican justified?—What is the instruction of this parable? Is. lxvi. 2.—What is the meaning of *abased?*—What promise is made to him who, like the publican, confesses his sins? Prov. xxviii. 13.—What do you learn respecting prayer from the first of these parables?—What does the second parable teach you of the kind of prayer which is acceptable to God, and of the disposition with which it should be offered?—How does God regard those who have the spirit of the Pharisee? James iv. 6.

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SARAH GOODWIN AND HER BOYS.

A TRUE STORY.

SARAH GOODWIN was the name of a poor seamstress, residing in the city of New York. She was not wholly friendless; but those whom she knew, and who would have aided her in her struggles, were very poor, and could not. So she, a widow with four boys from the ages of four to nine years, struggled through winter's cold and summer's heat, providing her little family with bread; and that was all. Her boys were good children, always in their home after nightfall, and giving their mother every cent (halfpenny) of their little earnings, as often as they found work to do. At last the mother fell sick, and through a weary illness she had no other attendance save the occasional help of a neighbour and the constant aid of her poor little boys. It was touching to behold their kind ways and to hear their gentle words. Everybody said that they would be blessed in coming years, for their thoughtful love towards their mother.

The widow recovered: but it was now the middle of a bitter winter, and their little stock of fuel was nearly gone. As soon as her strength permitted, she walked through the cold of a cheerless day to the shop of her employer, and told him her pitiful story. But he said it was hard times; her illness had made room for others as destitute as herself, and they had not one stitch of work to give her. With a sinking heart, but praying, to keep her courage up, the poor woman toiled on from shop to shop, until it became late; and,

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what with tears and the darkness, she could hardly see her way home.

"If Mr. Hart had himself been there," she said to herself, bending to the strong wind, and drawing her scanty shawl closer about her form, "I know he would have given me work."

As she whispered thus through her chattering teeth, a tall gentleman passed by her, and as he did so, something fell to the sidewalk and lay upon the crusted snow. Sarah paused; she had heard the noise made by the little packet, and a strange impression led her to search for it. Oh, joy! it was a purse, heavy and filled to the brim; yellow and shining lay the gold within, as she carried it towards a lighted window.

"My poor boys, they shall want food no more," she cried; "this is gold. I think that God must have put it in my way, for he saw I was in despair."

Suddenly, like a flash of lightning, the thought occurred to Sarah, that not one cent (halfpenny) of the treasure was honestly hers. But a moment she lingered, pressing the money with her numbed fingers, the sorrowful tears chasing down her thin cheeks; then, starting forward to find the owner of the purse, she walked hurriedly up the street, fearful that the temptation, should she arrive at her poor room and see her hungry children, might prove too strong for her honesty.

Opposite the great hotel, as she stood thinking which way to take, she saw the stranger enter. She knew him by the long hair which curled to his shoulders, and, timidly crossing the street, she made her way into the hall, and there, bewildered by the

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light, knew not what to say, till twice asked by a servant what she wanted. Of course, she could do no more than describe the stranger by his tall stature and flowing hair. But he had already gone out again; she must call on the morrow, they said, and ask for Mr. Ashcraft.

The next morning, having eaten nothing—for she could not touch a farthing of the gold—she was admitted into the room where sat the stranger. He arose as she entered, and gazed with a curious air till she presented the purse. Then he started with pleased surprise, laid down his paper, took the gold and carefully counted it over.

"It is all safe," he said; "you have not taken——"

"Not one piece, sir," she cried eagerly, trembling as she spoke.

"You seem poor," remarked the stranger.

"I am poor," she replied.

"Got a family, I suppose?"

"Four little boys, sir; I am a widow."

"Humph! so I suppose; that's the old story."

"Ask Mr. Hart, the tailor," cried the widow, stepping forward a little; "he knows me well; he knows that though I am poor I am honest."

A bright red spot burned on her cheeks as she spoke, and she forced back the tears.

"Now confess," said the stranger, rising and walking to and fro before the fire, "tell me, did you not expect a large reward for this?"

"I did think, perhaps——" and she turned with quivering lips to the door.

"Stop, stop!" cried the stranger; "you know you

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would never have returned the purse, had you not expected to be well paid for it."

"Sir!" said the widow, her voice rising beyond its usual tone, and her thin form erect.

The stranger paused, holding the purse in his hand; then drawing forth a small coin, offered it to her.

For a moment she drew back; but then, remembering that her poor boys were hungry at home, and in bed because there was no fire, she burst into tears as she took it, saying, "This will buy bread for my poor children," and hurrying away, she buried the bitterness of that morning in her own heart.

It was four o'clock on the same day: Sarah Goodwin sat by a scanty fire, busy in sewing patches on the very poor clothes of her four boys.

"Run to the door, Jimmy," said she to the eldest, as a loud knock was heard.

"Oh, mother!" the boy cried, returning, "a big bundle for us! What is it? What can it be?"

"Work for me, perhaps," said the widow, untying the large package, when suddenly there came to light four suits of gray clothes, with four neat black shining caps, each set exactly fitting to the heads of her boys. Almost overcome with wonder, the widow fell on her knees, her eyes fixed on the words, "A present for the fatherless;" while the boys, laying hold of their suits of clothes, danced about the floor shouting with glee.

"What's in the pocket here? what's in the pocket?" cried Jimmy, thrusting his hand into that place, when, lo! out came the very purse of gold the widow had returned that morning.

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A scene of joyous confusion followed, and the voice of prayer ascended from Sarah Goodwin's full heart. Again and again she counted the glittering treasure, fifty dollars (about ten pounds). It seemed an almost endless fortune. How her heart ran over with gratitude to God and the stranger!

She could not rest, till, throwing on her bonnet, with cheeks glowing now with hope and happiness, she ran back to the hotel to pour forth her thanks.

A carriage stood at the door laden with trunks behind. The driver mounted the seat as she had reached the steps, and, turning her head, there within sat the stranger. She had not time to speak; but he nodded his head, as he saw her with clasped hands standing there, and a prayer on her lips. Sarah never saw the stranger again. She took a little shop and stocked it well, and put her boys to school. To-day she is the owner of a respectable shop. Of her four boys, two are ministers, one is a doctor, and the other a thriving tradesman.

Nobody knows where the man with the flowing hair has gone; but if he is living, and should ever hear of widow Goodwin, he will have the consolation of knowing the noble results of this generous deed toward the worthy woman and her four boys.

TRUTHFULNESS.

TRUTHFULNESS is a *corner-stone* in character, and if it be not firmly laid in youth, there will ever after be a weak spot in the foundation.

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THE CURLY-WIGGED BIRD.

Look at his picture. You will see that his head is covered with a crest, or wig, of curly feathers. These

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feathers are of a glossy jet black, which contrast with the pure white, bright red, deep yellow, olive green, and light brown feathers which form other parts of the dress of the bird.

Its large saw-like beak, and its long, depressed tail, are also worthy of notice. The wings are not suited for rapid flight.

The name of this bird is Aracaris; it is found in the forests of Brazil, in South America, where it is engaged in constant warfare with the monkeys. Its food chiefly consists of berries.

CHARLOTTE RICHMOND'S LETTER.

Have you not heard of the "Dairyman's Daughter," and "Little Jane the Young Cottager," and of the Rev. Legh Richmond who wrote those beautiful narratives? Mr. Richmond had a son named Wilberforce, whom he dearly loved, but who died in Christ at the age of eighteen. When he died, his little sister Charlotte wrote this letter to her older sister, who was then living in Scotland. When you have read it you will say that it is a sweet letter to be written by a child only seven years old.

"My dear Mary—It is a long time since I wrote to you, but I have not forgotten you, for you know I love you very much. Were you not sorry to hear dear Willy was dead? He was asleep, and I did not know that he was dead, and I asked them why they cried so much. He did not look any different, only he looked a little paler, so I did not think this meant dying; but they told me dear Willy was dead, and would never

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speak to me any more. It made me cry very much too; but poor papa cried the most, and took him up in his arms and kissed him very often; so did poor Fanny, and mamma, and Mrs. Gasking, and it was a sad, sad time; and then papa went into the parlour to tell Legh, for all the others were at church, and papa told him he was crying for joy, because dear Willy was in heaven, and then Legh cried too; but I do not think Legh cried for joy, for he looked so sad and cried so much.

"Papa took us all into the study, and made a beautiful prayer, and thanked God very much for dear Willy's being in heaven, and asked God to let all his brothers and sisters and papa and mamma go there too; and papa told us to pray that God would take us to that holy place where our Saviour and Willy and the baby are, and where they will never die again, and live with God, and be very beautiful and glorious.

"I will tell you what dear Willy said to me when he sent for me on Sunday. He told me to come and kiss him, and he said to me, 'When poor Willy dies shall you be sorry?' I said, 'Yes, dear Willy.' He said, 'Oh, but I am going to God in heaven, dear Charley, and you must be a good girl, and come to me in heaven; but then promise me before I die, that you won't come out of your room in the morning or lie down at night without reading the Bible and praying to God.' I said I would not, and I hope I do not, dear Mary. I want very much to be good, and go to God and Willy in heaven. Dear Willy said, 'I will give you something to remember me by when I am dead, and you must often repeat it: 'Suffer little children

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to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' He said, 'Jesus said this, and dear Charley may come to him, and he will love you, and fetch you also to heaven.' Then he told me to say it to him before he died, and I said it to him, for Fanny had taught it to me a long time ago. I think it is a very pretty text; do not you, dear Mary? I can say a pretty hymn about it.

"Willy died in Fanny's room, in her bed. Sometimes she lets me sleep with her, it makes me think of him so much. They laid him with the baby in the church. . . . ; Mr. Yandy told us to look, for it was the last time we should see my dear brother, and it made me cry very much to leave him in that dark place, and so did everybody, and papa and Mr. Grimshawe; but they told me he did not see the dark, for it was only his body, and his soul was in a holy, glorious, light place, above the sun a long way, and singing very sweet with the angels, and singing to Jesus Christ on a golden harp, and a golden crown on his head, and shining all over very lovely; and it made Theophilus and Legh and me give up crying; and Ann Palmer taught us to pray to be like him, and to go to him; and then she read us all about Willy and heaven, in the Revelation, and showed me what he sung in the fifth chapter. Will you find it, if you have a Bible, for it is so pretty? . . . .

"Write to me, if you please, dear Mary; pray do, and tell me about Willy in heaven. I love to hear of that best. Good-bye, dear Mary.

"I am your affectionate dear little girl,

"CHARLOTTE RICHMOND."

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HOME AMONG THE FLOWERS.

He who describes this world as all sunshine, makes a great mistake, but he who talks of it as being all shadow, makes a still greater one. It has in it much that is bright, and fair, and lovable. Oh for a quick eye to see in it what is beautiful and good, and a grateful heart to turn it to advantage!

As you may never have heard of the Rauhe Haus (Rough House) at Hamburg in Germany, we will describe it in a few words. At one time this house, or homestead, was no doubt rough enough; but, as it is much altered for the better, we will describe it under the more pleasant name which some people have given it of "Home among the Flowers."

It is now about seventeen years since a kind-hearted friend to young people, of the name of Wichern, formed a new plan for the welfare of vagrant children. A little broken-down farmhouse was to let, so he took it, that it might become a home for his poor outcasts. He was not long in want of young people to fill it with, and since then other buildings have been added to it. The new plan of Mr. Wichern was to form the young people into families and educate them, and teach them useful trades.

Now fancy to yourself a number of small houses with ten or a dozen boys in each, just such boys as we have in our English Ragged Schools. Every house has a Christian-hearted young man with two assistants at the head of it, and these take care of the boys and instruct them in piety and usefulness,

"And guard and guide them every day,
And lead them on the heavenly way."

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But, perhaps, if we describe one of these small houses by itself, you will understand the plan better. Here, then, is a little wooden building, one story high, standing among the flowers and the apple-trees, with one room above for the assistants. The boys have their time divided, so much for out-door work, so much for study, so much for play, so much for taking their food, and so much for sleeping. Now they are at their books and slates, now working at farm-work, or at shoe-making, tailoring, printing, and other trades, in shops built for the purpose; now enjoying their sports, now taking their meals, and now taking their rest in sleep. In these happy homes among the flowers and the apple-trees, clean, comfortable, and well employed, live those who were penniless, and homeless, and friendless.

When a wretched little vagrant from the streets is sent in here, he is not at once placed among the rest. The little stranger is put with a few other new-comers into a separate house, where two or three young men have charge of him. He eats at their own table with his few companions, and has enough. The overseers study his temper, and either set him to a trade, or to garden and farm-work, as he seems best fitted. He has his play and playmates, and free fresh air, and friends to care for him, who hold it a labour of love to do for the fatherless ones, in a feeble manner, as Christ did for them.

After a little time the new-comer is received into one of the other houses, and regarded as a part of the family. Here he takes his share of their work and their play, and is treated with kindness. What a

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change must a life in a home like this be, among the flowers and the apple-trees, to the life of a poor friendless lad, living by his wits, cheating, lying, and swearing, and suffering, as a homeless outcast, all the evils of poverty and want!

If you could see some of the poor, ignorant, dirty-faced lads in their ragged clothes, without shoes and stockings, first going into the Home among the Flowers, and then look at them after they had been received into one of the happy families, you would hardly know them again.

In the Home among the Flowers, girls are received as well as boys. There are as many as thirty or forty of them, who learn to wash, iron, sew, and to attend to household affairs. After being trained five or six years, the boys are put out as apprentices, and the girls go to service; nor are there, throughout Germany, any better servant-girls or apprentices to be found than those who were brought up in this quiet family home.

Besides the school-rooms, workshops, and sleeping-rooms of this youthful household, there is a room for the sick, a kitchen for cookery, and a neat little chapel; and then a printing-press has been set up there, where the tracts and little books needed in the schools are printed. The different articles which are made and not used in the household, together with many little books printed there, are sold, and help to pay the expenses of the Home.

Since this Home among the Flowers was first opened, many other places of the same kind have been formed in Germany.

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You now know something of this German refuge for the destitute, which is a shelter to many a poor homeless boy and girl. Would that the poor children of every land were cared for and guided the way to heaven! that all the ragged were clothed, the hungry fed, the ignorant instructed, and the houseless provided with a clean and happy abode! Oh for a hundred kind-hearted Wicherns to befriend the friendless! Oh for a thousand happy Homes among the Flowers!

THE WIDOW BELL.

"LEAVE THY FATHERLESS CHILDREN, I WILL PRESERVE THEM ALIVE; AND LET THY WIDOWS TRUST IN ME."—Jer. xlix. 11.

THE widow Bell was seated, with her Bible opened wide,
While lovingly her daughter was kneeling by her side:
"See, Minnie," said the mother, "though dear papa is dead,
Here are the precious promises that he so oft has read.

"'Thy children thou mayest leave, though fatherless, with me,
And let thy widows trust, I will their helper be:'
Yes, darling, we will trust that God will be our friend,
And guard us safe from every ill, and keep us to the end."

The Holy Book was laid aside, but deep within the breast
Of this, her only daughter, the widow has impressed
The value of these gracious words from God so kindly given

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To soothe the anguish of their hearts, and raise their
thoughts to heaven.

The widow has another child,—Alfred, her darling boy,
Though long a wanderer, is still her treasure and her joy;
For him her daily prayers ascend, that God her child
would bless,
And teach his youthful feet to love the way of holiness.

At length the joyful news arrives, when three long
years have passed,
That Alfred Bell, from distant lands, is coming home
at last:
Has he, too, learned to prize God's word and seek his
portion there?
The widow clasps him in her arms, and offers up her
prayer
That he his mother's God may serve, his father's faith
may share.

"Dear mother, pray for me," he said, "and read in
God's own word
That story of the prodigal, which I have often heard;
For I have wandered far away, but now desire to come
And love and serve that Being who hath safely brought
me home."

Her prayers were heard, and Alfred Bell is now a
Christian man,
Serving his God with faithfulness, and doing all he can
That those who go to distant lands to search for mines
of gold
May find within that blessed Book a mine of wealth
untold.

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THE LITTLE GLEANER.

For many a year the right of gleaning in Farmer Burns' fields had been the privilege of Widow Neal. When spring, and summer, and sober autumn had all combined to make the golden grain ready for the

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reaper's scythe, the slender figure of a little old woman in a black bonnet, and with one hand supporting her aching back, while the other gathered up the scattered ears of corn, might be seen gliding gently after the merry harvesters. The farmer himself was sure to be there too, and by his direction many a handful was allowed to fall on purpose, that, without hurting her feelings of honest independence, the widow's scanty store might be increased. For every one knew that she had seen better days; and, indeed, it was a source of general surprise that she was able to support herself and her orphan grandchild Betsy, without the aid of parish relief, which she always thankfully but firmly refused.

In days gone by Mrs. Neal had kept a little shop in the village, and had scraped together a few pounds by selling a great variety of trifling articles there, always making it a matter of principle to give as good weight and value to the child who came to spend his halfpenny, as to the grown-up customer who, perhaps, laid out a whole shilling in the purchase of a quarter-pound of tea. But things were altered now, for larger shops had sprung up all around, and even the widow's tempting sugar-sticks and penny tarts failed to bring purchasers; and, at the very time when the early death of her only son left her the added burden of his motherless child, she was obliged to dispose of the little grocery and withdraw to a still humbler cottage on the edge of a broad common that lay outside the village. Here Betsy and her grandmother had lived for some years at the time our story begins.

During those years Betsy had grown up from a little

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baby into a tall, slight girl, with pale cheeks and sharp features. Those who knew how gentle and unselfish she was, loved her better than many a prettier child. Poor Betsy's cheeks had grown paler than usual lately, for her grandmother had been seized with fever early in the winter, and was unable ever since to cross the threshold of her door; so that the new duties of nurse and housekeeper were added to the ordinary ones of a little school-girl. Indeed, it was almost the heaviest part of her trial to be obliged to leave school altogether, for neither money nor time was plenty now; but her grandmother knew that heart-lessons were better than head-lessons, and she felt sure her Betsy was learning many of them—lessons of trust, and hope, and love. And when she saw the little girl so patient, humble, and self-forgetful, she used often to clasp her aged hands and silently thank God for having himself taught that without which earth's best teaching is valueless.

"Betsy, dear," said the old woman, one evening, towards the end of August, "you must be ready to start in good time to-morrow, for the gleaning at Farmer Burns'; for, though I cannot go this year, we cannot afford to lose his offered kindness." It required a great inner struggle for Betsy to reply in a pleasant tone, "I shall try to be ready, grandmother," because she had a particular reason for disliking the prospect of gleaning this year in Farmer Burns' fields; but then, almost forgetting her own trouble in her care for others, she inquired: "But, dear grandmother, how will you manage while I am away; will not you be lonely?" "Oh no, my child, for, though this fever has so weak-

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ened me that I can scarcely walk, you know I can still turn over the leaves of our large Bible and find good company there, and I shall be thinking that if my Betsy has not her poor old grandmother gleaning by her side, she has a better friend always at hand, and that no enemy can hurt her while He is near."

If there was any person in the world whom Betsy considered her enemy it was Tommy Burns, the farmer's little son. Tommy was the only boy in the farmer's family, the long-wished-for son; and ever since his birth each member of the household seemed to unite in gratifying every whim, and supplying every wish, of the wayward child. As might be expected, this conduct did not make Tommy either very happy himself, or serve to train him for making others happy; and at ten years old he was such a thoroughly selfish boy, that, outside the white walls of the farm-house there were few who had a good word to say for him. Inside, indeed, he was the idol of the house, and what is more, his own idol; for, though he loved his father, mother, and sisters a good deal, he loved Tommy Burns far more than all put together. Among Tommy's various methods of amusing himself, one of his favourite was what he called having a joke, which, in reality, was laughing at and teasing any person who happened to come in his way. Poor Betsy had often been the subject of Tommy's jokes; many a cutting remark had been made about her dress, which, though clean and whole, was always poor and old-fashioned; and many a shout of laughter had he raised among his companions by mimicking her grave face or sober step. But Sunday was always the time for a grand attack,

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and as the village children returned from the afternoon school their attention was sure to be directed to Betsy's white sun-bonnet, so funnily turned up in front, which, winter and summer, formed the covering for her little brown head, and which, though much worn in Mrs. Neal's early days, certainly did look strange to modern eyes. These things, of course, did not make the little boy a favourite with Betsy; and though she tried to forgive him from her heart, still she dreaded meeting him; and her chief reason for disliking the gleaning at Farmer Burns' this autumn was that her grandmother's absence would give Tommy more than usual occasion of annoying her.

The sun had not been long risen before Betsy, having attended to every little thing she thought might add to her grandmother's comfort during the day, might be seen crossing the common in the direction of the farm-house. The reapers had been there an hour before, so she found plenty of ears waiting for her to pick up; and, indeed, work as she would, it was impossible to keep time with the strong-armed men who cut down, and the nimble-fingered women who bound the corn in sheaves. But when the harvesters went into the empty barn to get their breakfast, Betsy had decidedly the advantage, for, as she had taken hers at home, she could work while they ate, and so by the time they returned her bundle had grown quite large. Not, however, by the addition of one ear that was not the gleaner's right, for she would as soon have put her fingers into the farmer's pocket, as have taken a handful of wheat from one of his sheaves. All day long she worked diligently, though it was hot, and she was

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growing tired—so tired that when the afternoon came she now and then lifted her head just to see if the sun was getting weary of shining, or was thinking of retiring to rest behind that bright curtain of cloud. But no, the sun, "rejoicing as a strong man to run a race," showed no sign of fatigue. At length the wished-for evening came, and with it some one Betsy had not wished for. Tommy, who had lain under the shade of a thick hedge with his dog Foss during the greater part of the day, made his appearance just at the moment when Betsy, having gathered the results of her work into one large heap, was quietly looking at it, thankful to think how pleased her grandmother would be with her success. All on a sudden Tommy jumped into the middle of the heap, and calling Foss to follow, flung the ears about with hands and feet in every direction.

For some minutes he had it all his own way, while Betsy looked on with tearful eyes and burning anger in her heart, which was fast forming itself into words, bitter words, that the tightened little lips would not allow to escape. It was soon, however, Tommy's turn to cry, for his father, who had seen the whole affair, came up, and in a stern tone asked what he was doing. "Oh, 'tis only a joke," said the little boy, trying to seem brave, though he was really frightened by his father's voice. "Well, then, I shall give you another joke, my lad; pick up every bit of that corn, and then carry it home for Betsy; let me see that you are smart, for you shall get no supper till you return."

Tommy, not daring to disobey, began to collect the scattered heap, a work which Betsy would much have

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preferred doing herself to seeing the little boy's pouting attempts, and having the still less agreeable prospect of his company across the common. It seemed as if everything had gone against her; but in this moment of trouble she remembered what her grandmother had said in the morning about a Friend who was always near, and sent up a secret little petition to him for aid. And though no radiant angel on bended wing was seen hastening to help the tired gleaner, not the less surely did an answer come from Him who revives the spirit of the humble. A gentle hand was laid on Betsy's shoulder, and a gentler voice whispered in her ear, "I am sorry about this, Betsy, but it will all be right by and by." At Mary Burns' cheering words the little girl looked up with almost a smile, which deepened into a real one, as the same pleasant voice added, "Father has given me leave to step home with you; so, when Tommy has finished his little job here, we shall divide the bundle into three parts, one for each, and then the cool breeze on the common is so refreshing, we shall get on quite merrily with our light loads."

Even Tommy felt the soothing influence of his sister's words, and began to work with such good will that in a short time they were ready to start. Mary's quick way of tying up the bundles, and placing by far the largest one on her own head, seemed to impart fresh vigour to Betsy, who reflected the sunny temper of her more cheerful companion; and Tommy, not being in a reflecting mood just then, nevertheless felt his crossness melting away under the sunbeams. So in the eventide there was light.

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The walk to Mrs. Neal's cottage was such a pleasant one that the children were both surprised and half sorry to find it so soon over; and as they reached the open door, Betsy, having looked her thanks up into Mary's blue eyes, took Tommy's bundle from his arms, saying, "Tommy, I am obliged to you for helping me home with my load; do come in for a moment, I know grandmother would like to thank you too." The undeserved thanks completed the melting process which Mary's unselfish example had begun; and as the little boy turned to leave, after his sister had said a few words to the widow, he slipped three rosy Eve-apples from his pocket into Betsy's hand, and whispered, "I don't mean to torment you any more, Betsy; come to glean every day while harvest lasts, and we shall help you home at night."

Tommy kept his word, and, after this first painful effort to help another, every succeeding attempt became gradually more easy; until, in the course of years, he learned the happiness of trying to make those around him happy, and, by sharing a neighbour's burden of sorrow, to fulfil the law of Christ.

COFFEE-CARRIERS.

In the country of Brazil, in South America, there is a race of slaves called the coffee-carriers. They usually work in gangs of from ten to twenty, and are the most powerful men that can be found. Indeed, the labour soon wears them out, and would speedily destroy men of feebler frames. Great part of the labour

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of porters is performed by them. Under their captain, who is the largest and strongest man among them, a troop will hoist, each of them, a bag of coffee weighing 160 pounds on his head, and will start off at a trot that soon becomes a rapid run. One hand steadies the load, and the other carries and shakes a

COFFEE-CARRIERS.

sort of child's rattle. In this manner, shouting a song, they plunge round the corners and up the streets, to the astonishment of the stranger, who is naturally startled at being charged by a dozen half-naked black giants, roaring at the top of their voices. Any one who will try to steady a half-hundred weight on his

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head for one minute, may judge what labour these negroes go through, in carrying all day long nearly three times the weight at a sharp run.

The noise they made was so great, that a few years ago an attempt was made to stop them. They were forbidden to sing. The immediate result was that they did no work—not in the way of strike, but of positive depression, and inability to go on without the old chant: just as a dray-horse will stop if the bells are taken off his collar, or a file of camels lie down, and be beaten to death rather than rise, if the jingling iron pot is taken off the leader's neck. The prohibition was repealed, and the work and the noise began again, and go on to this day.

When we sit down to breakfast, let us not forget that we owe something of our comforts to the toil of the poor coffee-carriers of Brazil.

BIBLE LESSONS.

CHAPTER III.—WHAT IS MEANT BY THE GOSPEL.

Miss Stone, wishing that her pupils should apply to themselves in private the truths they heard in public, selected for her next weekly lesson the question, "How does the gospel show us the way of salvation?" Most young people know that the word *gospel* means good tidings or news (Luke ii. 10), and is especially applied to that part of Scripture which narrates the life and death of our blessed Lord, on whom alone we depend for life and salvation. This was very suitable to talk about just after having learned something of the wretched

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state of man when left to himself, and the manner in which some have been rescued from that condition.

Harriet soon found her text this time: it was John iii. 16: "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." She remembered an anecdote of a poor man, in one of these islands, so much spoken of at the last meeting, who had started up when he first heard this verse, and begged to have it read again, saying, "Let me hear; what is that? God *so* loved the world!"

How pleasant it is to have facts like this fixed on the memory, and how different was this poor heathen from many who listen to these blessed words without care or interest. If we wish to love God, let us think more of his love to us.

Several other verses were chosen by the elder girls: 1 Tim. i. 15; Romans iii. 23, 24, and x. 13—17, and xv. 8—13; Eph. ii. 6—8; John vi. 35—40; Colossians i. 21; Revelation xxii. 17; all showing that salvation is the free gift of God through Christ Jesus, and that it is all mercy from first to last, and not of our own works and deservings. Though, wherever true faith or belief is found it will show itself by love, leading men to deny themselves for the good of others, and earnestly labour to bring their fellow-creatures to trust in the same Saviour. That love is beautifully set forth in the 1st Epistle of John, iii. 16, and elsewhere: "Hereby perceive we the love of God, because he laid down his life for us: and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren."

Miss Stone having made a few remarks to this

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effect, read a letter she had just received from a missionary friend in India, describing the attention with which the little native children received instruction; adding, however, that deceit and many evil practices were but too common among them at other times, and that when she read to them accounts from English books bearing on their faults, they seemed hardly to understand that white children had the same natures and temptations to contend with as themselves. "Yet," she added, "all are alike born in sin, sprung from Adam, the first man who sinned against God; nor can any be renewed except through the second Adam, the Lord from heaven" (1 Cor. xv). Perhaps some who now seem far from God may be among those from the east and west who shall hereafter sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of God, when others are cast out. The word, whether preached or written, will not profit any who may constantly hear it, unless it be mixed with faith in them; but if truly received, even the smallest portion may become the means of saving souls.

"I have heard," said Miss Stone, "of a little boy who was out with other children picking berries, and, having no basket to put them in, he tore a leaf from one of his books, and chose for that purpose his Bible, because, as the largest, he thought he should best be able to spare a leaf out of it. When his playfellows had left him, he walked home by himself, eating his fruit slowly till he came to the last berry, which stuck to the paper just as he was going to throw the leaf away. A stain was left upon it, near to that passage in Isaiah liii. 5: 'He was wounded for our transgres-

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sions,' and his attention being arrested, he read through the chapter, and the child was much touched by the account of the sufferings of Christ. He returned home sorrowful, and told his sister, after some time, what he had done, and asked her if God would forgive him for his sin in attempting to destroy a part of the Holy Bible. His sister comforted him by the invitations and promises contained in Isaiah lv., especially verse 7: 'Let the wicked forsake his way,' etc., and prayed with and for her brother, who afterwards became a faithful minister."

We should never despair of any, even the most thoughtless; but how happy are those who early begin to work in the vineyard of the Lord. Look at Matt. v. 19. There is one mistake, however, that I must warn you against, respecting two texts, James v. 27; 1 Pet. iv. 8. The covering of sins here referred to, means the deliverance of the converted sinner from the guilt and power of sin, not the setting a sort of balance in our own favour. We must lay down all our works, whatever they be, at the foot of the cross; for our best righteousnesses are as filthy rags, and we should cease from placing any dependence on them. Let Christ be the beginning and end of our faith.

As all are sinners before God, all are invited to come to the Saviour. Wherever the influence of the gospel is felt there will be a happy change produced, however the outward circumstances may differ. Africaner and other heathen chiefs, from being cruel and oppressive, became mild and peaceable. Thus,

"Lions and beasts of savage name
Put on the nature of the lamb."

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May each of you ask and receive the same grace, subduing all your evil tempers and desires, and making you followers of God, as dear children, and inheritors of the kingdom of heaven. A young woman of colour in North America was anxious to make a public profession of religion, but for some time the white Christians of the same congregation were unwilling that she should be with them at the Lord's table. When the minister was aware of this, he took her by the hand before them all, repeating these texts: "Whosoever will do the will of my Father in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother;" "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature;" "There is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free: but Christ is all, and in all." (Matt. xii. 50; 2 Cor. v. 17; Col. iii. 11). After these verses had been heard, no objection could be made, and the young negress lived to be an active and useful member of that church, and was the first sabbath-school teacher of the poor in that city.

But the word of God is to some "a savour of death unto death, to others of life unto life." (2 Cor. ii. 15.) It is compared to the rain (Deut. xxxii. 2), which, as Jewish writers say, includes the storm and driving tempest, as well as gentle refreshing showers. My dear children, in which of these ways do you desire to receive it?

The word of God means the way in which he makes himself known to us, especially the messages which holy men of old were inspired (or taught) to write (2 Pet. i. 21). This is the lamp (or lantern) to direct

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our paths, without which we must be left to walk in darkness. St. John uses the same expression, "the Word," to mean our Lord Jesus Christ, the messenger of his heavenly Father (John i. 14; 1 John v. 7); but you will not find this the case with the other evangelists. "The word" spoken of by them means the doctrine which Christ spake, but always as something of the highest importance, which will not pass away, but will judge us at the last day. How solemn is the warning to those who are ashamed of avowing Christ and his words before men (Luke ix. 26). Not that you are to be forward in judging or condemning others, but seek to have your own principles firmly fixed on the true doctrines of Christ, and then yours is a joy which none can take from you, nor can the world ever offer anything to supply its place. And those who reject the Bible have no way of salvation provided for them; they sin against the remedy (Luke xvi. 31; Acts iv. 11).

THE HAPPY BOY.

A little boy, with rosy face,
Whose heart had been renewed by grace,
Was asked one day if he could tell
"How great God was? Where he did dwell?"
Quick he replied, "Not all the sky,
Nor all the shining worlds on high,
Nor earth, nor air, nor heaven, nor hell,
Are large enough for God to dwell:
Yet he comes down, in love divine,
And dwells in this small heart of mine."

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THE AFRICANS AND THE LOOKING-GLASS.

The entertaining missionary traveller, Dr. Livingstone, tells us that the tribe of the Makololos in Africa were very concerned to know how they looked. The women, in particular, often came to him and asked for the looking-glass; and he says the remarks which they made while he was engaged in reading and apparently not attending to them, were very amusing. On first seeing themselves in the glass they would say, "Is that me?" "What a big mouth I have!" "My ears are as big as pumpkin leaves!" "I have no chin at all!" "See how my head shoots up in the middle!" laughing heartily all the time at their own jokes.

A man once came alone, to have a quiet gaze at his own face, when he thought Dr. Livingstone was asleep. After twisting his mouth about in various ways, he said to himself, "People say I am ugly; and how very ugly I am!"

But we must not forget that this looking into the glass is rather a dangerous thing with some young people. They are too fond of looking on the reflection of their faces, and perhaps are not likely to cry, with the poor African, "How very ugly I am," but to flatter themselves that they are better looking than others.

There is, however, one glass into which they cannot look too often; it is the word of the Lord (James i. 23—25). The more they look therein, the more clearly will they detect their defects and perceive their sins; and this will tend to keep them humble before

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God, and lead them to walk in meekness in the sight of their friends.

When you, young reader, look at yourself in this glass, you will not see your face, but your *heart*. It matters very little whether you are plain and homely; but is the *heart* right? is it clean by the blood of Jesus and the Spirit of the Lord? Do you know the reason why many young persons, as well as older ones, do not like to read and study God's word? Because it shows how unsightly their hearts are.

Let us ask the Lord, who can change the hearts of all, to make us and the poor heathen clean and pure through the blood of our Saviour.

A LESSON FOR MY SUNDAY SCHOLARS.

Now listen to me with attention, for I wish you to remember as long as you live the lesson which I am going to give you to-day. I am going to talk to you about something which is of deep concern to us all—to you and to me, and to every one in the world. It is THE LOVE OF GOD TO SINNERS. Now, open your Bibles, and turn to the third chapter of St. John, the sixteenth and seventeenth verses. There you will read: "God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved."

You know that all mankind are sinners. Now

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imagine a large city, like London, of which the people were all condemned for some great crime. Suppose that they must be destroyed unless some one very powerful, and great, and good, consents to die in their stead. And then think, if the king of that country were to pity their lost state so much, as to send some one very near to him out of his palace to suffer instead of the people of this city, would it not show great love towards them? And if it were his son, his *only* son, that he gave to die, (we know how parents value their *only child*), would it not show wonderful love?

And it was *so* that God loved the world. All had sinned against him and broken his laws. We know what is done when the laws of an earthly ruler are broken. The offender is brought to trial, and witnesses appear against him, and when he is found guilty the judge pronounces the sentence, and the man is punished according to his crime. So Christ, who came into the world as our Saviour, might have come only as our Judge, and then where would the best of us have been? But it was not so; for as we have just read, "God sent not his Son into the world to *condemn* the world;" no, it was "that the world through him might be *saved*."

You will find a proof of God's love to sinners in another text. Look at the eleventh verse of the thirty-third chapter of Ezekiel. There God declares, "I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth." All the histories in the Bible show us how true this is. See how he gave men warning before the flood. Though the wickedness of man was so great in the earth that God determined to drown the world which

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he had made so good and lovely, yet the ark was a hundred and twenty years in building; and Noah, at God's command, kept warning the people all that time. But they were hardened in their sins, and would not repent. Remember also how God spared Nineveh. He sent Jonah to warn the guilty city, and when the people humbled themselves his anger was turned away. Think, above all, how the loving Saviour wept over Jerusalem, because he knew the misery that sin was bringing upon it, and he had no pleasure in the death of the wicked.

And have not *you* reason to believe that God is unwilling to punish? How he warns you—sends you ministers, teachers, the Bible, that you might not perish in your sins! Yet though he is long suffering, he will be faithful to his word, if we do not repent and believe in Christ. When a child is disobedient a fond parent may delay the punishment, because he wishes to give him time to see if he will repent. Just so, God is not the less *sure* to fulfil his threats—as he did to Adam, you know, when he eat of the tree which was forbidden; but he stays his hand for a while, to see if we will repent. Now, if God did not love sinners, would he thus wait, and again and again in his word entreat them to turn from their evil ways?

Then God shows his love to sinners in another way. That is, by sending his Holy Spirit into their hearts to lead them to the Saviour. We should never go to him of ourselves, because of ourselves we do not love him. We love our own sins and our own ways. Turn again to the Gospel of St. John, find the sixth chapter

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and the forty-fourth verse, "No man can come unto me, except the Father which hath sent me draw him." It is Christ who says these words. We cannot come unto him of ourselves; and it is because we *will not*. See a child refusing to come to school, standing perhaps at the gate, and her companions urging her to come in. She does not move. She stands still, as if not a word was said to her—and why? She cannot come, her feet cannot move because her stubborn heart will not let her. So we cannot of ourselves come to Christ because our naughty hearts will not let us. But God *draws* us to him. See, a kind teacher goes to the gate, puts her arms round the child, urges her, whispers loving words in her ear. The child is softened; her heart begins to melt, her feet moves towards the school; she is brought in. The Spirit of God puts the good desire into our hearts. Let us follow it. It will bring us to Christ.

If God did not thus love us, and draw us by his Spirit, we should never turn from our sins. Look again in the Gospel of St. John, the fifteenth chapter, and the sixteenth verse. What are our Saviour's words? "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you." No one chooses God first. If we have a good desire towards him, it has been given to us by his Spirit.

And why does Christ say he has chosen his people? That they should "go and bring forth fruit." Now, what fruit can a child bring forth? The first fruit is obedience. Obedience to God's commands, obedience to parents, obedience to masters and teachers. Another fruit is truth in word and deed. Another fruit is

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kindness to others, returning good for evil. And your fruit should "remain." You have seen bad fruit come on a tree, and remain with the good fruit for a while. Then it withers and drops off. Just so with actions that seem good at first, but which do not spring from a right motive—sincere love to Christ, and the wish to please him. Such actions are like bad fruit: they show that the branch is good for nothing. But good fruit remains. Little kindnesses remain in the mind of those who receive them, and bring forth increase like good seed; one good action leads to another. How the disciples went and brought forth fruit, telling others about Jesus, shining like lights in the world, lighting men to Christ. So may a child be a light among his companions, for "even a child is known by his doings."

The last text that I shall give you is from St. John's first Epistle, the fourth chapter and the tenth verse: "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins." You may have seen a naughty child, cared for and provided for by its parents, yet making no return of gratitude and love. Such conduct is enough to make any one turn away and say, "I will have nothing to do with that ungrateful child." But God does not say so of us, though we have made him no return for his goodness—perhaps have not even given him thanks.

What do we think of a little child when we see him turn away rebellious from his best friend? We have often done so with God. Are not some of you doing so now? Are you among the children who

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will not come to Christ, who stand like the stubborn child at the gate?

Shall this continue, dear children? Should not the thought of God's love lead you to love him? What but his love gives you the Sunday school, causes your teachers to care for you, your minister to take such pains in teaching you the way to heaven? Oh, pray for a grateful heart to return this love. Pray that you may love him, because he first loved you. Do not forget what I have said; but look again when you go home at the texts which you have found this morning, and ask that God the Holy Spirit would write them upon your heart.

P. Q.

QUESTIONS ON THE PARABLES OF OUR LORD.

THE VINEYARD.

Matt. xxi. 33—46; see also Mark xii. 1—12; Luke xx. 9—19.

33. WHERE was this parable delivered?—What is a vineyard?—Who is meant by the householder?—What is represented by the vineyard? Is. v. 7.—Who are the husbandmen in it?

34. What is meant by the time of fruit?—Who are denoted by the servants?

35. What transactions are here referred to?—Mention the case in 2 Chron. xxiv. 21.—What is said of them in Heb. xi. 37?

36. What is the leading idea in this verse?

37. How many sons had the householder?—How does the evangelist Mark style his son?—To whom

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does the description apply?—How is he to be reverenced? John v. 23.

38. What inheritance did they mean?—To whom does an inheritance belong?

39. How was Christ cast out of the vineyard?

40. To whom was this question addressed? verse 23.—What was the design of it?

41. Why did they make this reply?—Who were condemned by it?

42. What Scriptures are here spoken of?—To what passage did Jesus allude?—What is meant by the head of the corner? Is. xxviii. 16.

43. What is here meant by the kingdom of God?—Who are intended by the nation spoken of? Acts xxviii. 28.—When was this prediction fulfilled?

44. To what stone does our Lord here refer? verse 42.—What is meant by falling on it?—What is meant by being broken?

45. Who were the Pharisees?—What others does Luke mention?

46. What offended them at this time?—When did they seek to lay hands on him?

THE FRIEND YOU NEED.

CHILDREN, do you want a friend,
Ever faithful, ever true;
One whose kindness knows no end.
One whose love can shelter you?
Jesus is the friend you need,
Jesus is a friend indeed.

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THE LIBRARY.

How very few young people feel sufficiently thankful for the advantages they enjoy in obtaining pleasure and profit from books! Before the art of printing was discovered, young people were very ignorant respecting a hundred things of which they may now easily become well informed.

It is true that sometimes they might hear from their parents and friends what they, in their turn, had heard from others. A shipwrecked sailor might tell them of the dangers of the sea; a one-legged soldier might recount the wonders of foreign climes, in which he had

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fought and bled; and a merchant might speak of the barbarous people with whom he had traded; but these opportunities could not often occur, so that whatever was passing in the wide world, they could know but very little about it. Few people could then afford to buy written books, and still fewer were learned enough to write them.

How different is the case now! If a young person wishes to know all about his own country—its mountains, rivers, productions and manufactories; if he wishes to hear about shipwrecks and disasters on the mighty ocean, or of the inhabitants, manners, and customs of distant climes, all this information is to be got from books.

The art of printing has placed within our reach interesting accounts of the four quarters of the globe, so that no one need be altogether ignorant of the remotest countries, or of the most barbarous people.

The Arab of the desert, the negro of the Gold Coast, the Indian of Canada, the Hottentot of South Africa, and the Esquimaux of North America, are all brought before us in books; we see their pictures, we learn how they act in war and peace, and are able to form a more correct idea of the inhabitants of the world.

Books make us acquainted with the extent of countries, the height of mountains, the length of rivers, and with the animal, vegetable, and mineral creation. How little should we know of the productions of different countries, if it were not for books! Mariners might sail round the world, travellers might visit distant climes, the whale might be harpooned in

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the North Sea, the lion hunted in Africa, the tiger and elephant in the East Indies, the bear and the buffalo in America, the giraffe in the desert, and the kangaroo in Australasia, without our being acquainted with these matters; but as they are recorded in books, we know, or may know, all about them.

It is from books that we learn the history of different nations, and know whether they are Jews, Mohammedans, idolaters, or Christians. Books tell us what the missionary is doing abroad, inform us of the spread of the gospel, and of the different schools established in different parts of the world. Without books we must, most of us, of necessity, be ignorant; but with them, accompanied with God's blessing, we may become wise.

But though books contain great information, very many cannot afford to buy them; they may purchase a few, but they cannot buy all they want to obtain the information they desire.

To meet this difficulty, kind and Christian hearted people have set up lending libraries of useful and instructive books, and are thereby doing much good. Then, look at a family library; the shelves are well stocked with books arranged in order.

But if school and family libraries thus make it easy to young people to acquire useful information, the greater disgrace will it be to them if they remain ignorant. The old copy,

> "When house is gone and money spent,
> Then learning is most excellent,"

is as true now as ever it was. Young people now have great advantages.

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One thing should, however, be remembered. It is not reading all the books in the world, or obtaining all the information in the world, that will render a young person happy. True wisdom consists not in knowing what is right only, but in doing it. That book, then, is the best book, which sets the worthiest object before you, and supplies you with the best motive to attain it.

Though books were ten times more plentiful than they are, yet, if the Bible should be taken away, we should be worse off than before. To be, therefore, well read in other books, and to be but little acquainted with the Bible, is a reproach to any one, old or young. Other books afford us passing entertainment or knowledge respecting the world; but the Bible is able to make us wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus.

Whatever books you read, be sure to keep up the reading of your Bible; it contains the best news that ever came into the world, salvation by the Saviour of sinners; it affords counsel in difficulty, consolation in trouble, support in sickness, and confidence in death.

> "This is a precious book indeed,
> Happy the child that loves to read;
> 'Tis God's own word, which he has given
> To show our souls the way to heaven."

What should you say of a traveller who had to enter a strange country, if he made diligent inquiry about the hills and valleys, the roads and the lanes, the highways and byeways of the first few miles, but never made any inquiry about the remainder? you

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would think, and say, that he was at best but a simple fellow. Such are all those who are well read in other books and ill read in the Bible; who are wise in the things of this world, and ignorant of the world which is to come.

"Of all the books that e'er were penned
To sell, to give away, or lend,
From north to south, from east to west,
The Bible is the very best."

HAS YOUR SIN FOUND YOU OUT?

A MINISTER was preaching from these words, "Be sure your sin will find you out." He said many awakening things about sin finding out those who committed it; and among others this: "If you do not find out your sin, and bring it to Jesus, to get it pardoned and washed away through his blood, be sure your sin will find you out, and bring you to the judgment-seat, to be condemned and sent away by the Judge into everlasting punishment."

A little girl, who had told her mother a lie before she came to hear the minister, was listening, and she thought, "Oh, that lie; I must either find it, and bring it to Jesus, or it will find me out at the great day."

The child was greatly alarmed. She became very anxious about her soul's salvation. She cared for nothing earthly; her mind was entirely occupied with thoughts of eternal things. She could not rest until she went and told the minister all she felt and feared. She walked several miles to speak to him, and the

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burden of her errand was this: "Oh! what shall I do with my sin?" He said, "Lay it upon the spotless Lamb of God, and he will take it entirely away. Let us now lay it upon him," said the kind pastor; and with that he kneeled down with the awakened child, and commended her to "Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep." He spoke to her of the love of Jesus, and she went home.

The next time the minister saw her, she came to him with a bright and happy face. He took her by the hand and said, "Well, have you laid your sin upon the spotless Lamb of God?" "Oh yes, she replied, "and I'll never lay any more." She meant that she would never sin again—she would never more tell a falsehood. Her heart was so full of love to Jesus for taking away her sin, that she could not think it possible that she should sin again. And that is the true mark of a Christian, that he resolves to sin "no more."

Dear children, have you laid your sins on Jesus? A sure mark of it will be this, that you wish, with all your heart, never to have any more to lay upon him.

The minister told this little story many miles from where it happened, and the minister's wife told it again to her class, when a young woman was awakened by it to care for her soul. O gracious Spirit, use it again for the good of the readers of "The Child's Companion," and thus glorify the "spotless Lamb of God."

THE LITTLE GERMAN GIRL.

Not long since, in one of the schools in New York, a teacher found little Mary, a German girl, twelve

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years old, in tears. "Why, what's the matter, Mary?"

Little Mary burst into tears again. As soon as she could answer, she said:—

"My little sister Rosa is dead."

"Why, I did not know you had a little sister," said the teacher.

"Oh, yes, ma'am; she was a very little girl, only six years old."

"I hope she has gone to heaven," said the teacher.

"Oh, yes," said Mary, "we know she has."

"Mary, what makes you say that Rosa has gone to heaven?"

"Oh, teacher, if you had seen her, you would have thought so too."

"Why, what did she do?"

"Oh, the last day she lived, she sung just as long as her breath lasted."

"What did she sing?"

"It was, 'I think when I read that sweet story of old,'" replied Mary; "and 'There is a happy land.' And then she prayed, in German, for father and mother, and next she prayed for us all."

"What did little Rosa pray about?" said the teacher.

"Oh, it was something about Jesus Christ, about his precious blood, and about his righteousness."

"What Sunday school did little Rosa go to?" for the teacher knew she had never come there.

"Oh, she never went to any Sunday school."

"What day school, then, did she learn these little hymns in?"

"She never went to any day school, ma'am."

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"Why, where did she learn these things, then?"

"Oh, the little girls who live up-stairs in our house used to go to Sunday school, and they would come down into the back yard and 'play' at Sunday school!"

Thus had little Rosa learned the truths, which the Holy Spirit had blessed to her soul.

OH, MAKE ME THINE.

My Father, I would be thy child,
I know I'm sinful, wayward, wild,
To thee I would be reconciled;
Oh, make me thine.

With patience I the race would run,
Not looking back when once begun,
Seeking salvation through thy Son;
Oh, make me thine.

The narrow way I fain would tread,
And by thy gentle hand be led,
With heavenly manna daily fed;
Oh, make me thine.

Make me to love thee more and more,
Thy Holy Spirit on me pour,
Grant me of grace a plenteous store;
Oh, make me thine.

When death's cold hand is on me laid,
My God, let me not feel afraid,
Be with me; for I've often prayed
That I might be thine.

HELEN.

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VISIT TO AN ARAB SHEIKH.

A SHEIKH is a chief or head man over a tribe of Arabs. You may now read a short account of a visit that was made to one of these great men, named Hussein.

Starting at four in the morning, we reached Sheikh Hussein's camp about one in the afternoon. The tents

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were ranged in a crescent, and very low, except the sheikh's. We alighted before it, and were most gracefully received by his eldest son, a boy about ten or eleven years of age, dressed in his little "kefia," or head-dress of the desert, red boots, etc., a little sheikh in miniature. Sheikh Hussein resolved that we should stay with him that evening, and ordered the camels that carried our tent to be kept in the rear: coming up again, he renewed our welcome, and invited us into his tent, whither we followed, and sat down on the mat beside him.

It was a bright, warm afternoon, and the fire in the centre of the tent, and the clouds of tobacco-smoke, were at first almost stifling. The wild Arabs gathered round us, and soon our breakfast was served up: first "leban," or sour milk, and then a mixture of butter, bread, and sugar. Then coffee was repeatedly served by a slave, who sat constantly grinding and supplying new comers with that truly eastern luxury. Each guest, as he entered, was kissed by the principal members of the circle, except the sheikh—hearty double kisses. Little ceremony was observed, though much respect was shown to the sheikh, who spoke and moved with much dignity. It was a strange scene altogether; but one group was really beautiful—Sheikh Hussein, in his robes of scarlet and red turban, with his young son, so fair and graceful, lying at his feet, and looking fondly up in his face. Many other children were admitted into the circle, or played outside the tent, all of them, seemingly, much indulged.

When we had had enough of it, we slipped away under the corner of the tent, and repaired to our own,

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where we found the little sheikh Mohammed sitting at the door. We invited him in; he sat down very modestly, first on the sand, then on the bed. We gave him some preserved dates for himself and his little brothers. While dinner was in preparation, (for the sheikh killed a sheep for us,) we squatted before the tent with the Arabs, playing with a young wolf, and watching the evening labours of the camp. Children were at play; women, in their long blue robes, bringing in dry wood for the night fires; two others were grinding at the mill at the door of one of the tents; an animated talk was going on in the sheikh's; his horse was prowling about in its rich trappings; goats smelling about our tent; and dogs barking: as happy, cheerful, and peaceful a scene as ever I saw.

At last, Sheikh Hussein made his appearance with a huge wooden bowl full of mutton, and we all gathered round it, and dipping in the dish, ate with our fingers, in the eastern fashion. Soft cakes of excellent bread, like Scotch cake, served at once for plates and food.

The camp at night was a beautiful scene; a circle of lights and fires flaming around us, the grinding still continuing. A lively talk was still going on in Sheikh Hussein's tent. The grinding was still going on when we awoke next morning; and a man churning butter in a skin, see-sawing it on his knee; two children were plaguing the poor little wolf, pulling it about with a string. The little sheikh Mohammed breakfasted with us on coffee and bread; and, before starting, we presented him with a pair of yellow morocco slippers, and boots for his mother, who made her appearance in her finery at the moment of our departure.

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BIBLE LESSONS.

CHAPTER IV.—WHAT THE GOSPEL HAS DONE.

THE next Scripture subject proposed by Miss Stone to her scholars was this: "What were the effects of the first preaching of the gospel, both of a pleasing and painful nature?"

Little Harriet's verse was Matt. x. 22; and other verses from all the four Gospels were brought by her companions, to prove that our blessed Saviour from the first, told his disciples they should suffer persecution for his name's sake and the gospel's; but that they should receive great consolation under all their trials.

Miss S. Can you find any cases in which this was fulfilled? Ellen turned to the beginning of Acts viii. and read several verses, showing that the scattering of the first disciples was overruled for good. Julia found in Acts xii. the history of Peter's imprisonment. Charlotte had chapter xiv., and read the close of verse 22, "We must through much tribulation enter the kingdom of God."

Miss S. There is a verse something like this in 2 Timothy iii. Anna found and read, "All that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution." Her teacher then directed her to finish the chapter, saying that Timothy seems to have been converted in consequence of this missionary journey, as it may be called, of the apostle Paul.

Mary referred to Acts xvii., where Timothy is first mentioned, and afterwards to the account of Paul's imprisonment at Philippi, which is again referred to 1 Thess. ii. 2.

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Miss S. It is very interesting to see how the Acts and Epistles explain one another. We have often spoken of the history of St. Paul; and now I shall ask you to pass on to Acts xvii. 11, where you find, after meeting with much opposition, the evangelist commends the noble Bereans, who "searched the Scriptures daily," for proof of what they heard concerning Christ. As I told you last week, there are always two classes of hearers—believers and unbelievers. This appears more and more plainly as we come to the first preaching to the Gentiles or idolaters. See how some at Ephesus, as well as elsewhere, turned from idolatry to serve the living God, 1 Thess. i. 9; Acts xix. 20.

Harriet then read, "So mightily grew the word of God and prevailed."

Miss S. The word, you see, is everywhere the instrument employed. Now look at 1 Thess. ii. 14, and Hebrews x. 34, and you will see something more of the trials and persecutions that the first Christians endured. Every preacher is not called to suffer in the same manner, but every real believer in Christ will feel that the truths of the word of God can support in the heaviest trials, and are the best comforts they can offer to any of their fellow creatures in distress.

The Bible will give consolation where nothing else can supply it. Some of you may have seen in the United Service Museum, in London, among the relics of the crew of Sir John Franklin, how their religious books, and especially their Bibles, were among the most valued and dearly prized of their possessions. One visitor said he could not help thinking how suited Psalm cxxxix. must have seemed in their sad condition.

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Ellen. Yes, there is a great deal in the Bible about sailors. Jonah and Paul were both at sea in storms.

Miss S. Yet both these storms were overruled to the conviction of idolaters. There have been cases of the same kind in the countties visited by our missionaries. There is no situation for which something in the Bible may not be found. A young woman once, in consequence of a fever, became both deaf and blind. She could neither hear nor read. When she was first told that there was no hope of her recovery, and was much distressed in consequence, a friend put a Bible in her hand, and she knew what it was by her touch. She said, "I once learned to read this book, though I never shall see its pages again." Having been early instructed in a Sunday school, she began to repeat Psalm xxiii.; 1 Pet. v. 7; Prov. iii. 5, 6, and other passages, which proved soothing to her mind, so that she was never again seen under the power of fear; and God put it in the hearts of her friends to be kind and take care of her. Thus man doth not live by bread alone, but by every word of God.

You seldom, or perhaps never hear of hospitals for the needy, schools for the ignorant, or helps for the sick and afflicted, among those who are strangers to the gospel. You all know how cruel the heathens are in destroying their poor aged parents, exposing their children to perish, and forsaking those who are in need of any assistance. Some examples are given in Moffat's "Missionary Researches," and perhaps you will remember an anecdote that he relates. He and his companions had been much worn and harassed by a long journey, and the people of a native village had

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refused the shelter and food they needed, when a female stranger suddenly appeared carrying a bundle of wood and a vessel of milk, which she offered to them. After going away for a few minutes, she returned with a leg of mutton, and a cooking vessel and water. Then having prepared the meat, she said, in answer to their questions, "I love Him whose servants you are, and it is my duty to give you a cup of cold water in his name." Afterwards she showed them a Dutch New Testament, which she had some years before received at school, and said, "This is the fountain which I drink; this is the oil that causes my lamp to burn." Have any of you any questions you would like to ask me?

Harriet. Are people ever persecuted now for their religion?

Miss S. Oh, yes. Many people have suffered in the land where our missionaries have laboured, especially in Madagascar; but I will not stop to tell you the particulars now, because I hope you will read about them when you grow older. Perhaps you all have heard lately something of the troubles Christians have endured in many eastern countries. The unbelieving world have never ceased to hate and oppose the people of God, though they have not always the same ways of doing it openly. But even now, in popish countries, persons are imprisoned as soon as they begin to read and distribute copies of the Scriptures, as the Madiai did at Florence. Only Christians must be careful not to give any cause for this opposition, except their holy and upright conduct, and then they need not fear when evil is spoken against them falsely. Our blessed Lord tells us he came not to send peace but a sword, and

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many of his people have passed through fiery trials; still, the promises of God are theirs.

Mary. I wish we knew something more of the histories of the apostles and first preachers of the gospel.

Miss S. It is truly said that St. Luke, at the end of the book of Acts, leaves us thirsting for more; yet we must not place much dependence on the early historians that were not inspired. However, it appears that the word of God was early known in India, in Spain, France, and perhaps even in Britain; some have supposed that St. Paul brought it here, but that is not certain. He gives us an account of his journeyings, Romans xv. 19, and this was written some years before the close of his life.

Alice. But was it not a long time before the Bible was put into English as we have it now?

Miss S. The heathen nations of the north, who were called barbarians, spread over the greater part of Europe, and the followers of the false prophet Mohammed subdued a great part of Asia and the north of Africa, so that, for a long time, the gospel was, as it were, hidden, and only a few minds, more learned than the rest, had light in the midst of darkness. Translations of parts of the Scriptures were made in different times and places, but it was not until after the invention of printing that the Bible became generally read and understood. This account, however, belongs rather to your lessons in general history, and we must leave it for the present. Only remember, that there never was or will be but one true religion by which we can draw nigh to God, though that has been better understood in some times and places than in others.

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I CANNOT BE GOOD.

"It is impossible! I have tried, and I cannot be good," cried little Anne, and she burst into tears.

Her aunt Grey, who entered the school-room just

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many of his people have passed through fiery trials; still, the promises of God are theirs.

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then, and heard her crying, approached her and said gently, "What has happened, my child? What is the cause of this great grief? Where is your mother; is she in the house?"

Anne's sobs redoubled at this question. "Oh no, aunt, mother is gone out with my sister. They are gone to take a walk, and I am left at home with the servant."

"My poor child," replied her aunt, "your mother must have been sorry not to take you out; but she surely had a good reason for thus punishing you?"

Anne hesitated a moment, and then repeated sadly, "Aunt, I cannot be good."

"How! you say that you cannot be good? Are you sure that you have a sincere desire, and do what would help you to become so?"

"Yes, I am sure I try, aunt; I wish to be good, for it is very sad to be always getting punished. Last night they sent me to bed an hour before my brothers and sisters went, and I said to myself, 'I will try to-morrow, and not do anything to deserve punishment.' But this morning, when getting up, I spoke in a naughty manner to the servant; I gave a slap to my brother, who was teasing me; and when my sister Henrietta spoke to me about my faults, I answered her that it was no business of hers. I came to breakfast very cross, fought with every one, and said my lessons very badly; so mother has deprived me of my pleasant walk this fine summer day. And, aunt, it is always the same. I am sorry for being wicked: I know that I should be happier if I was better, but *I cannot.*" And the poor child began again to weep bitterly.

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Mrs. Grey looked at her with pity, and said, "Don't you think, my child, that there are other reasons for wishing not to be wicked as well as the fear of punishment?"

"Yes, I know that there are, aunt. I grieve dear mother when I am bad, and she is pleased when her children are good. I tell myself of this also, and yet I am no better."

"And can you not think of any other reason for being good?" said her aunt.

Anne reflected a moment, and then said, "Yes, it is right to obey God."

"Without doubt, my dear child, this is the motive above all others that ought to induce you to enter upon a better life. Try to obey God; he who loves you better than even your father or mother can; he who has given you such kind parents, and who never ceases to bestow his good gifts upon you. Try and obey that blessed Saviour who has been a little child like yourself, and who has left to little children, as well as to grown persons, an example that they should follow. We read in his word that he obeyed his parents in the days of his childhood; and this word says also that he was 'meek and lowly of heart,' and so my Anne must also become meek and lowly of heart if she obey God."

"But, aunt, it is impossible; it seems as if there is something in me that prevents me from being good."

"This *something*, my child, is your bad heart, and while that remains unchanged all must be bad. You know the Bible says, 'A corrupt tree cannot bring forth good fruit.' But the Lord can change it, and he has

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promised to do so for all those who ask him in sincerity. You are fond of stories; would you like me to tell you one?"

"Oh, yes, aunt;" and the smile reappeared upon the lips of Anne, who placed herself against her aunt's knee.

"You have not forgotten your cousin Theresa?" said Mrs. Grey, her eyes filling with tears, and her voice low and sad, for Theresa was her only child, and she had died of scarlet fever at the age of sixteen.

"Oh no, aunt. Though I was very young when my dear cousin died, I remember well how kind she always was to us, and how well she knew how to amuse us. We often tormented her, but she was never impatient; every one loved Theresa. Oh, dear aunt, if I could be like her!" And the child put her arms round Mrs. Grey's neck, and kissed the poor mother, who was now weeping at the remembrance of her lost darling.

After a few moments of silence she began: "When Theresa was a very little girl she had some faults which troubled me greatly; she was violent, disobedient and passionate."

"Aunt, it is impossible!"

"No, my child, it is quite true; Theresa, whom you knew so sweet, so gentle, so amiable to all, was, until she was six years old, one of the most troublesome children I ever knew. I often spoke to her of her sins; she would weep, promise to improve, make good resolutions, and, like you, fall soon again into the same faults. I read with her the word of God, I spoke to her of the Saviour, and she often seemed to take pleasure in listening. Sometimes I thought I saw in

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her some serious impressions; then would come a temptation, the least difficulty in her lessons, and my poor Theresa would give way again to all her impatience and passion. I was very sad at seeing the faults of my dear child, and I ceased not to ask God to have pity on her, and change her heart. All at once I noticed a difference in Theresa's conduct, which delighted me.

"Many days passed without my having any fault to find with her. She was sweet-tempered, quiet, and seemed very anxious to please me. I, however, knew my child, and I dared not give myself up to the joy that filled my heart, for I feared this change would not last. One day Theresa came to me and said, 'Mamma, have you not been pleased with me for some days?'

"'Yes, my child, I have had every reason to be so, and I bless God for it, and pray to him to help you to persevere.'

"'Mamma,' said she, 'do you know how I try to be good?'

"'No, my child,' said I.

"'When I feel inclined to be bold, I go into a corner, and I pray to God with all my heart to help me to be good, and then *I can be*.'*

"My dear Anne, the course of my Theresa's life proved the excellency of this way for being good. From that time she was what the word of God calls 'a new creature.' She never had a fit of passion, or disobedience; she was truly another child. I could not

* This account of the conversion of a child of six years old is true.

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say all she became to her father and to me; I possessed in her at the same time a daughter and a friend. God has taken her from us very young, but we bless him for having given her to us, and we know that we have returned her to him.

"Dear child, would you not wish to do as Theresa did? would you not wish to seek with all your heart from the Lord the strength to conquer all your faults, and resist the sins which beset you? Ask, as Theresa did, and he will give to you as he did to her." Anne was much touched: she said little, but her aunt saw that she had received a good impression.

Mrs. Grey knelt with the child and asked God to bless Anne, and give her the new heart which she needed. When they rose, Anne threw herself on Mrs. Grey's neck and said to her in a trembling voice, "My dear aunt, if the Lord make me good, as you have asked of him, perhaps I may be able to fill, in some degree, the place of your Theresa."

Jesus, Saviour, pity me;
Hear me when I cry to thee
I've a very naughty heart,
Full of sin in every part;
I can never make it good;
Wash me, wash me in thy blood.

Though I cannot cease from guilt,
Thou canst cleanse me, and thou wilt;
Since thy blood for sin was shed,
Crown'd with thorns thy blessed head,
Thou who once didst suffer so,
Ne'er wilt bid me from thee go;
Jesus, thou wilt pity me;
Save me when I cry to thee.

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A CHILD'S FAITH.

"How sweet it is, my child,
To live by simple faith;
Just to believe that God will do
Exactly as he saith."

"Does faith mean to believe
That God will surely do
Exactly what he says, mamma?
Just as I know that you
Will give me what I ask,
Because you love me well,
And listen patiently to hear
Whatever I may tell?"

"Yes, you may trust in God,
Just as you trust in me;
Believe, dear child, he loves you well,
And will your Father be.

"To pray in faith, my child,
Is humbly to believe
That what you ask in Jesus' name
You surely shall receive.

"Go with your simple wants,
And tell him all your need;
Go, put your trust in Christ alone;
Such faith is sweet indeed."

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THE MAN WITHOUT A WEDDING GARMENT.

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QUESTIONS ON THE PARABLES OF OUR LORD.

A ROYAL FEAST AND THE WEDDING GARMENT. Matt. xxii. 1—14.

1. WHY were parables so often used by our Lord Jesus Christ? chapter xiii. 13—15.

2. What is here meant by the kingdom of heaven?—Who is represented by the king?—What, by the marriage feast?

3. Who are denoted by the servants? Jer. xxv. 4. Who were the persons bidden?—Why would they not come?—To whom are the gospel offers now made?—What is the reason that sinners are not saved? John v. 40.

4. Who were these other servants?—Why did God provide salvation for sinners? John iii. 16.

5. What is meant by making light of it?—How do worldly cares affect the mind? Luke viii. 14. What is said in the first Epistle of John, ii. 15?

6. What transactions are here described? Acts vii. 59. Why were the servants slain?

7. To what event does this verse relate?—What armies were sent against Jerusalem?—Who are here called murderers? Luke xi. 48—51.

8. What made these guests unworthy?

9. What were the highways here spoken of?—Who frequented them?

10. What is meant by bad and good?—What period may this be?

11. What was the usual wedding garment?—What examination is here denoted?

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12. Wherein was this man faulty?—Why was he speechless?

13. What punishment is here described?*

14. Who are the called, in the parable?—What is it to be chosen?

THE WALNUT.

As William Walters and his sister Fanny sat together at table, where their parents had for a short season left them after dinner, they began talking about the plate of walnuts which lay before them. The walnuts had been gathered from the walnut-tree which grew in the corner of the meadow next the garden, and one of the nuts was still inclosed in the green husk in which it grew.

"Let us ask father to say something about a walnut," said William, "for he says a good lesson of some kind or other may be gathered from everything. I wonder what sort of a good lesson he can get from a walnut?"

"Yes, let us ask him," replied Fanny, "for I feel sure he will say something worth listening to. Perhaps he will say that there is some trouble in cracking the shell, but that the kernel rewards us for our pains."

Hardly had Fanny done speaking before Mr. Walters returned to the table, and taking up the nut-crackers, began to crack some of the walnuts for his children.

"We want you to tell us something about the

* Weddings among the Jews were celebrated in the night. The apartments for the guests were brilliantly illuminated, which increased the darkness without.

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walnut, dear father," said Fanny; "and I have been guessing what you will say. See, here is one with the green husk upon it, so you can speak about that, or about the others, just which you like."

"If you had asked me to tell you about the walnut-tree," said Mr. Walters, "I might have explained to you its growth, and the several uses to which its timber is applied by the joiner, the cabinet-maker, the turner, the millwright, the coachmaker, and the gunstock maker, for to all these the timber of the walnut-tree is very useful. When walnut-trees have been very scarce, a fine tree has been sold for a very great price; but as you wish me to say something about the nut, and not about the tree, I will begin at once."

"Yes, it must be about the nut," said William, "and then we shall see whether Fanny has guessed right or wrong; but I wish you would first please to tell me how it is that so hard a shell is formed inside so soft a rind?"

"In asking me to tell you that," replied Mr. Walters, "you ask me to tell you what I do not know myself; it is one of the many wonders which are to be observed in the works of our heavenly Father. It is not of the walnut only, but of almost all other kinds of nuts, that something like the same question might be put. The common hedgenut grows in a husk; the chestnut, the horse chestnut, the beechnut, and the cocoanut, are all surrounded by a hull or husk of some sort or other. The fruits of the trees naturally call forth our wonder, for we can neither fully understand how they are formed, nor how they are ripened. But see here; I will take up the walnut with the husk on, and make a

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remark or two, which, perhaps, you will afterwards remember."

"Now, Fanny," said William, "we shall see what sort of a guesser you are."

"There has been supposed by some," said Mr. Walters, "to be a close resemblance between a walnut, when in the rind, and a human head. Some see likenesses where others cannot discern them. Do either of you see the resemblance that I speak of?"

Fanny thought there was a likeness in the form, but in nothing else; and William said, that if his father would let him make eyes, nose, and mouth on the rind with a pen and ink, it would be a great deal more like a head than it was then. As this proposal did not seem to promise much advantage, William was not required to set forth his skill in drawing, and Mr. Walters went on to point out the resemblance of which he had spoken.

"The human head," said he, "has a brain, white in colour, and divided into two lobes, or parts; the walnut has a white kernel of much the same form as the brain, and divided in much the same manner."

"Well, that is odd," said William, "and very odd too."

"The brain in the human head," continued Mr. Walters, "is covered with a skin, and the walnut kernel is covered with a skin also, as you well know. The one, in this respect, is very much like the other."

Both Fanny and William looked at each other with much surprise, as Mr. Walter went on thus:

"The lobes, or parts of the brain, occupy irregular

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shaped cavities, or holes; and the parts of the walnut kernel occupy, as you see in the nuts that I have cracked, odd-shaped holes just in the same way. There is in the human head a lining between the brain and the skull, and you may observe here is a lining also, inside the shell of the walnut."

The further Mr. Walters proceeded in his remarks the greater was the wonder seen in the faces of his children; of this he was quite aware; but, making no remark upon it, he continued his description in the following manner:

"The skull of the human head is hard, and seamed, or joined together, as though one part had been applied to the other; the shell of the walnut, also, is hard, and it is seamed together in the same way. Look at the walnuts that have not been cracked, there is a seam, or joining, round every one of them." There, look at it well.

Here William and Fanny seemed almost ready to burst out in cries of wonder, and it was quite as much as they could do to refrain from it while their father thus went on with his remarks.

"The skull of the human head is covered all over with a softer substance than itself; it is exactly the same with the shell of the walnut."

Here William and his sister being unable any longer to remain silent, burst out together, expressing their wonder at what had been told them by their father. Fanny admitted that she was altogether wrong in the guess she made about what her father would say; and William was equally ready to own that had he put eyes, nose, and mouth to the walnut,

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he should not have made it so much like a human head as his father had done.

"But now, my dear children," said Mr. Walters, "if I have pointed out a few things in which the human head and the walnut appear to agree, let me point out one in which they altogether differ. The walnut contains only what in a little time will perish; but the human head is the seat of thought and the dwelling-place of a soul that shall live for ever. When compared with the value of the soul, the whole world is as nothing. Its silver and its gold, its precious pearls and glittering gems, are as dust. If, then, there be one thing more than another that should engage our attention; one thing more than another that should be the object of our desires; one thing more than another that we should seek after with all our hearts, it is the welfare of the soul. The word of God says, 'What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?' Matt. xvi. 26.

"One of the most sorrowful things concerning the soul is, that 'all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God,' and that 'the soul that sinneth it shall die;' and one of the most joyful things concerning the soul is, that God has 'found a ransom' for sin, and that 'Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.' This being the case, avoid the evil and secure the good. 'Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near;' for 'he (Christ) is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing that he ever liveth to make intercession for them.'" Heb. vii. 25.

William and Fanny listened very attentively to all

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that fell from the lips of their father, and from it they obtained both pleasure and profit; for though it must be acknowledged that they remembered the former part of it more than the latter, yet they could not think of the one without being reminded of the other.

LORD'S DAY MORNING.

Jesus, our holy Lord,
Thy name we join to sing,
Who didst on this glad day
Complete salvation bring:
We bless the Lord, who from the grave
Arose again, lost man to save.

Through mercy we are called,
Though young in years, to praise
The conquests of thy love,
The riches of thy grace:
Oh may our hearts in thee rejoice,
And take thee as our early choice!

Through thy redeeming blood,
Dear Saviour, set us free;
Assisted by thy grace,
Oh may we live to thee!
And take us, Lord, when we shall die,
To dwell with thee above the sky.

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THE STORM.

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THE THUNDER STORM.

"Father," said Charles, "I don't like thunder. When the lightning comes in the dark so suddenly, I am always afraid. There, it is coming again! How the thunder rolls! Let me stop my ears. Just listen how the rain beats against the windows. I am glad I am not out of doors like those I now see on the heath. I can't tell of what use thunder can be."

"Why, my child, do you not like thunder?" inquired his father.

"Because it does so much harm," replied Charles. "I heard that a man was lately killed by it—and then look at the rain! why, it will lay everything under water. Oh, it lightens again! I am almost blinded: it may kill me also. Why does God send thunder?"

"Do you believe, Charles, that fire is good?"

"To be sure, father; for when it is so cold in winter and freezes everything, how could we live if we had no fire in the grate?"

"But do you not know that fire sometimes burns whole cities, and destroys the property of thousands, and in a single night brings them to poverty? And have you not heard also that men themselves are sometimes burned to death in the flames? Yet you do not object to fire as a useless thing, but on the contrary regard it as a blessing for which we ought to be sincerely thankful. So it is with thunder, though sometimes men are killed by the lightning which accompanies it, and damage is done by the heavy showers; these are only now and then, when God in his wisdom sees fit, and it does not become us to blame

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him. Thunder and lightning purify the atmosphere, and the heavy rain loosens the soil, sinks deeply into it, and makes it fruitful. Only think how fresh and beautiful the trees, and shrubs, and grass appear after a thunderstorm.

"My son, when it thunders and lightens do not be afraid, but commit yourself to the care of God. Nothing can happen to you but what he sees to be for your good. When you hear the thunder roll, and see the lightning flash, and the rain descend in torrents, think of the greatness and power of your heavenly Father, and pray to him that you may always be his child."

Charles felt ashamed of his thoughtless and hasty words, and promised his father that he would remember what he had told him. The rainbow soon appeared in the sky, and the dark thunder clouds passed quickly away.

JUST IN TIME.

GILBERT GRICE, who lives in the country, often moves about from one place to another. Having property enough to maintain him, and not keeping a farm, he has a good deal of time on his hands.

If there be one thing more than another in which Gilbert prides himself, it is in the habit of being, what he calls, just in time. To pop in to an assembled company, or to arrive at a place of meeting, just as he is given up, is his delight. As, however, there are different opinions about the exact meaning of being

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"just in time," we will let the conduct of Gilbert Grice speak for itself.

Gilbert set off, some time ago, to visit a cousin who is very particular in retiring to rest at ten o'clock, and of course he should have been there, at latest, a full hour before bed-time. His cousin's house was as much as thirty miles from his own. Instead of leaving his dwelling in proper time, he delayed his departure till seven o'clock at night, and then mounted his bay mare to ride to his cousin's at the highest speed. Not having a moment to lose, he spared neither whip nor spur, and did not so much as give his bay mare a feed of corn, nor a ten minutes' rest all the way. He arrived, as he said, "just in time," that was, just as his cousin had taken up his chamber candlestick to retire for the night.

"Just in time!" We say he was just too late; for had he been in time, there would have been no necessity to have called up the servant-man, who was in bed, to attend to his jaded, overridden beast; nor to have kept up the servant-girl to put supper before him; nor to have soured the temper of his cousin by preventing him from retiring at his usual hour.

Not long after this visit he set off by coach to see an uncle; and as he had with him two heavy boxes, he ought to have been at the coach-office a little beforehand, that they might have been properly fastened on the coach; but he arrived at the moment the guard was blowing his horn, and the coachman mounting the box. "That is right," said he, "I am just in time."

"Just in time!" He was in time, certainly, to get into the coach, but he was not in time to have his

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luggage fastened, nor to pay his fare in the office, nor to prevent himself riding backwards, which he hated. Again we say that he was not "just in time," but just too late.

About a month ago he had to attend a dinner party, and sadly late he was; for though he had two or three miles to walk across the fields, he did not set out till the time when he ought to have been there. As he passed by the dining-room window, he saw the company taking their seats. "That is lucky," said he, "for I see that I am just in time."

"Just in time!" Why, he had kept them waiting a full hour. When he entered the room, he made great disturbance, for they had given him up; and the lady of the house did not recover her good temper for an hour, for part of her dinner had been spoiled. Gilbert may call this what he likes, but if it is not being just too late, we do not know what is.

A fortnight ago, as Gilbert Grice entered the parish church on the morning of the sabbath, the service was just beginning. "I am glad that we are just in time," said he, in a whisper to a friend who was with him, "for I cannot bear being too late."

"Just in time!" He was in the church, to be sure, when the service began, but he was not in time to take his seat without disturbing others, nor to get his books without making an unseemly noise, nor to compose his mind by a moment's reflection on the place in which he was, and the object that had brought him there. We cannot help once more giving it as our opinion that he was just too late.

It was but last week that he had to attend a funeral.

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On so solemn an occasion it might have been expected that he would have run no risk of being too late; but bad habits are not soon broken through. The mourners came, the bearers came, the minister came, but Gilbert Grice did not come at the time appointed. At last, however, he did come. "I see," said he to the undertaker, "that I am but just in time."

We may call things by strange names. The mournful procession had been sadly delayed; the minister had another funeral at a distance to attend, and some of the party had expressed themselves angrily. We cannot but think that in this, as well as in all the other instances we have mentioned, Gilbert was "just too late."

Whether travelling on foot, or horseback, or by coach; whether paying a visit, attending a dinner party, divine worship, or a funeral, Gilbert Grice is equally careless: how much he annoys others, in following out his customary habit. He will have it that he is "just in time," when every one else is fully convinced that he is just too late.

"If we have neither spoilt our tale
Nor been misunderstood,
Our youthful readers cannot fail
To get a lesson good;
For this plain truth, in prose or rhyme,
Is clear beyond debate,
That he who is but *just in time*,
Must *always* be *too late*."

THEY who are not saints on earth will never be saints in heaven.

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CORPORAL TRY AND CAPTAIN PERSEVERANCE.

"LAST year, I remember," said Mr. Cach, at a meeting for Sunday school children in Paris, "we heard of three or four different personages—Mr. Cannot and Mr. Willnot, Mr. Try and Mr. Prayerful. I have since heard of one called Corporal Try, who was a real character, living in the United States of America. He announced in one of the papers, that he wished to form a company of soldiers, consisting of the boys and girls who wished to engage in some way of doing well. I have heard that several letters to him, from different children, were afterwards inserted in the same paper, and the corporal added to them the words, 'You are admitted.' One of them said, 'Sir, during the last year I have endeavoured to attend the Sunday school regularly and punctually, and I have succeeded.' Another said, 'Sir, I have tried to avoid getting angry during a whole week, and my mother says I have succeeded; will you admit me?' and a third wrote, 'I have tried to give myself up to God; will you admit me?'

"Well, my dear children, I wrote myself to Corporal Try, and told him that many children in France would join his company, and I hoped their numbers would increase, until they became an army. He said that if this came to pass, he must take the title of General, and call me Captain Perseverance, and that I should be at the head of the French troops. I should have been very well satisfied with the name of Corporal Holdfast; but now I am called Paul Cach by my friends, and Captain Perseverance among the children

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whom I have persuaded to enlist. This I have done chiefly at Calais, which is now my home; but I never receive any recruits who do not come with good-will, and I am happy to say I have had forty little notes written to me upon this subject.

"Many of the young writers had never before tried to do any thing well; but I lately preached a sermon for children, and several sent me their recollections of the sermon, adding, 'Sir, if you think this is good enough for a beginning, please to admit me as one of your company.'

"Then I gathered these children together, and prayed with them, after which I gave them a motto, 'Looking unto Jesus,' and said to them, 'Try to be good children, and to learn your lessons well; but first of all, you must give your hearts to God.' As I said, we had prayer-meetings; the first of these was only proposed the day before, but sixty children came (in the daytime), and it was agreed that there should be a second meeting. Now, my children, if there are any of you who wish to join with us, I must ask the teachers of your Sunday schools to be your corporals, and to enlist any of your number who are anxious to learn to do well."—*Translated from the French.*

THE LITTLE PILGRIM.

WHATE'ER my lot in life may be,
The whole is yet unknown to me;
But ever may I trust in thee,
My Father.

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My journey I begin now young,
It may be trying, may be long;
But, led by thee, I can't go wrong,
My Father.

It may be short, and early end,
To only few brief days extend;
But on thy care I may depend,
My Father.

For thou wilt guide me day by day,
As I commit to thee my way,
And meekly follow and obey
My Father.

And if the path is dark and drear,
And all around excites my fear,
Thou wilt be nigh, my heart to cheer,
My Father.

And when I come to Jordan's stream,
However chill or deep it seem,
Thou wilt my spirit then redeem,
My Father.

Help me to trust thy faithful grace,
To bring me to that happy place,
Where I shall see thy glorious face,
My Father.

And there, where sorrows all are o'er,
And the redeemed thy love adore,
I'll sing thy praise for evermore,
My Father.

Heavitree. E B.

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CONCEITED CORNELIUS.

I DO not think there can be a much worse fault in young people than conceit, especially if that conceit be displayed on every possible occasion. I will tell you a story which will show you what I mean.

Cornelius Hall was the son of a city merchant, and had spent all his life amid the bustle and noise of the town. It was therefore pleasant news to him when his father told him of his intention to send him into the country on a visit to his uncle, who was a master gardener. He had never before been out of

town, and consequently looked forward with great pleasure to the visit; and, as he knew that he had received a good education, he thought he should find much pleasure in displaying his learning to his cousins.

Mr. Hall, the gardener, was not so well off in the world as his brother the merchant; beside this, he had a much larger family, so that he was not able to give his sons such a good education as Cornelius had received. But, what was far better, he had filled their young minds with the principles of God's holy book, and also sought to store them with useful knowledge.

Time fled by, and the day came when cousin Cornelius was expected to arrive. The boys were all on tiptoe with hope; for although they had never seen their cousin, yet, knowing that he was about their own age, they felt a strong wish to see him. Many were the thoughts as to what sort of a boy he was, and whether he would prove himself agreeable or otherwise.

The day at last arrived, and the light spring cart drove up to the house, in which were Cornelius and the gardener, who had gone to meet him. He was a tall lad of about twelve years of age, but rather pale and thin; and as he stood in the midst of his merry, healthy-looking cousins, his face contrasted rather strongly with the sun-browned and rosy cheeks of the gardener's sons. They gave him a hearty welcome, and led him into the house to a good meal of milk and brown bread and butter.

Of course he was very tired and weary with his long

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journey, so that he saw but very little that night of the beautiful gardens lying round Ash Grove, as his uncle's place was named. But in the morning, as soon as the sun was up, and casting his cheerful beams into his room, his cousins were at his door, calling on him to rise and accompany them for a stroll round their gardens. "Now," thought he, "if they have any flowers I will show them a little of my learning. I have not studied botany for nothing."

As it happened, each of the boys had a small flower garden, which they tended with great care. It was always a desire with them to possess fine flowers and display good taste in the care of these plots; so that, if Cornelius was proud of his botany, his cousins were proud of their flower gardens. Of course he was taken first to see these; and not a little annoyed were they when he blamed them in one thing, found fault with another, and even called their very best flowers "common things." "Oh," said he, "if I were you, I would have such flowers as these." And then he rattled off a number of fine Latin names, which he had picked up in his botany text-book. The young Halls opened their eyes in wonder, for never, in all their lives before, had they listened to such a display of learning. They clearly began to think cousin Cornelius a very clever boy; and the end of it was, that they asked their father to allow them to pull up the flowers and plant others. On hearing this story, he asked them what flowers cousin Cornelius had recommended. They could not tell him a single English name; for, though the city lad had run over many Latin names of flowers, he had never taken the trouble to find out their

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English ones. Mr. Hall saw how matters stood, and therefore wisely refused his permission.

Some few days after, Cornelius was walking with his uncle in the gardens, and, seeing a large piece of ground which seemed to have nothing growing there, he inquired what it meant. Mr. Hall explained that there were some seeds sown there, which would in time spring up, and doubtless yield a good crop. On being told it would be some weeks, probably, before the seed would spring up, he said, in a vain manner, "If I were you, uncle, I would have large green-houses and hot-houses, and inclose all your fields, and then you would not have to wait so long."

At first Mr. Hall burst out into a hearty laugh at the idea of such a thing, and then began to talk to the lad about the folly of the thing. Cornelius listened till he saw that he should gain nothing by trying to shine in his uncle's presence. From that time he reserved his boasting till he was alone with his cousins.

One beautiful summer evening, the lads set out for a ramble as far as to the end of Miller's Lane. The scenery was lovely, and the country lads began to admire it, thinking, no doubt, that cousin Cornelius would admire it too. But he was not in the mood just then to allow that anything in the country was worth seeing. So he began to tell them about London and its wonderful sights; about its streets, squares, monuments, buildings, bridges, and museums. All this was very well, and rather interested the boys; but when he came to talk of London schools, and to call country boys "ignoramuses," it required all their

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forbearance and good temper to keep from resenting it. He talked about chemistry and arithmetic, and grammar and algebra, and Euclid and geography, till he completely puzzled his cousins, who by this time half wished him back again at his own home.

Alfred, the eldest of Mr. Hall's sons, at last summoned up courage to tell him that "country boys were not such 'ignoramuses' after all, if city boys pleased to think them so."

The time at last drew near that Cornelius should wish his friends "good bye," and this he did with much feeling; for, although so full of conceit, he was of an affectionate disposition, and the different members of his uncle's family had endeared themselves to him by their constant kindness. But when the last morning arrived, Mr. Hall took Cornelius aside into his private room, and kindly gave him the following advice:—Said he, "My dear boy, you will no doubt have to go out into the world among strangers, and you will need to be very careful of your failings. Now, all of us have some failing or other; in one, it may be the temper, in another a disposition to be uncharitable, while a third may be very wise in his own conceit. You know who has said, 'Be not wise in your own conceit.' Now, my boy, take what I say as coming from a kind friend, for I mean it for your welfare, and just for a moment think if you are not a little given to conceit. Now is the time to check this feeling; and you may depend upon it, if you learn to be humble in youth, you will have much matter for rejoicing as you pass through life. I remember reading of a certain gentleman who led a

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youth through a low dark passage. As the lad did not stoop low enough, he struck his head against the rafters, when the gentleman said to him, 'Learn to stoop, learn to stoop, my boy, and do not hold your head so high.' Now I think a conceited person, whether he be boy or man, is just like this youth, holding his head so high that he is sure to get some knocks, and pretty hard ones too, while a humble person goes on uninjured. Good John Bunyan thus sang:—

'He that is down need fear no fall,
He that is low no pride;
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his guide.'

"If you have received superior advantages in the shape of education, thank God for them, my boy. Remember that He who has given you this happy lot, might also have placed you in some far-off heathen land, where your position would have been a far different one. And for your privileges you are held accountable. 'Unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall much be required.' Then ask God to give you his Holy Spirit that you may be useful as a boy, and useful as a man. Pray that you may follow in the footsteps of our Lord Jesus Christ, who was meek and lowly of heart. Be more and more like him, and then you will be useful and happy."

Many years have passed by since that time, and Cornelius Hall is now a grey-haired old man; but he has never forgotten his kind uncle's advice, and, through God's mercy, he has long ago become a sin-

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cere believer in the Saviour, in whom is all his trust, and through whose merits and precious blood he hopes to enter heaven at last.

BE THOU MY GUIDE.

JESUS, by thy Spirit be,
Daily, always near to me.
Dangers all around me are;
Saviour, make my soul thy care.

I am ent'ring on life's way,
Suffer not my steps to stray;
Guide me in the happy road,
Leading up to thy abode.

Put within my heart thy fear,
May thy word my spirit cheer,
Light my path by day and night,
Showing me the way that's right.

Guard me by thy watchful eye,
While I live and till I die;
And when hence I shall remove,
Take me to thy home above.

Heavitree. B. B.

CHARITY teaches us to have the best opinions of persons, and to put the best construction on words and actions that they will bear.

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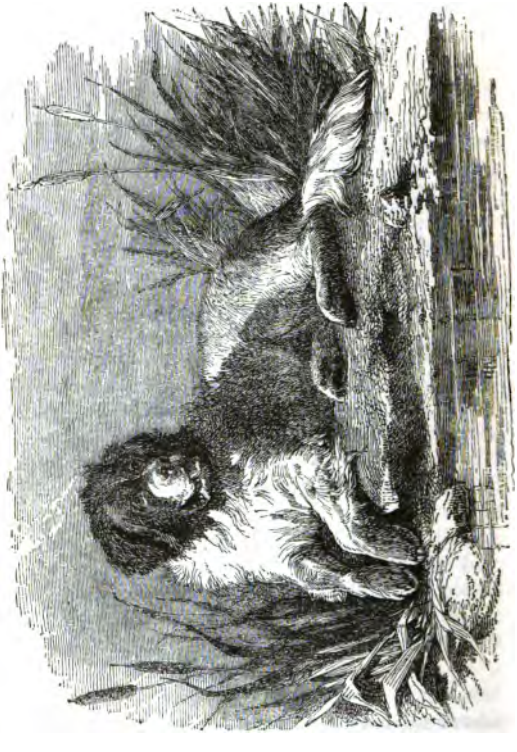

THE FAITHFUL DOG.

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THE FAITHFUL DOG.

A GENTLEMAN connected with the Newfoundland fishery owned a faithful dog. On one occasion, a boat and crew in his employ were in a state of great danger just outside a line of breakers, which, owing to a change in the wind since the departure of the boat, rendered the return passage very perilous. The people on shore were quite unable to render any help to their friends afloat, though every minute added to their danger. The dog looked on for some time, as if quite aware of there being great cause for anxiety in all around him. At a spring he threw himself into the water, and swam with all haste to the boat. The crew, supposing he wished to join them, made many attempts to help him on board; but he seemed resolved to swim around, keeping, however, very near the boat. After a while one of the crew seemed to guess his meaning, and shouted, "Give him the end of a rope; that's what he wants." This was done; the dog at once made straight for the shore, to which in a few minutes, directed by the kind providence of God, the boat and its crew were brought in safety.

We may glance here at another similar fact. A gentleman was at a bathing-place, and, having one morning ventured too far into the sea, was in great danger of being drowned. His two daughters tried to send out a boat to his assistance; but the boatmen, taking advantage of the alarm of these young ladies, demanded a large amount of money. During this conversation the gentleman was in great peril, and ready to sink. Suddenly a Newfoundland dog, which

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had never before seen these persons, made his appearance, sprang into the water, and succeeded in safely bringing the gentleman ashore.

The gentleman thus delivered, at once purchased the dog. He had a beautiful picture representing the scene, painted and engraved, and presented each of his friends with a copy of it.

Who, then, would not be kind to that faithful creature, the dog?

BIBLE LESSONS.

CHAPTER V.—WHAT CAN CHILDREN DO FOR GOD?

THE subject of the last lesson had been frequently talked over, and many questions were asked among little Harriet's schoolfellows as to the manner in which the Scriptures were first written and read. In books of Jewish customs, pictures of ancient rolls etc., were found, and the arrangement of the different parts of the Bible was frequently talked over. Miss Stone told the young people that it was generally supposed that Ezra had arranged the Old Testament in its present form. It was also considered that he was the writer of Psalm cxix., from which the excellent Philip Henry advised his children to learn a verse every morning by heart, and so go through the whole twice a year; "for this," he said, "will teach you to love the rest of the Scriptures."

On turning to the book of Ezra, the girls were led to observe how the intercourse between the Jews and Gentiles must have assisted in making known the

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word of God to the heathen, and that three of the Persian kings are expressly named as having assisted in the rebuilding of the temple, and desired the prayers of the Jewish people. The sins of the Jews, which brought on their captivity, were next dwelt upon, particularly the case of the wicked king Jehoiakim, who burned the word of God (Jer. xxxvi.); while the pious kings of old, as well as those of later times, have always promoted its use among their subjects. One of the children was much pleased on reading 2 Chron. xvii. 9, which she justly called "the first instance of a society of Scripture readers."

But one of the most interesting of the Bible lessons at this time was commenced by the question, "What have children done in former times to promote the cause of religion?" and the answers given served to show that their attempts were frequently useful, when made in a right spirit, in the performance of the duties of their station, (see Exod. ii. 8; 2 Kings v. 2, and Acts xxiii. 15); while other examples show the manner in which the Saviour noticed little ones when on earth, (Matt. xviii. 2, 3, 14; xxi. 15); and how they were expressly mentioned among the worshippers of the true God, (Exod. x. 9; xii. 26; Deut. xxxi. 12; Neh. viii. 2; Acts xxi. 5). The example of Timothy was brought forward, (2 Tim. iii. 15); that of Daniel and his companions, (Dan. i. 17); Jeremiah, (Jer. i. 6, 7); and John the Baptist, (John i.); Samuel and David, (1 Sam. ii. 18, 26; iii. 1; and xvii. 34—37); then of our blessed Lord himself in early life, (Luke ii. 41—52); the contrasted characters of king Joash and Josiah, (2 Chron. xxiv. and xxxiv.); and the history of Esther,

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(Esth. iv. 16), as an instance of the benefits of early instruction remembered in after life, in circumstances of danger and temptation; also that of Joseph, (Gen. xxxix. 9).

Fanny said that she "was glad there were so many histories of children in the Bible, because sometimes it seemed as if they had nothing to do with religion. Many young people say it will be time enough to think seriously when they are older."

Miss S. But that is quite a mistake; for the longer a duty is neglected, the more difficult it becomes. Besides, there are warnings for children, (Num. xvi. 27, and 2 Kings ii. 23), and both precepts and promises in Scripture, especially for the young, (Eccles. xii. 1; Jer. iii. 4; Prov. viii. 17; Mark x. 14), which I hope you will all turn to and read attentively. The children who had seen the works of the Lord in Egypt were more obedient to Moses than their fathers had been. Many faithful ministers have been most successful with the younger portion of their hearers. This was the case with Mr. Charles, in Wales, and the love of one of his scholars for the Bible was the means of leading him to mention the subject to his friends in London, at the committee of the Religious Tract Society, who united with him in forming the British and Foreign Bible Society. Afterwards a juvenile society was formed in Yorkshire, beginning with Miss Catherine Elliott and her brother, who by degrees were joined by their playfellows, and imitated by other young people. Some of you perhaps remember what you lately read, in the letters of Felix Neff, the Alpine pastor. Just get the book, and let us hear it

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again. The work was sought for, and the anecdote referred to was pointed out. It was that of a little girl who wept on being prevented by her father from contributing to the Bible Society. "My child," said the collector to her, "dry your tears; the Lord Jesus does not need our gifts, he is richer than your father. The heart is what he regards; he knows your willingness to give, and if you pray for the Bible Society you will contribute to it more than many who have money to give."

Fanny. It does seem strange that these great societies should have risen from such small beginnings, and that the least of our savings may answer such great ends.

Miss S. But do not forget that unless our service comes from the heart, it is of very little benefit to ourselves. No doubt many helped Noah to build the ark, and afterwards perished in the flood. Nor have we anything that we can call our own. King David was not permitted to build a temple for the worship of God (1 Chron. xvii.), but he made preparations for it in his trouble, as he adds (chap. xxii. 14); and again, when his people added their offerings to his store (chap. xxix. 9—14), he praises God, saying, "All things came of thee, and of thine own have we given thee." The great point is not what we give, but whether we have first "given ourselves to the Lord," and then we shall not desire to keep back anything.

I will now read you a copy of part of a letter addressed to Elizabeth, the second daughter of King Charles I of England, who died young; and though much of it might have been said to any royal person,

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there seems ground to believe that she was taken away from the evil to come, and that some good thing was found in her to the Lord God of Israel. (It is copied from the first part of William Greenhill's "Commentary on Ezekiel").

"Solomon, the wisest of princes, counsels us to remember our Creator in the days of our youth; it is a great virtue to be mindful of God timely. Timothy from a child knew the Holy Scriptures. Josiah, that good prince, while he was yet young or tender, began to seek after the Lord; he did that which was right in his sight; he walked in the ways of David; he turned not aside to the right hand or to the left. The Lord takes special notice when young ones are mindful of him; the children's crying Hosanna is recorded in the gospel; children walking in the truth is observed by John; and the Lord minded the good found in the son of Jeroboam. Doubtless, God's eye is upon your highness; for that good is found in you in these your tender years, and is well pleased that your sweetness of nature and choiceness of wit are joined with desire to know him, with love to his worship, affection to the godly, which with these precious speeches of yours, 'I had rather be a beggar here than not go to heaven,' and 'How shall I be sure to go to heaven?' are acceptable to the Highest, and make strong impressions upon us inferiors.

"Your desire to know the original tongues, that you may understand the Scriptures better; your resolution to write them out with your own princely hand, and so come to the perfect knowledge of them, breed in us hopes that you will exceed all your sex. (Here

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followed the mention of Lady Jane Grey and other celebrated females). Your diligent hearing of the word, careful noting of sermons, understanding answers at the catechising, and frequent questions of holy things, do premise great matters from you. If the harvest be answerable to the spring, your royal highness will be the wonder of the learned and glory of the godly. It is my unhappiness that I cannot be sufficiently helpful to such princely beginnings; yet, because this following treatise is an exposition of Scripture, I take the boldness to present it to your royal highness, and shall continue to pray to Him who is able to give you all," etc.

This young princess appears to have died while reading her Bible, which was found before her, open at Matt. xi. 28, ("Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden,") as is mentioned on her monument at Newport, in the Isle of Wight. You have, I dare say, heard of the young king Edward VI, who would not allow his companion at play to stand on a copy of the word of God. Perhaps, too, you know how, just before his last illness, he showed his attention to sermons, and desire to be useful, by founding the Bluecoat School and other public charities. Our present queen's father, the Duke of Kent, was an attentive reader of the Bible; and I need not remind you of her grandfather, King George III, who expressed a wish that every child in his dominions should be able to read the Bible.

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THE SILKWORM AND ITS CHANGES.

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A TRUE STORY OF THE SILKWORMS.

"MAMMA, mamma, it must be time now to have my silk-worms' eggs hatched; you said I must wait till spring," said little Tom, one fine bright sunshiny morning.

"Yes," said mamma, "I will fetch them for you. You remember I put them in the dairy last autumn, because they must be kept cool."

So mamma went down stairs, and Tom stood waiting for her; however, she soon came back with a sad tale to tell. The eggs were gone.

"Oh dear! oh dear!" said Tom, "what shall I do? Who can have taken them away, when they knew how I wanted them? It is unkind."

"No, not unkind," said mamma; "nobody wishes to be unkind to my dear boy. I will ask the servant; you know she has only been with us a few days: she may have taken them away."

"Oh yes, ma'am," said the servant, when mamma had asked her, "it was only yesterday I was tidying up the place, and I thought it was no use keeping a bit of dirty paper, so I threw it away. I am very sorry, ma'am; I did not know it was to be taken care of."

When Tom heard this he was sadly distressed; but his mamma comforted him by telling him she thought she could get him some more eggs from his young friends, Bella and Jessie, two kind little girls who lived near.

Tom lived in a very happy home in the country, with a kind papa and mamma; he had a sister called Edith, and a brother called Alfred, both younger than

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himself; they used to play together very merrily, and loved each other as brothers and sisters ought to do.

Soon a messenger returned from Bella and Jessie, and Tom clapped his hands and laughed with delight when he saw a paper full of eggs, and thought how he would divide them with his brother and sister. He placed his eggs on the window-seat for the sun to shine upon them, but they did not hatch that day or the next.

Every morning he looked in vain, till, just as his patience was getting tired out, after many days of watching, he saw, one Sunday morning, a tiny black caterpillar, and all day long black caterpillars kept coming out more and more; so Tom began to think what he must do to feed them, as the gardener was not in the garden on Sunday. Papa came in to say that it was time for Tom and Edith to get ready for the morning service, and while they were being dressed, he would bring them a lettuce-leaf, as the mulberry-tree was not yet out. The children gave a last look at their caterpillars before they set off. When they returned more had appeared, and by the end of the day Tom was able to give Edith eighteen worms for herself, and to his little brother Alfred twelve, though he was too young to attend to them himself; but it amused him to watch them whilst Tom kindly took care of them for him.

One morning, some weeks after this, mamma went to look at the silkworms, and I can scarcely tell you how shocked she was to find them nearly starved to death. Her children had forgotten to feed them. The mulberry-tree was now in leaf, so she went to

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it, and soon gathered a basketful for the poor little worms.

As mamma was watching them eat, the thought came into her mind that it would be better to give them all away to a little boy whom she knew would be glad to have them, and would take care of them, than thus treat them so cruelly; but the children begged so hard to keep them, that mamma at last consented that they should stay.

I am sorry to say they were often left too long without food, and I fear would have died had not kind papa many times brought in a handful of leaves; but soon they no longer wanted anything to eat; the now large greenish-white caterpillars turned away from a nice fresh leaf, so mamma knew it was because they wished to spin; that is, make a beautiful yellow silk ball, to live in; so she twisted some bits of paper into small bags, placed a caterpillar in each, and pinned it up against the wall. It was very amusing to watch the thread come out of its mouth, and the busy little feet twirl and twirl, till, in a very short time, not more than two days, you could only see a silk ball. The insect was now quite hid, but it worked on till its house was completed, and then changed into a chrysalis.

The date had been written upon the paper bag, in order that it might not be left more than ten days, lest the insect should eat its way out, and spoil the silk.

One day some young friends came to see the children; they did not know anything about silkworms, and looked quite puzzled at the cocoons, which is the name

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of the silk balls; so mamma whispered to Tom, and he gave them a few, which made their visitors look very happy. They asked a great many questions about these wonderful insects, that can make silk enough for thousands of silk dresses, and millions of yards of ribbon, to be used all over the world. Mamma told them that one worm will spin a thread long enough to reach six English miles—that China is the best country for silk, but there is a great deal in France, Spain, and Italy. She had seen in the south of France large mountains covered nearly to the top with mulberry-trees. There, the silkworms are left to feed on the trees, and in process of time they hang their cocoons from the leaves and branches.

Several of the children's cocoons had now been hanging fourteen days, so Tom asked mamma how he must wind off the silk; she told him that he could not manage very well to do it without a silk-winder, and perhaps Bella and Jessie would lend them theirs; so a message was sent, and soon came the winder. The winding off their first silk was a grand excitement. Tom looked so important; Edith stood gazing; and little Alfred peered about, stretching his head up to see what was going on, crying out, "Edie, let me look; is it my ball?"

"First, we must have some warm water; now we must take care; that rough outside silk must be pulled off till a single thread is found. Do not break that very fine thread, it is glued on round and round, so pop the cocoon into the warm water; that will melt the gum, and with the clever winder it will soon be all wound."

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Tom worked away till the thinnest of all coverings was left; he touched it, and out dropped a chrysalis.

"Mamma, mamma," cried out two of the children, "where is the silkworm? We saw it put into the paper bag."

Tom looked very wise and said, "It is there, you see."

"No, no," says Edie, "that's only a bit of stick, not our fine caterpillar."

Mamma smiled and said, "It is, indeed, a wonderful change, but wait a while, and you will see something more surprising still; we have taken the warm covering from this poor chrysalis, we will get some bran and bury it."

"Oh! but is it really alive?"

"Yes, it lives; look, it moves. Alfie, Alfie, you are too rough; do not pinch it, you'll kill it."

Day after day Tom worked away very busily; but Bella and Jessie had silkworms too: they wanted their winder, and it was sent back. A kind friend of mamma's, who was paying her a visit, said, "When I go home to-morrow, I will buy a winder, and send it to you." The lady kept her word, and the children worked away again with much pleasure till all the silk was wound.

There was much talk among the children about what they would have made; papa, of course, must have a silk handkerchief to tie round his throat; then Edith wondered whether mamma could have a silk dress; as for Tom, he thought they had such a large quantity of silk, that he even went so far as to promise a friend of his a silk pocket handkerchief.

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These insects had now undergone three changes in their short lives, for it was only one summer; but, as I said before, the most wonderful change was yet to come.

After a week or ten days a soft white moth came out of its case, in the tray of bran. Little Edith was the first to see it; she called out, "Oh, what a pretty butterfly! may I have it?"

"No, dear, leave it alone, and see what will next happen to it." So Edith called her brothers, and they watched it fluttering about, as if trying to use its newly-found wings; soon another pushed its way out of the bran, then another, and still another. But it was time for lessons; Tom, Edith, and Alfred must go; after lessons they had to go out; then came dinner, then a drive in the afternoon; after that, tea, and play, and bedtime: and so the children did not see their moths again till the next morning; when, what was their astonishment to find upon a sheet of white paper, which had been placed there during their absence, a number of tiny yellow eggs, not larger than a pin's head; this caused another surprise. At last, all the moths came out, all the eggs were hatched and carefully put away, in the store-room this time, in order that they might be locked up.

And now I have come to the end of my history of the silkworm. I want you, my dear young readers, to learn a lesson from these curious little insects. See how they work, and work on, are never idle, but increasing in their endeavours to do the will of their Maker. We are all sent into this world for some purpose; let us each strive to find out what is the

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work for us, and perform it with a hearty good will. Children, we know of one duty for you, which is not always difficult, but more often easy to perform; indeed, a pleasure—a real pleasure to those whose motives are actuated by love. Oh, never forget, then, whether young or old, this holy precept: "Children, obey your parents in the Lord; for this is right."

QUESTIONS ON THE PARABLES OF OUR LORD.

PARABLE OF THE TARES EXPLAINED. OTHERS DELIVERED.

Matt. xiii. 31—52; see also Mark iv. 26—34.

31. WHAT is here meant by the kingdom of heaven? Can you give any account of the mustard tree?

32. To what is the seed compared? 1 Peter ii. 2, 3.

33. What is leaven?—How is this parable to be applied?

34. Why were parables used by our Lord? Eph. i. 17, 18.—Did he *often*, or *always* use them?

35. Who is the speaker in this verse?—What prophet is quoted?*

36. Where was Jesus at this time? ver. 1.—Into whose house did he probably go? ch. xvii. 24.

37. How was the good seed sown?

38. Who are the children of the kingdom?—Who are the children of the wicked one?

* The passage in Psalm lxxviii. 2, is generally referred to as the one to which Matthew alludes.

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39. How long has he been sowing?

40. Who were to gather the tares in the parable? ver. 30.

41. What is here meant by "his kingdom?"—To whom do all created things belong? ch. xi. 27.—What is meant by all things that offend?

42. What is meant by a "furnace of fire?" ch. xxv. 46.—What will become of the enemy? Rev. xx. 10.

43. What kingdom is here spoken of? Dan. xii. 3.

44. Was this treasure a *mine*, or *money?*—Was the finder honest, or dishonest?*—What is the *point* of application? Luke xvi. 8—How is this treasure obtained? Luke xiv. 33.

45. Who is here represented by the merchant?

46. What act is here commended?

47. What does the casting of the net denote?—How are persons inclosed by it?

48. When will the net be full? ver. 49.

49. What is the end of the world? ch. xxiv. 14.

50. What state of mind is here depicted?

51. To whom did Jesus here speak? ver. 10.

52. What "treasure" is here referred to?—To whom did Jesus apply this remark?

* To make application of every circumstance in a parable, is absurd. In this case our Lord points at the *wisdom* of the finder, who parted with all he had for the treasure, commending a similar sacrifice, for the blessings of his kingdom. So, also, in the parable, Luke xvi. 8.

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A TINY GRAVE, AND A FEW THOUGHTS ABOUT IT.

That good man, Legh Richmond, who wrote "Little Jane," "The Young Cottager," and "The Dairyman's Daughter," and other books, which children take such delight in reading, used to send the little ones of his school into the churchyard, to try and learn what was engraven on the tombstones. And the children took great delight in this work. It was something new to them—different from books; and it taught them

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numbers and dates, and names and places. Besides, when they went to the schoolroom, after they had learned each what was on a tombstone, Mr. Richmond used to speak to them about what the tombstones taught.

I remember with what delight I went through this very graveyard and read what was on these tombstones. I was delighted, not only because the inscriptions, that is, the words painted or engraven on the stones, were very good, but because I thought of how many dear children had read them, and had got so much good from them.

When I was a boy, I never cared to read the tombstones, except to make out a very old date or something of this kind on the stone. What was to be read always appeared to me sad, or silly, (and I am sorry to say, that you do not always find what is right on tombstones;) but I now read them very carefully and thoughtfully, and think it useful to do so.

The other day I was travelling by the railroad, and I was obliged to stop at a station for two hours. My train was not to be up before that length of time. So I tried to make the best use of my time, and I went into the town near the station, and there I spent the most of my two hours looking at the church, and reading the tombstones. I found it very profitable, as one is led to think in such a place of so much which we ought to be often thinking of—not to make us gloomy and sad, but to prevent us being taken by surprise, when God's messenger, death, is sent to call us out of this world into another.

I was reading one stone after another, and I was

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thinking of the many happy meetings which friends and relatives would have in another world, if they had in life loved Jesus Christ and trusted in him as their Saviour, and how wonderful it would be to see the beautiful bodies of God's saints raised out of their graves to live for ever, when suddenly I came to a very tiny tomb, made of beautiful marble, and on it was engraved the following:

CHARLES S——
Died————1845,
aged
8 months and 2 weeks.
CHARLOTTE S——
Born Dec. 5. . . . . 1851.
Died Dec. 9. . . . . 1851.
HERBERT S——
Died. : 1859,
aged
9 months and 2 weeks.

"Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Ah! thought I, all these babies were taken to heaven before they knew anything of the sin and sorrow of this wicked world. But yet, I suppose that some of my young friends would express themselves very differently on reading this inscription. They would probably each say, "Oh! I am so sorry that these poor little babies did not live to be as merry and happy as we are, and to enjoy themselves with their dear parents as we do. And then, what grief to their father and mother to lose those three sweet babies, and to have to put them into this cold grave. I do so wish the pretty little things had not died."

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My dear young friends, you have tender and affectionate hearts, and I do not much wonder at what you say. I am as truly sorry as you are, that the parents of these little ones had to grieve so much as they had at losing so many of their children. Fancy dear little Charles living, a sweet little fellow, until at eight months and two weeks he sickened and died; and then there were the coffin and the funeral; and then would come the hope that there would not be such a trial again. But in six years all this was repeated, at little Charlotte's death; and in eight years, the same sad trouble was endured again, when little Herbert was called away, just a month older than Charles; and we can think of the parents saying, with dear old Jacob, "If I am bereaved of my children, I am bereaved."

But what do we learn from all this? Is it not how dreadful a thing sin must be, when it will cause all this grief, and cause also that these babies, whose bodies lie under this stone, should die?

"But these babies never did sin," say my young friends.

True; but they were born with sinful natures, as would be very plainly seen in their different tempers, and in many wilful and naughty ways, had they been spared to live as long as you, who are now reading of their very early deaths. It is sin which brought death into the world, with all our woe, and sin which causes so much of the grief and misery which we see.

One of you, perhaps, did not behave well at family prayer this morning, and your father was obliged to reprove you for it. What caused this, but sin? You

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forgot God, and instead of listening to his word and praying, you were playing with your dress.

Or, one of you said your lesson badly to-day, and your mother was vexed, and was obliged to punish you.

Or, you spoke crossly to the servant, or quarrelled with some one, or did not tell the truth, or would not go quietly to bed at night. Now, what caused this grief and pain which you have felt because you were naughty? Sin. And as you grow up you will see more and more of its sad effects, and perhaps suffer from it in many ways.

Jesus Christ redeemed these dear babies with his precious blood, and they are now singing his praises; for, as the verse on the tomb of these little ones says, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven;" and Jesus Christ will raise their little bodies from their tiny tomb one day. Then will they be more beautiful than they were on earth; for the apostle thus writes: "Our conversation is in heaven, from whence also we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body, according to the working whereby he is able to subdue all things unto himself." Phil. iii. 20, 21.

From this we learn another lesson also, namely, how wise and powerful God is, out of evil to bring good, out of sorrow to bring joy, and out of the dust of our buried bodies to make bodies for us more beautiful than those were which he made in paradise out of the dust of the ground.

Out of the evil of sin God has brought great glory to himself, by sending his Son to save all who believe in him from suffering in hell. Out of the sorrow

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which we feel for parting with dear babies and others, there will arise great joy when Christian parents and Christian friends will meet their children and Christian friends in heaven. I suppose, that as the flowers are so much more beautiful than the seeds out of which they grow, so will the raised bodies be much more beautiful than those which are "sown in corruption." Indeed, the apostle seems to say as much in the 15th of 1 Corinthians—"For one star differeth from another star in glory. So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption: it is sown in dishonour; it is raised in glory: it is sown in weakness; it is raised in power: it is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body."

How thankful, too, my dear young friends, ought we to be for the Bible, which throws light into the dark grave, and prevents us sorrowing as those who have no hope; for "if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him."

But there will be a resurrection of the wicked as well as of the just; for "all that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth; some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt."

You may live to be old. I trust you may, and that *all* your days may be spent in the service of the blessed Saviour, and that at last, when those who have loved you shall stand by *your* grave, they may read how you lived and died in the Lord. And when "the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed," may you and I meet Charles and Charlotte and Herbert one day in heaven.

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THE AFRICAN GIRL AND HER ENEMY.

THE one is returning evil for evil; the other is returning evil with good. Judge which is the best.

Two men, living in the southern part of Africa, had a quarrel, and became bitter enemies to each other. After a while, one of them found a little girl, belonging to his enemy, in the woods, at some distance from her father's house. He seized her and cut off two of her fingers; and as he sent her home screaming with her bleeding hands, he cried, "I have had my revenge."

Years passed away. The little girl had grown up to be almost a young woman. One day there came to her father's door a poor worn-out, grey-headed old man, who asked for something to eat. She knew him at once as the cruel man who had cut off her fingers. She went into the hut, and ordered the servant to take him bread and milk, as much as he could eat, and sat down and watched him eat it.

When he had finished, she dropped the covering that hid her hands from view, and, holding them up before him, she cried, "I have had *my* revenge!" The man was overwhelmed with surprise. The secret of it was that, in the mean time, the girl had become a Christian, and had learned the meaning of the verse, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head." How beautiful the conduct of this injured Christian girl appears, in contrast with that of her heathen enemy!

In the courts of earthly kings it is always esteemed

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honourable to do as the king does. Jesus is our King. He conquers by kindness. When we "overcome evil with good," are we not like Jesus? And is there any honour in the world like this?

GOD EVERYWHERE.

God reigns in glory, and on high
Sits on his throne of majesty;
Yet from that glorious throne he bends,
And even to a child attends.

Asleep, awake; by night, by day;
Where'er I go, whate'er I say;
Although the Lord I cannot see,
His eye is always fixed on me.

He hears me when I pray or praise,
He also ponders all my ways;
May I so live as God approves,
May I be one whom Jesus loves.

God never will forsake his own,
He will not leave me all alone;
When not another friend is near,
May I remember God is here.

Oh, may I try to praise him still,
To know, and love, and do his will;
Then will my joy and gladness be,
That God's own eye is fixed on me.

D. A. T.

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BIBLE LESSONS.

CHAPTER VI.—THE PARTING COMMAND OF THE SAVIOUR.

WEEKS passed swiftly away, and the close of the half year was at hand. It was a time of sorrow to some of the scholars of Miss Stone. Little Harriet Benson was about to remove, with her mother, to a distant part of England; and two of her schoolfellows, Ellen and Alice, who had been at the same school for some years, were to leave and go abroad with some friends, probably never again to return to their native land. Fanny and Mary were also great girls, and were thought of an age to leave school, and undertake the care of their little brothers. Thus, many who now separated might perhaps never meet again on earth.

Miss Stone gave them for their last Scripture subject, "What does Christ command his servants to do for him?" Ready answer was returned by several voices: "They are to be found waiting for him"—"watching;" while Julia read aloud Matt. xxiv. 46: "Blessed is that servant whom his Lord, when he cometh, shall find so doing."

Miss S. The prospect of the glorious appearing of the Son of God is perhaps the most encouraging to the Christian, and alarming to the careless; but, while this is constantly urged upon us, we are also constantly reminded of the uncertainty of life and health. Scarcely a week passes without some event that seems to say, "Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth;" "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

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I remember, when I was young, a trusty servant of my father, being told by some workmen that his master would soon arrive, and might now be expected, for he was on the road, gave this reply: "I always expect my Master, and I hope you do too: it is the best way." Now, that is the state of mind which we ought to cultivate, and it should lead us to go on

humbly with the work of our appointed stations. Our Saviour himself could say, "I have finished the work thou gavest me to do." His people have something to do for him—to let their light shine before men, and seek to bring others to the truth. You have sometimes found texts about doing good to others; cannot you now refer to some that explain what is our duty?

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Fanny. Galatians vi. 9. "Let us not be weary in well doing; for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not."

Ellen. 1 Cor. xv. 58. "Be ye stedfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord; forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord."

Mary. Eccles. xi. 1, etc. "Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days."

Alice. Isa. xxxii. 20. "Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters."

Harriet. Luke xix. 13. "And he called his ten servants, and delivered unto them ten pounds, and said unto them, Occupy till I come."

Charlotte. Romans x. 14. "How then shall they call on him on whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe on him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher?"

Miss S. I wish you also to refer to 2 Cor. viii., ix., where there are many useful hints about charity to others, and some encouraging promises, especially in chapter ix. 7. Also look at Exodus xxxv., xxxvi., and you will find how the Israelites laboured, according to their abilities, for the building of the sanctuary of God, the work to which all our efforts should be directed, in a spiritual sense. But you have often been told that of ourselves we can do nothing, without the grace of the Holy Spirit working in and by us. Let us have some texts which remind us to pray for others.

Mary. Luke x. 2. "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he would send forth labourers into his harvest."

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Fanny gave 2 Cor. i. 2, and Ellen Isaiah lxii. 6, 7. Other girls referred to the example of Nehemiah, and his frequent prayers for the house of God; and Alice read 3 John 8, as showing that we should help those who are engaged in preaching the gospel.

Miss S. It is impossible to say what opportunities of usefulness may be ours; but, at least, you can all read and work for others. You remember the history of Dorcas, who clothed the poor; and our Saviour regards what is done for his followers as offered to himself. Even a cup of cold water, given for his sake, is pleasing to him; and I think you know the two instances in which the request for such a draught was received in a right and a wrong spirit (Gen. xxiv. 14, John iv. 9), though the latter person afterwards was so changed as to become the instrument of good to others.

How often it happens that young people boast of having made a profession of religion, or attending a particular place of worship, when they are deficient in those fruits of the Spirit which the Saviour exhorts us to bring forth as proofs that we are his followers. And are not many anxious to do great things, or undertake public duties, when the smaller services within their reach remain neglected?

I have purchased some little books for you, which I hope will sometimes remind you of the lessons we have studied together. Remember, wherever your lot may be cast on earth—

"There's not a place where we can flee, but God is present there;"

and "the same Lord over all is rich unto all who call upon him."

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"When the Chief Shepherd shall appear,
And small and great before him stand,
Oh, be the flock assembled here
Found with the sheep at his right hand."

A gentleman who used to collect for the British and Foreign Bible Society has related that a child, at a friend's house, put into his hand a sealed packet of silver, the gifts of herself and sisters towards printing the Gospels for the blind, and afterwards, on leaving the house with her father's partner, the latter observed that this little girl had been, under God, the means of his conversion. He was formerly an unbeliever, and had expressed himself, on one occasion, in her hearing, against the Scriptures; but she followed him out of the room, and earnestly begged him, when alone with him, to read the New Testament with attention, asking if he had ever done so. When he said "No," she added, "I thought you could not, or you would not have spoken as you did. Do, sir, do read it." He did so, and had reason to bless God for it to all eternity. He might well say, "There was something remarkable in that child;" yet, what had she done which the youngest and weakest might not do? Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings God perfects praise.

Another was brought to conviction by the remark of a child whom he asked why she read her Bible? was it for a task or a punishment? and she answered, "Because I love it." The following lines were afterwards written by him in the blank leaf of his own pocket Bible:—

"The proudest heart that ever beat
Hath been subdued in me;

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The wildest will that ever rose,
To scorn thy cause, and aid thy foes,
Is quell'd, my God, by thee.

"Thy will and not my will be done,
My heart be ever thine;
Confessing thee, the mighty Word,
I hail thee, Christ, my God, my Lord,
And make thy name my sign."

Never be ashamed of Christ and his words (Mark viii. 38). I have heard of a young lady at a boarding-school who suffered herself to be laughed out of a good custom she had begun, of taking out her Bible to read every Sunday after she had been at the house of God, because she saw none of her companions do the same. And I have read of three young men in America, who were clerks, and occupied the same rooms. On a Sunday morning, after breakfast, having no other employment, one of them went to his trunk and took out his Bible. The others did the same, and the habit was regularly formed, and by degrees it spread further, and much good was done and evil prevented. "A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump."

SATAN'S great aim is to keep you from Christ, or lead you from Christ; the Spirit's work is to lead you to him, and keep you near him.

If you would be happy yourself, endeavour to honour Christ, and make others happy: this is the direct road.

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"A HAPPY CHRISTMAS."

"JANE, Jane, why do you not wake? Remember, to-day will be Christmas eve, and we shall have a whole week's holiday," cried little Emma Hill, and ran to see what kind of day it was.

"Oh, Emma, it is so cold, and the snow is now falling; and I can see Miss Lizzie Jones is up already, and standing at the door catching the snow flakes on a sheet of paper," said Jane; "you had better come again to bed till we hear mother moving about." But

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the thoughts of having a whole week's holiday made the little girls too happy to think of going to sleep again, and they began to form plans as to how they should spend their time; "for you know," said Emma, "teacher told us that if we tried, we could find some little thing to do to make others happy every day, and then she was sure we should be happy ourselves."

"Yes," said Jane, "and we must not forget the verses she gave us to learn—a verse for every day from the second chapter of Luke—so that we may remember why Christmas is such a holy, happy time. I shall learn mine before breakfast, for teacher said that was the best time."

So, with this good resolution the little girls dressed quickly, for they heard their mother moving about. Before going down, however, they knelt down and thanked God for having watched over them during the night, and asked him to take care of them through the day, helping them to do right. They then learned their verse and read a little from the Bible, for the lady who taught them on Sunday had told them that if they really loved God, they would read his holy word every day, because he has sent it to us to guide us how to do right and to help us on our way to heaven. Emma and Jane were very happy little girls, and one reason they were so was, because, as I have told you, they did not forget to pray to God and read his holy word every day, and so they felt happy because they were trying to do right.

Now, when they went down, Emma, the eldest, washed and dressed their little brother; Jane put out the breakfast; then father came down, and they all

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had breakfast together. The little girls laughed and talked so merrily, the thought of their holidays making them quite happy. When they had helped their mother put away the breakfast things and tidy up the house, they went off to the woods to get some of the beautiful bright holly. They took home two large bunches of it, and put some in the window, some in the candlesticks on the shelf, and some on the wall; and you cannot think how bright and cheerful it made the room look.

After tea their mother gave them leave to go out for a little while with some of their school-fellows, to sing carols at the different houses, which is the custom in that part of the country where they lived. So they put on warm shawls and off they went. It was a clear frosty evening, and far off you could hear the voices of the village children, as they went from door to door singing of the birth of Him who came on earth as a little child and brought peace and good-will to all. Although not on earth now, he still loves little children and invites them to come to him, as he did then.

Emma and Jane lived a little way from the village, and as they walked along they looked up at the bright shining stars, and wondered whether it was a star like one of those which guided the wise men to find the infant Saviour.

Some of the houses they sang at, they were taken into the hall, and the ladies talked to them, and in all the houses the walls were hung with the beautiful holly and twining ivy. Everybody looked so bright and happy, as though Christmas were the very happiest time of the year.

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When they went home, their father read a chapter with them before going to bed. He chose that about the good shepherds tending their flocks, and of the "good news" the angels brought them; they then read over their lessons for Sunday, which they did every evening, and always on Saturday evening repeated them over to each other, so that they might be quite sure of saying them perfectly on the Sunday.

The little girls were awoke early on Christmas morning by the merry peal of the church bells. "A happy Christmas to you," said Jane, "a happy Christmas. I wonder if everybody feels happy on Christmas day. I only hope a great many feel as happy as I do." Then she began counting up all the many things she had to make her happy. "First," said she, "I have a comfortable cottage, while old dame Turner has a hole in the roof of hers, and a great crack where the wind and rain come in. Then, what a loving father and mother I have, and I know poor Susan's father is often unkind to her. Oh, how sad that must be! Besides, we have a nice fire to warm ourselves by, and enough to eat and drink, while so many are cold and hungry: I am sure we have a great deal to be thankful for."

"Yes, Jane," said Emma; "and as our teacher told us on Sunday, we must ask God to give us his grace, that we may always do the things that please him."

"Well, Emma, I only wish we could always do right; how happy we should be. I mean to try very hard today, so that it may be a really happy day to me."

The snow had fallen fast during the night, and the ground was one soft, pure spread of white. All the cottages looked as though they were thatched with

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snow. When the sun shone brightly, the ground glittered and sparkled as if strewn with thousands of diamonds. Emma and Jane, with their father and mother and little brother, all went to the house of God together, and much they heard about the birth of that Saviour, "who, though he was rich, yet for our sakes became poor, that we through his poverty might be rich;" and how he came to earth as a little child, and suffered all his pain and sorrow, and died on the cross to save *us*. A great deal more they heard, which their father tried to help them to remember, by talking about it during their walk home.

When they had finished their dinner, their mother gave them a mince-pie to take to poor Jessie Lee, the lame girl. She also bade them take some sprigs of holly with them to make the room look "cheerful like;" for Jessie had no kind mother, as Emma and Jane had. Her parents both died when she was quite young, and left her to the care of an aunt who went out to work at the gentlemen's houses in the neighbourhood. Many a long weary hour did Jessie spend on her bed in her lonely room; but no murmuring ever was heard from her lips, for the kind minister and his sister, who often came to see her and read to her from God's holy book, had led her to see how all her sufferings were a token of God's love to her, and that she must prove her faith and love to God by the way she bore them. And when her pain was very bad she would think of all her Saviour suffered for her, and then she said "her own pain seemed to grow better." She loved, too, to think of that bright home the Saviour has gone to prepare for those who love him, where there will be no more pain

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or sorrow, and where God will wipe away tears from all eyes. She would learn by heart passages in the Bible, and hymns, so that in the dark hours it might not seem so long. She was very fond of Emma and Jessie. Often when school was over, and on half-holidays, they would take their work and sit by her bedside and hear her repeat her hymns. She would, in return, make them tell her all they had learned at school. Many a lesson did the little girls learn at her bedside, which was never forgotten in after life.

Jessie's eye brightened, and a sunny smile lighted up her pale face, as they now came running into the room to wish her "a happy Christmas;" "and yet," said Jane, "it hardly seems right to wish you a *happy* Christmas, when you are obliged to lie here all day on that hard bed."

"Oh, yes," said Jessie; "it has indeed been a happy day to me, for I have tried to join at home in the beautiful service of God's house. It would be a happy day to every one, if they would remember why our Saviour came to the earth, and all the numberless blessings his coming procured for us. Oh, how kind of you to bring me some holly: I was just wishing for a piece to hang up beside the picture of our Saviour's birth, which kind Miss Mary brought me yesterday, for a Christmas present."

"I declare," said Emma, "your room never looked so smart before;" and she called upon Jessie and Jane to admire the way she had fastened the sprigs of holly about the room and window. "Thank you so much," said Jessie, "it does indeed look pretty; but please give me one little piece here close by me on my bed, I love so

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to look at it. The beautiful glossy leaves and bright scarlet berries make me think of the bright event of our Saviour's coming. I have got by heart such a pretty little hymn for to-day, which I must say to you before you go."

Jessie then repeated to the little girls a hymn for Christmas day, beginning, "Once in royal David's city." After which, as she was getting very tired, Emma and Jane went home, promising to come and see her every day of their holidays.

After tea, they sat round the fire and sang some hymns, and their father read aloud a little story for Christmas, which he had bought the day before; and thus ended their happy Christmas day; and if other little girls and boys would be as happy, they must begin by asking God to help them to do right, as Emma and Jane did. They must also try, as they did, to make others happy, instead of only pleasing themselves.

Again, before going to bed, they did not forget to kneel and thank their Father in heaven for all his blessings he had sent them. Those of our young readers who wish to partake of their happiness and of God's love and blessing, must try to act as they did.

THE LAST SIXPENCE.

THE biting north wind had swept across the moor for several days. It had shaken the last leaves from the trees, which now stood naked and dreary in the blast. And on the wind's broad dark wings the frost had come

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too, leaving many a mark of its progress on the lonely moor. It had bound the little streams in chains; had flung, in passing, its crystal ornaments of hoar over every blade of grass; had tamed the wild freedom of the birds, and forced the timid hare to leave her safe

retreat in search of food. Indeed, the frost and north wind seemed to like that wild moor so well, that they were resolved to winter there.

Not that the place was very tempting; for the old farmhouse, which had once been so full of busy life, was now empty, and, except the little cottage at one

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end of it, where Mrs. Duncan and her two children had lately come to live, there was not a spot, as far as the eye could reach, to tempt a visitor to stay. The very first night the north wind and frost came near that cottage, they made many an attempt to get in. They tried the keyhole, and shook the doors and windows, and got down by the chimney. Then the frost returned to the little window and peeped in. There were two children, a boy about ten, and a girl not more than eight years of age, kneeling, with bowed heads, by their mother's side, and praying for many a good and perfect gift, especially for the safety of their dear father, who was far away. And as the children crept to bed, the frost wove a beautiful feathery curtain and flung it across the window, to surprise and delight the little ones in the morning, then turned to freeze a falling shower; so that, before Agnes and Donald Duncan woke, the high hills, the broad moor, and their own little brown cottage, were all dressed in a mantle of purest snow.

Long before either the sun or the children rose from their winter sleep, Mrs. Duncan got up, and, throwing some bits of bog-wood on the peat fire that still smouldered on the hearth, opened her Bible to read, by the uncertain light, some of those precious promises which are in the thirty-seventh Psalm. "Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed," she read, and then paused a moment to think. "Trust in the Lord." "Well, I believe I do, both for soul and body." "And do good." "I fear I have fallen short here. James did good, I know; still, he has been obliged, by the wickedness of

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others, to go to a foreign country for a morsel of bread." Then her eye fell on the book, and she read again: "Delight thyself also in the Lord, and he shall give thee the desires of thy heart. Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass." "The desires of my heart; oh, I wish they were all right desires; Lord, make them so. What are they? let me see. A letter from my husband, that's one, and honest bread for my children, that's another; 'tis hard to look at the sweet creatures and think there is only food for one day in the house, and only sixpence to buy more—that the silver sixpence, too, which I have been keeping these three months, to pay the postage when a letter comes from that far-off place in America."

Her glance was again on the page where these words were written: "And he shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noonday. Rest in the Lord and wait patiently for him; fret not thyself because of him who prospereth in his way, because of the man who bringeth wicked devices to pass;" but the blinding tears would scarcely let her see them. "Sure enough they were wicked devices that bailiff used, to make our landlord turn us out of the farm, and put him in possession of it; that sent my husband across the sea and left us, though I sew my fingers to the bone, almost starving for a bit of bread. And I would think less of the poverty, if it were not for the disgrace, that nearly broke my noble James's heart, though he knew he was quite innocent of the charges brought against him. Oh, if that good word about his righteousness being brought forth as the light might only come true to us, how happy we should

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be. But I must wait patiently on the Lord's time, for he alone can do it."

The book was reverently laid aside, and, kneeling down to pray, the weeping mother told the story of a bursting heart to that heavenly Friend who never wearies of listening to a tale of sorrow, and who never fails to answer requests sent up in his dear Son's name. She arose, as all those do who lay their burden of sin and sorrow on Jesus, lightened and comforted.

But Mrs. Duncan did not forget the duty of work as well as prayer; so, rousing her children from their slumbers, she explained to Donald, while he was dressing, how she wanted to send him to the post town that day, to inquire if a letter from his father had come by the last mail, and also to buy a little food. He was to go first to the post-office, and then, if the expected letter did not cost all the precious sixpence, Donald was to bring the worth of the remaining pence in meal. She would gladly have gone herself, she said, instead of sending her little boy ten miles in the snow; but the shirts she was making were to be finished in a week, and, as she dare not break her word to the shopkeeper who employed her, not a moment was to be lost.

Poor Donald's heart was full when he heard of the proposed journey to town, for his feet were sore from chilblains; and though he longed to get news from his dear father, yet, five miles going and five returning on a lonely road was a trying walk for a little boy. But that sad young heart was a brave one, and not a word of complaint did Donald utter, though a tear stole down unnoticed, while his mother was offering up the morning family prayer.

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Breakfast did not take long to prepare or to be eaten, for it consisted only of some oatmeal porridge, with a little treacle to make up for the want of milk; and, before Agnes had quite cleared the table, Donald had tied the red muffler round his neck, flung the empty meal bag over his shoulder, hidden the sixpence far down in his pocket, and was ready to be off. One thing more was to be done, to fling his arms round his mother's neck and whisper, with a kiss, that he would soon be home, and would be sure to bring a letter. Busy as Mrs. Duncan was, she could not help standing at the door to watch Donald till he was out of sight; and, to make the most of her time, she put some corn in her apron and called her small stock of poultry to their breakfast, while Agnes divided her attention between the distant figure of her brother and the favourite speckled hen, which so selfishly took all the best grains for herself. Donald was now quite hidden from view, so Mrs. Duncan, with a sigh, sat down to her work, and little Agnes was soon occupied with a lesson-book.

The day passed slowly, and evening came on, but no little dark figure was seen returning across the white moor. Mrs. Duncan grew anxious, for by the fading light she knew it must be late, and the snow, which had at intervals fallen in soft showers during the day, now came down like a thick curtain, hiding everything from sight. And though she hoped the dear boy would soon come—for he had walked that road before in all weathers—still, fear made her heart beat so loudly she could almost hear its beating as she got his supper ready, and put a pair of old slippers near the fire to

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warm for his poor tired feet. How often she listened for his well-known whistle, or fancied she heard a tap at the door; but on opening it, all outside was white, and still, and cold. At last she could bear it no longer, and, with a thousand regrets that she had allowed him to go alone, lighted a lantern and prepared to set out in search of him.

Agnes must go too; she was afraid to stay in the lonely cottage; and old Rover, the pet dog of the farm in brighter days, was called to go with them. But Rover was nowhere to be found; this was strange, for certainly he had not gone with Donald in the morning; so, with trembling footsteps, the mother hastened to look for her lost boy.

The snow had ceased to fall, but the dark clouds that hung overhead did not permit a single ray to pass from those stars which were shining bright and high above them, and the old lantern only shed its feeble light a very little way. But no snow cloud could chill the mother's love, and no danger stop her in the search for her darling child.

On and on they pressed, until Agnes began to cry with cold; when suddenly a joyful bark was heard, and their own faithful Rover bounded to meet them. He seized Mrs. Duncan's gown with his teeth, and drew her to what seemed a heap of snow by the roadside, in the middle of which he nestled, as if it had been his own snug bed by the kitchen fire. The lantern was laid on the ground, and to her mingled horror and delight Mrs. Duncan saw her lost boy with the snow piled round him, and Rover lying in his arms. In a moment she understood all; the cold had overcome her child

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with drowsiness, and had lulled him to sleep from which there might have been no waking, but for the affectionate care of Rover, which, with almost human sense, had done the best thing possible, by first scratching up the snow so as to form a kind of shelter, and then laying his own furry coat and warm sides on his little master's lap. Donald was not too benumbed to hear his mother's voice; and with many a thanksgiving to God, she gently led him home, where the warmth of the kitchen and loving care set all right again.

"See, mother, I have brought the letter," said Donald, drawing the precious paper from his bosom.

"And the meal too!" cried Agnes, not at all insensible to the comfort of a fresh supply of food.

"Yes, sister, for the letter cost nothing; father paid all before he sent it. Was not that good, mother?"

But mother could make no answer, she was already deep in the letter; and she read and read, till at length she was fairly overcome by her feelings, and, hiding her face in her apron, she sobbed aloud. Both the children were frightened.

"Dear mother, what's the matter?" asked Donald, half sorry now that he had brought the letter.

"Oh, something so good; something almost too good to believe, only that we know who has done it all. Let me first thank Him, and then I shall tell you the whole story."

So, after a few moments' silence, the good mother explained the cause of her joy. Before her husband had been many weeks in New York, a letter from their landlord followed him there, expressing much regret at the harsh manner in which he had treated him and

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his family, on account of believing the reports of a man whom he had since found to be a thief and liar, and adding, that if he thought it worth his while to return from America, the old farm was quite at his service again, but that, at any rate, he must accept a sum of money to make up for the harm done him.

"Father will come home, then, will he not?" cried the two children, clapping their hands.

"He will, dears, by the next steamboat. God be praised for all; and see, here is a money-order, so that you shall not want bread till he comes; but, best of all, dear father will be honoured and respected as before, as an honest man deserves to be. How true the blessed word, which says, 'He shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noonday. Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass.'"

HOW TO AVOID QUARRELS.

Mr. J. Clarke, of Frome, was asked by a friend how he always kept himself from being mixed up in quarrels; to which he replied, "By letting the angry person have all the quarrel to himself." This afterwards became a proverb in the town. When a quarrel was rising, they would say, "Come, let us remember old Mr. Clarke, and leave the angry man to quarrel with himself." If the reader will always follow this rule, he will save himself a great deal of trouble, and perhaps many hard knocks. Remember, it always takes *two* to make a quarrel.

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THE LYNX.

The native countries of the Lynx are Persia, India, Turkey, and other places of the east, where it lives in the woods, preying upon birds, monkeys, squirrels, and smaller animals. It avoids the face of man, but will attack him if hard pressed or wounded. Most of its time is spent among the branches of the forest; and so sly is its attack, so quiet its approach, that, until the fatal spring be taken, the victim is ignorant of its danger. In this manner the wild peacock, roosting on its perch in the depths of the wood, or the monkey sleeping on the bough, is surprised and destroyed. The Persian lynx equals a large dog in size; its eye is bright; its limbs are large, and very strong. There is, however, in its countenance a very strange look, caused, perhaps, by the tufts of long black hair which extend from the points of the ears, and which contrast in colour with the reddish or yellowish-brown of the rest of the head and body. When angry, the ears are thrown back, the eyes glare with fury, and the teeth are shown; while at the same time the animal utters a deep hissing, not unlike that of a cat, and very different from the short growl of the lion or tiger.

"NOW."

Seek the Saviour, now to-day;
Life is ebbing fast away.
Hours and minutes hasten on—
Time itself will soon be gone.

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Run, to reach the "wicket gate,"
Lest that you should be "too late."
Jesus calls, and Mercy says,
"Come to Christ in youthful days."

'Tis "to-day" the Spirit's grace
Offers to your soul a place,
Tells you still for you there's room,
Waits to see if you will come.

No—it is not "time enough"
For to taste a Saviour's love:
Oh! the happiness they lose
Who his precious love refuse.

Turn to him without delay,
While you can, and whilst you may;
Nought to hinder you allow:
Come unto the Saviour now.

Heavitree. E B.

THE SOUTH SEA CONVERT.

A MESSENGER, says a missionary, came to say that Kaisara was drawing near to his end. I went directly to see him, and found him very weak, scarcely able to speak.

"Well, brother," I said, "how is it now, on the borders of Jordan?"

"My ship," he replied, "is moored; the anchor is within the vail; all is well, there will be no shipwreck; all is calm."

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Calm indeed it was. Not a ruffle was on the surface of his soul; not a doubt of safety was expressed. We spoke together of the labours of past years, and talked of the great love of God to the South Sea islanders. It was a soul-cheering visit to one just entering the unseen state.

"What shall I say to the church after you are gone?"

"Tell them," he replied, "to hold fast their confidence to the end—that faith in Christ is necessary to salvation;" and then, as strength would allow, his quivering lips repeated John iii. 36.

"This may perhaps be our last meeting below."

"Well," said he, "ere long we shall meet again in the far brighter world above, to dwell for ever with the Lord, there to 'see the King in his beauty,' and THAT land (pointing to the heavens) which is afar off."

I prayed with him, and left his humble cottage.

Just as I was going to the out-station, a little after this, I was again sent for to see our dying friend.

"You will soon leave us," I said.

"Yes, the chariot is at the door. The body is the clog which keeps back my spirit; but soon the thread will be cut; then shall I fly away."

"Have you any fear in the prospect of leaving us?"

"None at all."

"What is the reason of this peace of mind as death approaches?"

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"Christ is mine. To him I have committed my soul: why should I fear?"

"Is your trust entirely in Christ?"

"In Christ alone I trust for salvation; he is the true foundation—the way—the door."

As I prayed with him and asked the Divine presence with his soul, he joined in it with much feeling. I then took my leave. Next day his son came to say that he was near death. I went. His pulse was scarcely to be felt; his breathing was short.

"How is it with you?" I asked.

He replied, "With Christ is my soul."

"Entirely?"

"Yes, entirely."

"No fear?"

"None at all."

"This is the hour of your death."

He was unable to speak, but squeezed my hand. After a while he revived and opened his eyes.

"You will, I trust, soon be with Christ," I said.

"Yes, I shall."

"To-morrow," I said, "is the sabbath."

He said, "I shall be in heaven."

"How great the love of God in not leaving you in the ignorance of your heathen state!"

Raising his eyes upwards, he said, "Great! great!"

With his son-in-law and daughter I then conversed on the difference between the death of a saint and sinner, all of which he heard and understood, as a reply he made fully showed. I left him for a little; but ere I could return, his spirit had fled to be with Him who had redeemed him with his precious blood.

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Thus died Kaisara, a good man, a consistent follower of Christ; who was born a heathen, but died a Christian.

OF WHAT USE ARE INSECTS?

WHO thinks of their use? And yet, if we only think of their use in trade and commerce, we shall see how great is their value. England pays every year £200,000 for the dried bodies of that tiny insect known as the cochineal; while another, also, which comes from India, and which produces gum shellac, is scarcely less valuable. More than 1,500,000 human beings derive their sole support from the culture and manufacture of the threads spun by the silk-worm, of which the annual worth is said to be £40,000,000. In England alone, to say nothing of the other parts of Europe, £100,000 are spent every year in the purchase of foreign honey, while the value of that which is native is not known; and all this is the work of the bee. Besides this, there are 10,000 pounds of wax brought into this country every year. Then, too, there are the gall nuts, used for dyeing and making ink; the cantharides, or Spanish fly, used in medicine. In fact, every insect is contributing in some way, directly or indirectly, in swelling the amount of our commercial profits. Even those which, in some cases, prove a plague, and become destructive, have their place in the order of Providence, and show how that little things, having life, become the servants of man.

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CHRISTMAS HYMN.

HAIL the night, all hail the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born;
When amid the wakeful fold
Tidings good the angel told.

Now our solemn chant we raise
Duly to the Saviour's praise;
Now with carol hymns we bless
Christ, the Lord our Righteousness.

While resounds the joyful cry,
"Glory be to God on high,
Peace on earth, good will to men,"
Gladly we respond, "Amen."

Thus we greet this holy day,
Pouring forth our festive lay:
Thus we tell with saintly mirth
Of Immanuel's wondrous birth.

We in perfect peace would live,
We to God would glory give;
Lauding, with the heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

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